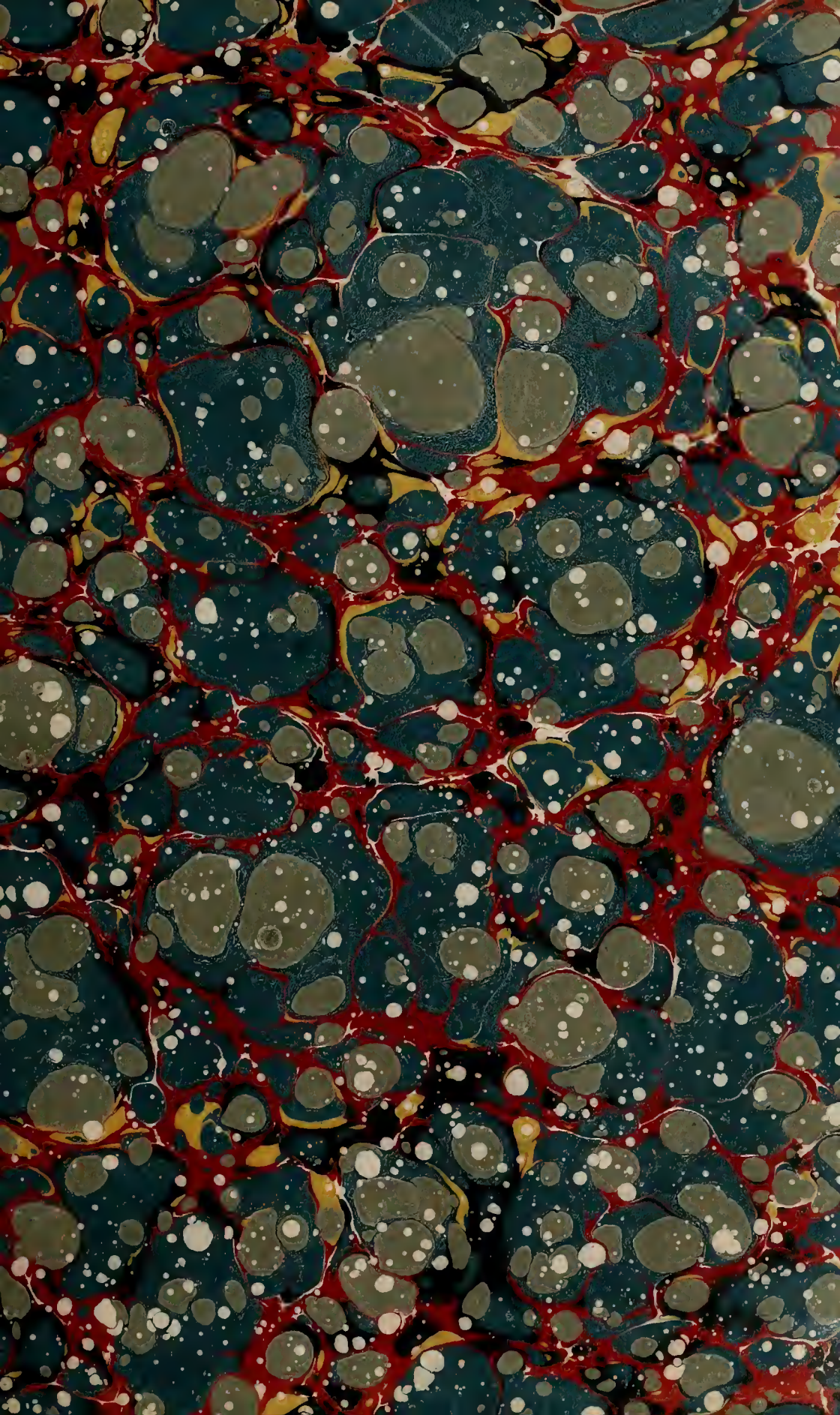

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TULLOCHGORUM.

For blyth and cheary we's be a'
And mak a happy quorum
And dance till we be like to fa'
The reel o' Tulloch gorum

Published as the Act directs by G. Thomson Edinburgh 2d May 1825.

THE SELECT MELODIES OF SCOTLAND,

INTERSPERSED WITH THOSE OF

Ireland and Wales.

UNITED TO THE SONGS OF

ROBT. BURNS, SIR WALTER SCOTT BART.

and other distinguished Poets;

WITH

Symphonies & Accompaniments

For the

PIANO FORTE

BY

Pleyel, Kozeluch, Haydn & Beethoven

The whole Composed for & Collected by

GEORGE THOMSON, F.A.S.E.

IN FIVE VOLUMES

Vol. 3. Entd at Sta Hall. Price 12/

tuld Robin Gray

Stothard Del. W. Hilliard Sculp.

London.

PRINTED & SOLD By PRESTON, 71, DEAN ST. HURST ROBINSON & Co. CHEAPSIDE

& G. Thomson, Edinburgh.

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Published as the Act directs, by G. Thomson Edinburgh 1822

Her mother then hastily spake.
The lassie is glauket wi pride:
I had nae a plack in my pouch
That night I was a bride

1. WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'. Haydn.

The Verses new, and first united to the Music in 1822.

UN POCO VIVACE.

The bride she is winsome and bonnie, Her hair it is snooded sae sleek; And faithful and kind is her Johnie, Yet fast fa' the tears on her cheek. New pearlings are cause o' her sor--row, New pearlings and plennish ings too; The bride that has a' to bor-row, Has e'en right meikle a---do.

CHORUS.

Woo'd and mar--ried and a', Woo'd and married and a'; And is na she ve-ry weel aff, To be woo'd and mar-ried and a'.

Woo'd and mar--ried and a', Woo'd and married and a'; And is na she ve-ry weel aff, To be woo'd and mar-ried and a'.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK IN 1822,

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE bride she is winsome and bonnie,
Her hair it is snooded sae sleek,
And faithful and kind is her Johnie,
Yet fast fa' the tears on her cheek.
New pearlings are cause o' her sorrow,
New pearlings, and plenishing too;
The bride that has a' to borrow,
Has e'en right meikle ado.
Woo'd and married and a',
Woo'd and married and a',
And is na she very weel aff
To be woo'd and married and a'?

Her mother then hastily spak;
" The lassie is glaiket wi' pride,
" In my pouches I had na a plack
" The day that I was a bride.
" E'en tak' to your wheel and be clever,
" And draw out your thread in the sun;
" The gear that is gifted, it never
" Will last like the gear that is won.
" Woo'd and married and a',
" Tocher and havings sae sma',
" I think ye are very weel aff
" To be woo'd and married and a'."

" Toot, toot," quo' the grey-headed father,
" She's less of a bride than a bairn;
" She's ta'en like a cowt frae the heather,
" Wi' sense and discretion to learn.
" Half husband, I trow, and half daddy,
" As humour inconstantly leans,
" A chiel maun be patient and steady
" That yokes wi' a mate in her teens.
" Kerchief to cover sae neat,
" Locks the wind used to blaw!
" I'm baith like to laugh and to greet,
" When I think o' her married at a'."

Then out spak' the wily bridegroom,
Weel waled were his wordies, I ween:
" I'm rich, though my coffer be toom,
" Wi' the blinks o' your bonny blue een;
" I'm prouder o' thee by my side,
" Though thy ruffles or ribbons be few,
" Than if Kate o' the craft were my bride,
" Wi' purfles and pearlings enew.
" Dear and dearest of ony,
" Ye're woo'd and booket and a',
" And do ye think scorn o' your Johnie,
" And grieve to be married at a'?"

She turn'd, and she blush'd, and she smiled,
And she looket sae bashfully down;
The pride o' her heart was beguiled,
And she play'd wi' the sleeve o' her gown;
She twirled the tag o' her lace,
And she nippet her boddice sae blue;
Syne blinket sae sweet in his face,
And aff like a mawkin she flew.
Woo'd and married and a',
Married and carried awa';
She thinks hersel' very weel aff
To be woo'd and married and a'.

OH! THE BROAD SWORDS OF OLD SCOTLAND.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF

J. G. LOCKHART, ESQ.

PRESENTED BY HIM TO THE EDITOR, AND HERE FIRST PUBLISHED,

1822.

AIR,—OH! THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

Though an English Air may be thought out of place in a Scottish Collection, yet the Editor hopes that the introduction of this excellent one, in union with a Song so thoroughly Scottish, the one so happily adapted to the other, needs no apology.

Now there's peace on the shore, and there's calm on the sea,
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee;
Oh! the broad swords of old Scotland,
And oh the old Scottish broad swords.

Old Sir Ralph Abercrombie, the good and the brave—
Let him flee from our board, let him sleep with the slave,
Whose libation falls slow as we honour his grave;
Oh! the broad swords, &c.

Tho' he died not like him amidst Victory's roar,
Tho' disaster and gloom wove his shroud on the shore,
Not the less we remember the spirit of Moore;
Oh! the broad swords, &c.

Yea, a place with the fallen the living shall claim,
We'll entwine in one wreath every glorious name,
The Gordon, the Ramsay, the Hope, and the Graham;
Oh! the broad swords, &c.

Count the rocks of the Spey, count the groves of the Forth,
Count the stars in the clear cloudless sky of the north,
Then go blazon their numbers, their names, and their worth;
All the broad swords, &c.

The highest in splendour, the humblest in place,
Stand united in honour, as kindred in race,
For the Private is brother in blood to his Grace,
Oh! the broad swords, &c.

Ev'n a Huntly will joy that one bumper hath flow'd,
For himself and the meanest e'er crimson'd the sod,
When he drew by his side, for his king and his God,
The deadly broad sword, &c.

Then sacred to each and to all let it be,
Here's a health to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee;
Oh! the broad swords, &c.

2. THE BROAD SWORDS OF OLD SCOTLAND—Air, The roast Beef of old England.

The Song, Sym.ᵈ & Accomp.ᵈ new and first publish'd in 1822.

CON MOLTO SPIRITO.

p *Cres:* *f*

Now there's peace on the shore and there's calm on the sea, Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free, Right de_scendants of Wal_lace Mont_rose and Dundee,

CHORUS.

2.ᵈ Oh the broad swords of old Scot_ _ _ _ _ land, And

1.ᵈ Oh the broad swords of old Scot_ _ _ _ _ land, And

1.ᵈ time. Last time.

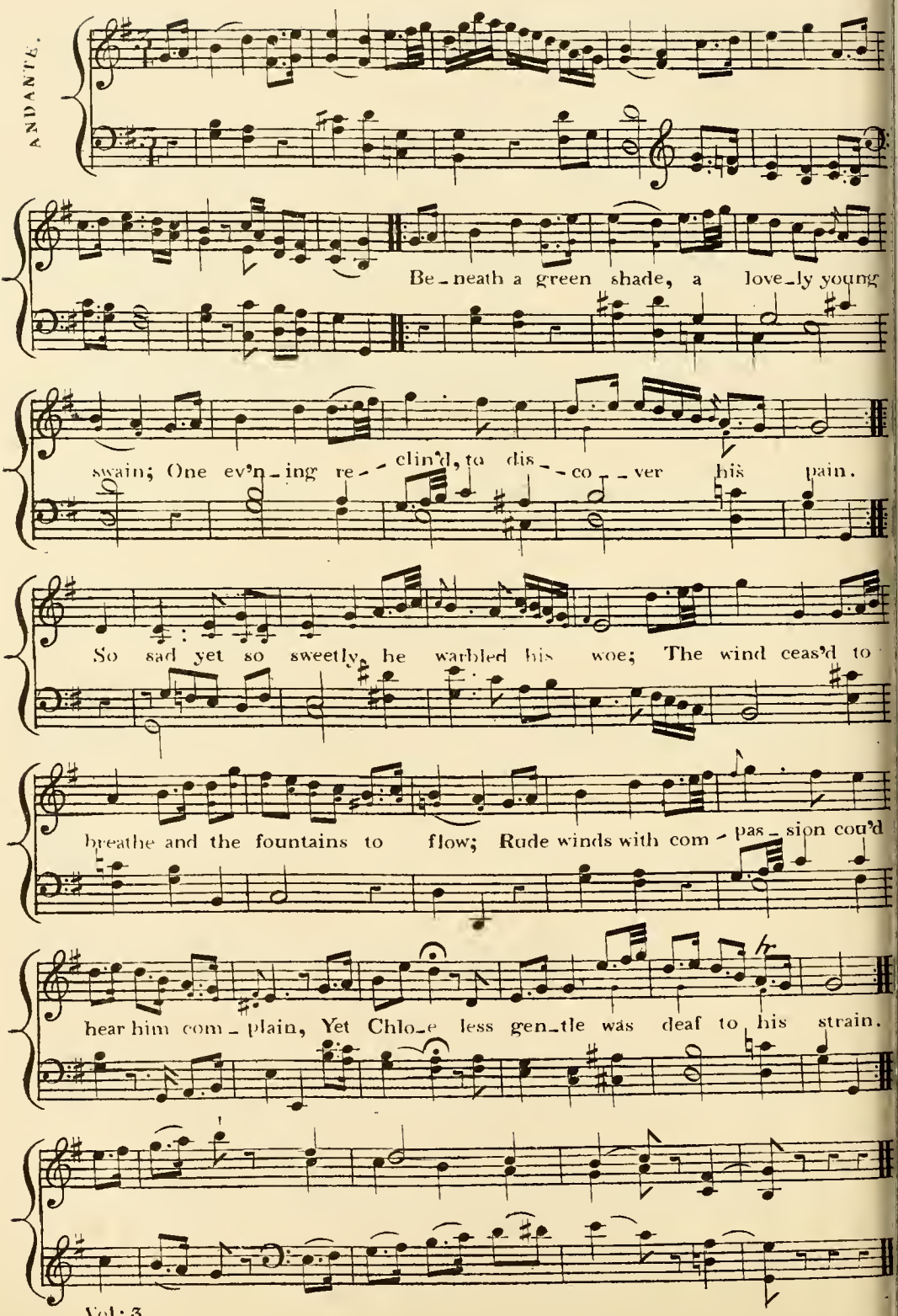
Oh the old Scottish broad swords. swords.

Oh the old Scottish broad swords. swords.

fz.

fz.

Vol: 5.


ANDANTE.
Be_neath a green shade, a love_ly young
swain; One ev'n_ing re_clin'd, to dis_co_ver his pain.
So sad yet so sweetly he warbled his woe; The wind ceas'd to
breathe and the fountains to flow; Rude winds with com_pas_sion cou'd
hear him com_plain, Yet Chlo_e less gen_tle was deaf to his strain.

THE BRAES OF BALLENDEN.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY DR BLACKLOCK.

Beneath a green shade, a lovely young swain
One ev'ning reclin'd, to discover his pain.
So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe,
The winds ceased to breathe, and the fountains to flow;
Rude winds with compassion could hear him complain;
Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cried, my moments once flew,
Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd on my view!
These eyes then with pleasure the dawn could survey,
Nor smiled the fair morning more cheerful than they;
Now scenes of distress please only my sight—
I'm tortured in pleasure, and languish in light.

Thro' changes, in vain, relief I pursue;
All, all, but conspire my grief to renew:
From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair,
To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air;
But love's ardent fever burns always the same,
No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But see the pale moon all clouded retires;
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires:
I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind;
Ah wretch! how can life thus merit thy care,
Since length'ning its moments but lengthens despair?

PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU,

OR, THE PIPE SUMMONS OF DONALD THE BLACK.

WRITTEN FOR ALBYN'S ANTHOLOGY,

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY EXPRESS PERMISSION.

This is a very ancient Pibroch belonging to the Clan M'Donald, and supposed to refer to the expedition of Donald Balloch, who in 1431 launched from the isles with a considerable force, invaded Lochaber, and at Inverlochy defeated and put to flight the Earls of Mar and Caithness, though at the head of an army superior to his own.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu'
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy;
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

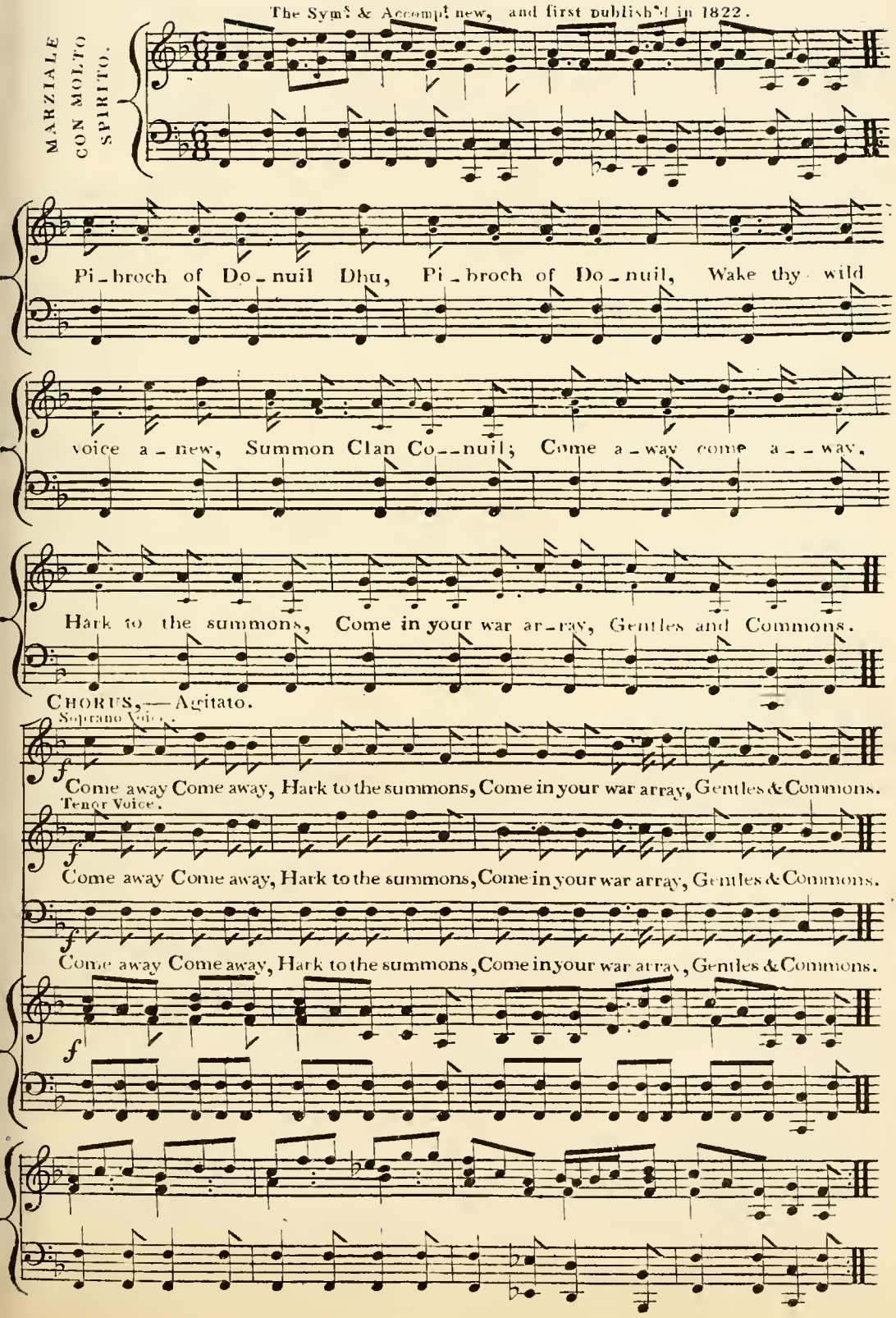
Leave untented the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar.
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear,
Broad swords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded;
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set;
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
Knell for the onset!

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

The Sym.s & Accomp.t new, and first publish.d in 1822.



O MY LOVE'S LIKE THE RED ROSE.

ALLEGRETTO.

Mez Voce.

O my Love's like the red, red rose, That's newly sprung in June; O my Love's like the me_lodie, That's sweetly play'd in tune. As fair art thou my bonie lass, So deep so deep in love am I; And I can love thee still my dear, 'Till a' the seas gang dry; As fair art thou my bonie lass, So deep so deep in love am I, And I can love thee still my dear, 'Till a' the seas gang dry.

fz

WISHAW'S FAVOURITE.

THE AIR COMPOSED BY MR MARSHALL.

THE SONG FROM A MS. OF BURNS.

O MY Love's like the red red rose
  That's newly sprung in June;
O my Love's like the melodie
  That's sweetly play'd in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
  So deep, so deep in love am I;
And I can love thee still, my dear,
  'Till a' the seas gang dry.—*As fair art thou, &c.*

'Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
  And the rocks melt with the sun,—
I will love thee still, my dear,
  While the sands o' life shall run.
And fare thee well, my only Love,
  O fare thee well a little while,
And I will come again, my Love,
  Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.—*And fare thee, &c.*

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS,

THE FIRST STANZA AND THE CHORUS EXCEPTED.

This noted freebooter was executed at Inverness about the beginning of the last century. When he came to the fatal tree, he played the tune to which he has bequeathed his name upon a favourite violin, and, holding up the instrument, offered it to any of his clan who would undertake to play the tune over his body at his lyke-wake; as none answered, he dashed it to pieces on the executioner's head, and flung himself from the ladder. The following are the wild stanzas, grounded, however, upon some traditional remains,* which BURNS has put into the mouth of this desperado.

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
Macpherson's time will not be long—
On yonder gallows-tree.

Chorus.—Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring, and danced it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

O what is death but parting breath?
On many a bloody plain
I've dared his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!—*Sae rantingly, &c.*

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword;
And there's no a man in all Scotland
But I'll brave him at a word.—*Sae rantingly, &c.*

I've lived a life of sturt and strife,
I die by treacherie;
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avenged be.—*Sae rantingly, &c.*

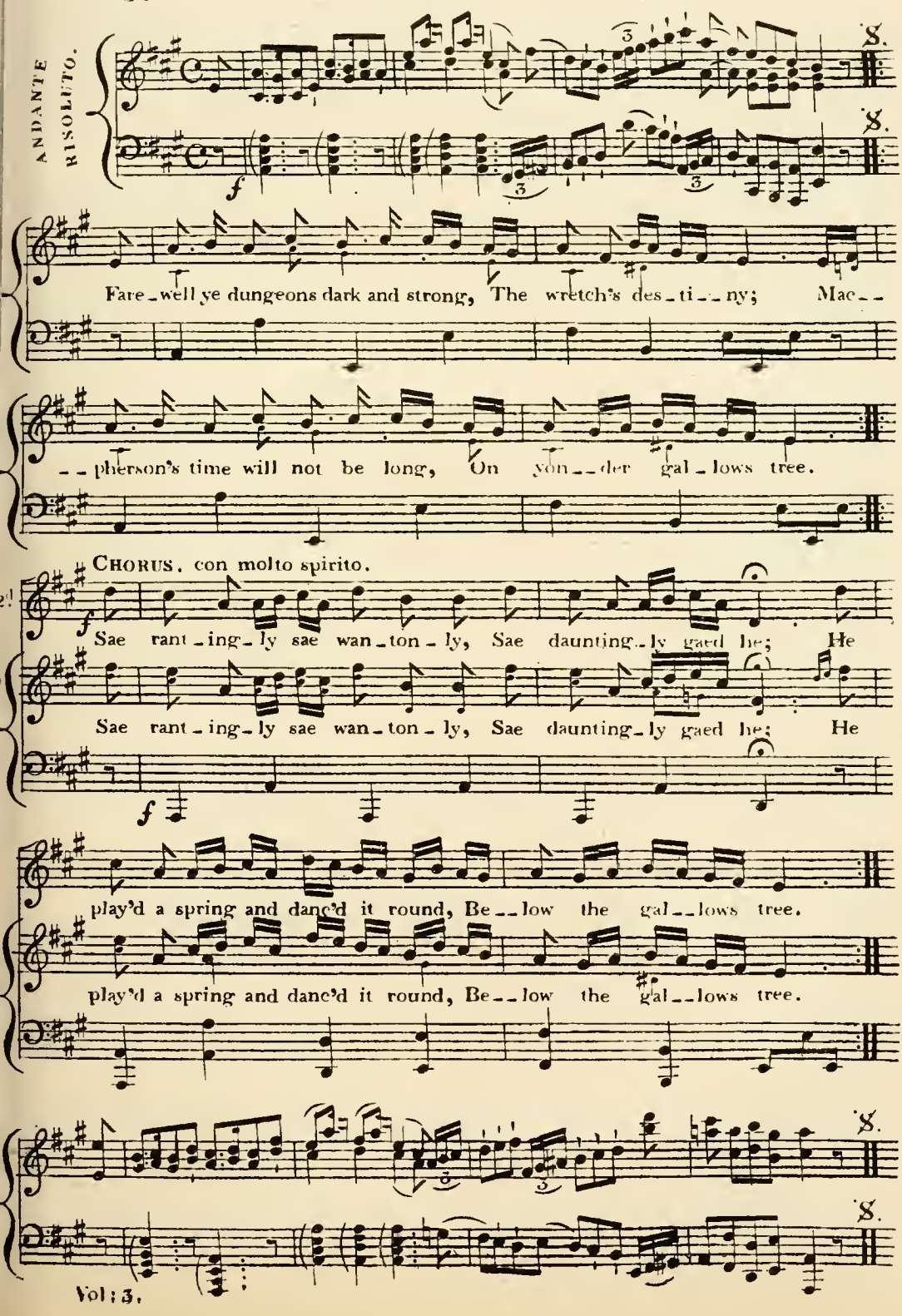
Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!—*Sae rantingly, &c.*

* We have heard some of those recited, particularly one which begins

Now farewell house, and farewell friends,
And farewell wife and bairns;
There's nae repentance in my heart,
The fiddle's in my arms.

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.

Haydn.



JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

A Border Melody, with new Symⁿ & an Accompt first publish'd in 1822.

ANDANTE CON MOTO.

Why weep ye by the tide La_dye, Why weep ye by the tide; I'il wed ye to my youngest son, And ye sall be his bride. And ye sall be his bride Ladye, Sae comely to be seen; But aye she loot the tears down fa', For Jock of Ha_zel_dean.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

A BORDER MELODY.

The first Stanza of this Ballad is ancient: The others were written for ALBYN'S ANTHOLOGY,

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

AND ARE HERE PUBLISHED BY EXPRESS PERMISSION.

"WHY weep ye by the tide, Ladye,
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride:
And ye sall be his bride, Ladye,
Sae comely to be seen."—
But ay she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen."—
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"A chain o' gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you the foremost o' them a'
Sall ride our forest queen."—
But ay she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there;
They sought her both by bower and ha',
The Lady was not seen!
She's o'er the border, and awa
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

O WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

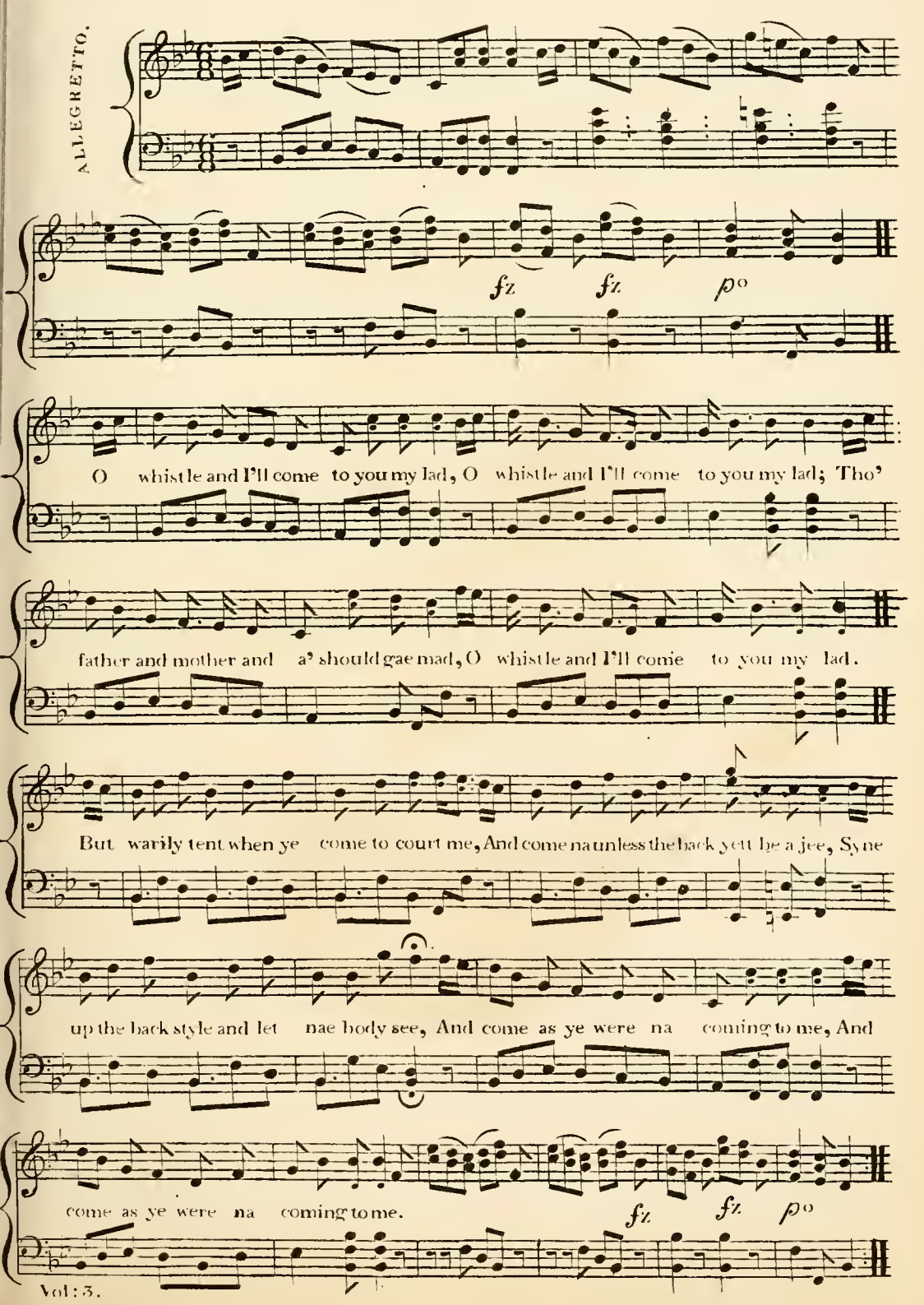
O WHISTLE, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad,
Thy Jeany will venture wi' ye, my lad.
But warily tent when ye come to court me,
And come nae unless the back-yett be a-jee;
Syne up the back stile, and let naebody see,
And come as ye were na coming to me,
And come as ye were na coming to me.

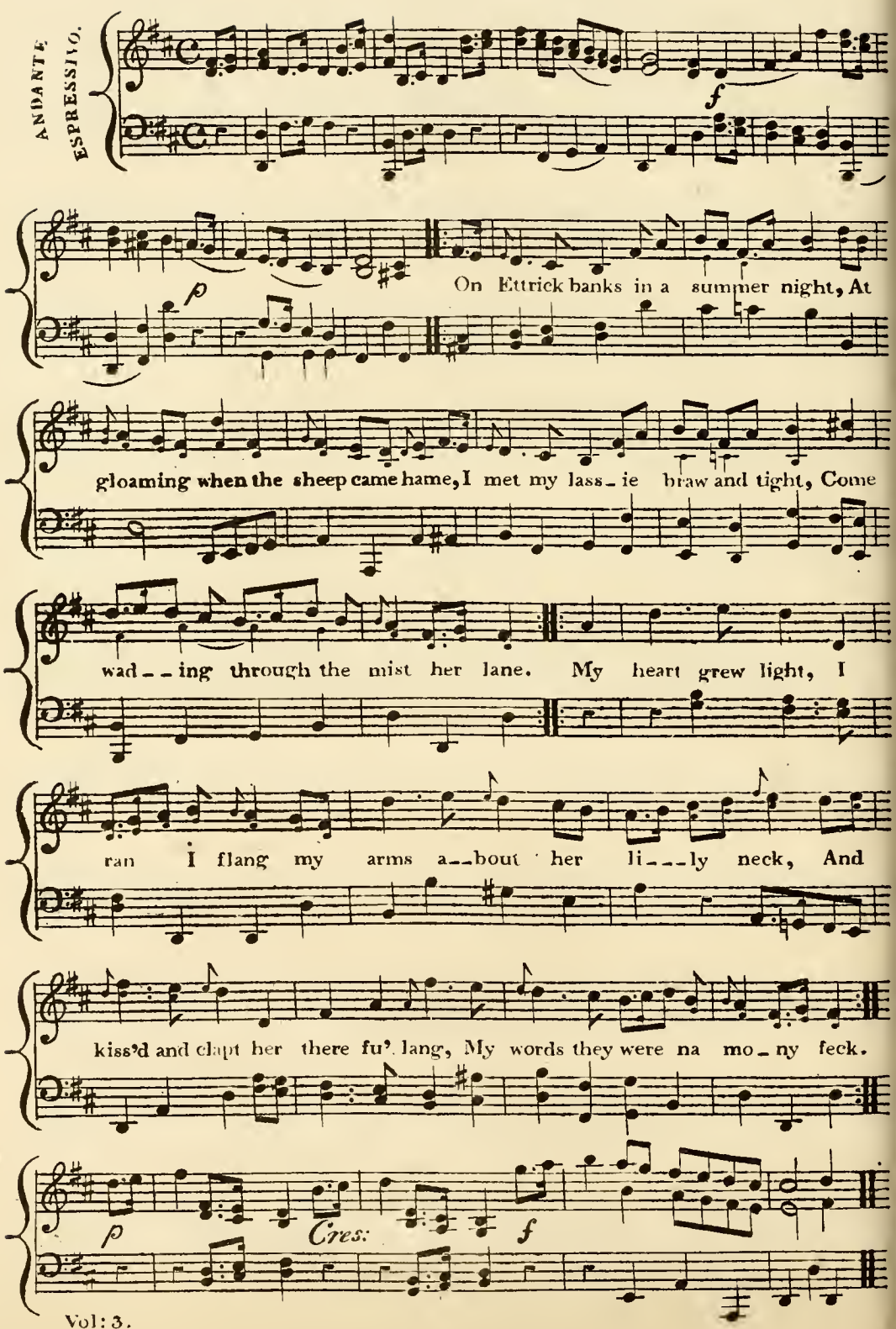
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad,
Thy Jeany will venture wi' ye, my lad.
At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye cared nae a flie;
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na looking at me,
Yet look as ye were na looking at me.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad,
Thy Jeany will venture wi' ye, my lad.
Aye vow and protest that ye carena for me,
And *whyles* ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court nae anither, tho' joking ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.

Published as the Act directs. by G. Thomson Edinburgh 1822

But warily tent when ye come to court me
And come na unless the back yet be a-jee
Syne up the back style & let naebody see
And come as ye were na coming to me.


ALLEGRETTO.
fz fz po
O whistle and I'll come to you my lad, O whistle and I'll come to you my lad; Tho'
father and mother and a' should gae mad, O whistle and I'll come to you my lad.
But warily tent when ye come to court me, And come na unless the back yett be a jee, Syne
up the back style and let nae body see, And come as ye were na coming to me, And
come as ye were na coming to me.
fz fz po


ANDANTE ESPRESSIVO.
f
p
On Ettrick banks in a summer night, At
gloaming when the sheep came hame, I met my lass_ie braw and tight, Come
wad__ing through the mist her lane. My heart grew light, I
ran I flang my arms a__bout her li___ly neck, And
kiss'd and clapt her there fu' lang, My words they were na mo_ny feck.
p
Cres:
f

ETTRICK BANKS.

On Ettrick banks in a simmer's night,
At gloaming, when the sheep drave hame,
I met my lassie braw and tight,
Come wading barefoot a' her lane:
My heart grew light—I ran, I flang
My arms about her lily neck,
And kiss'd and clapt her there fu' lang,
My words they were na mony feck.

Said I, my lassie, will ye gae
To the Highland hills and be my bride?
I'll bigg thy bower aneath the brae,
By sweet Loch-Gary's silver tide.
Our Highland hills, tho' bare and bleak,
Have bonny glens and shaws between,
Where blooms the wild rose like your cheek,
And blue bells like your downcast een.*

All day when we have wrought enough,
When winter frosts and snaws begin,
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
At night when ye sit down to spin,
I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring,
And thus the weary night we'll end,
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleasant simmer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my lass amang the broom,
And lead her to my simmer shield.
There, far frae a' their scornfu' din,
That make the kindly hearts their sport,
We'll laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,
And gar the langest day seem short!

* The Editor thinking this stanza, by a friend, preferable to that printed in the former editions of the song, has substituted the one for the other; but as some, perhaps, may prefer the old stanza, it is subjoined.

I said, my lassie, will ye go
To the Highland hills, the Erse to learn?
I'll gie thee baith a cow and ewe
When ye come to the brig of Earn.
At Leith, auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
And herrings at the Broomy-Law;
Cheer up your heart, my bonny lass,
There's gear to win we never saw!

SAW YE MY FATHER.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning,
  That danced to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
  At evening the wild woods among?

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
  And marking sweet flow'rets so fair;
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
  But sorrow and sad sighing care!

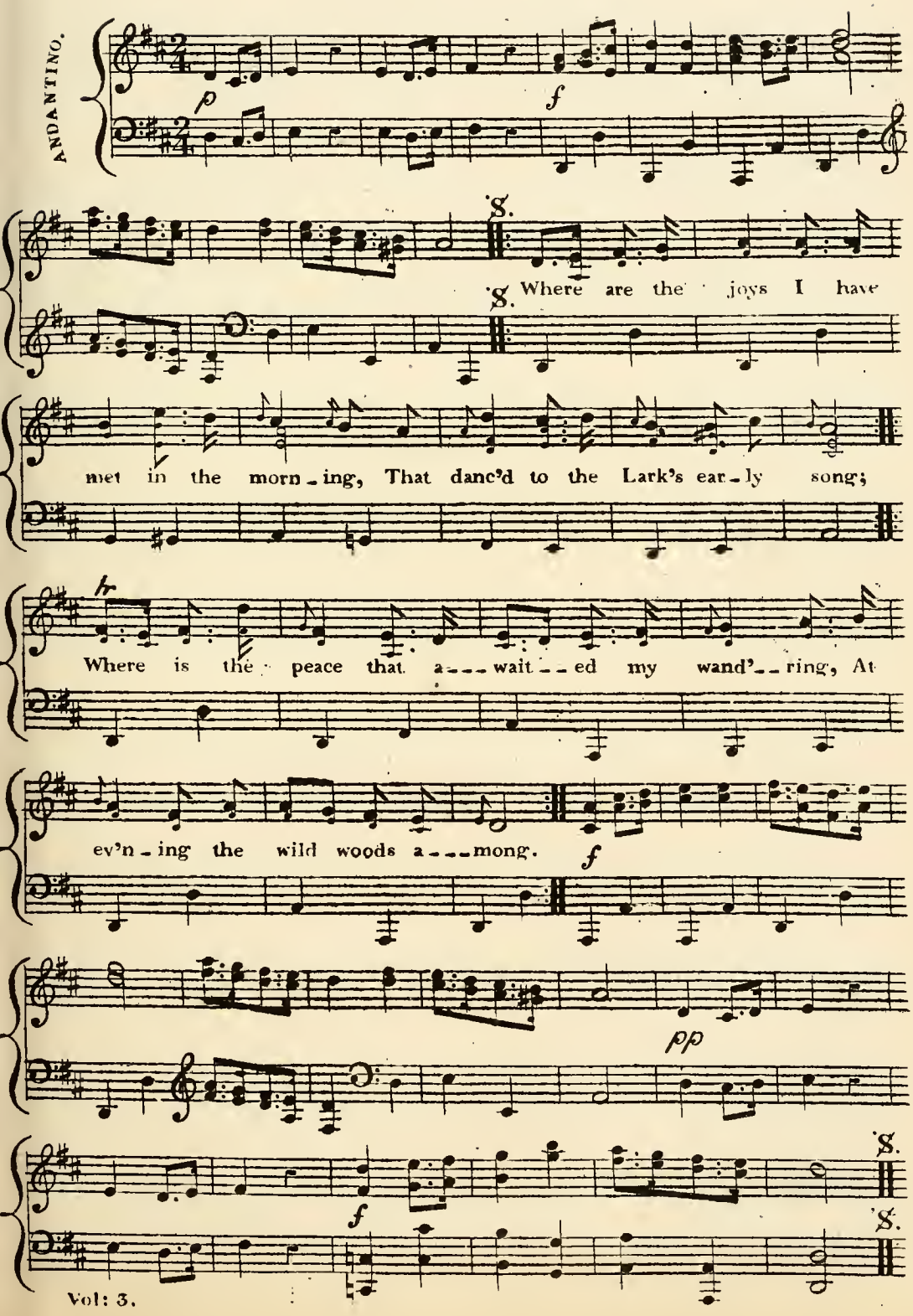
Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
  And grim surly winter is near?
No, no! the bees humming round the gay roses,
  Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover;
  Yet long, long too well have I known,
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
  Is Jenny—fair Jenny alone!

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
  Not hope dare a comfort bestow;
Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
  Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

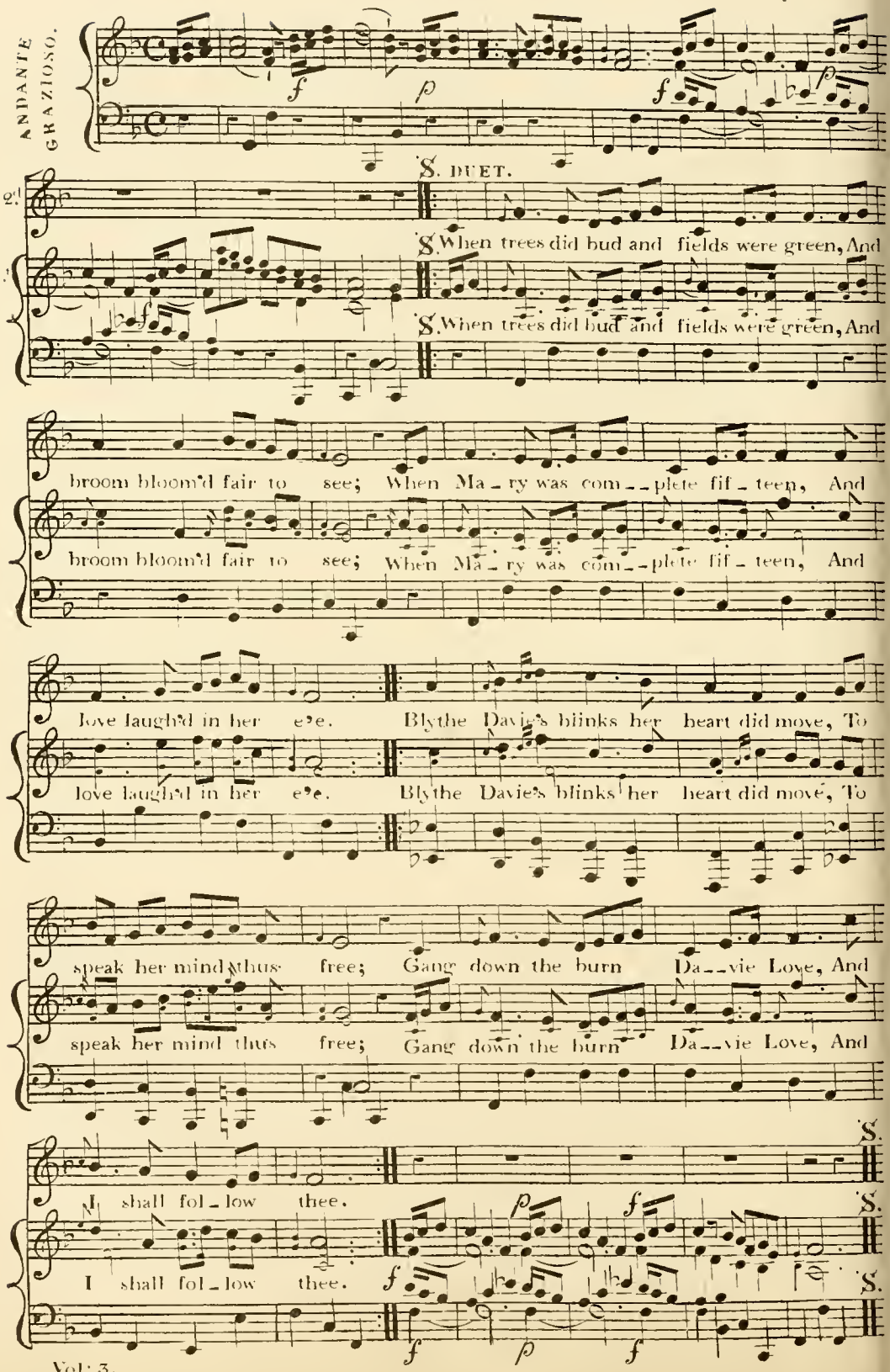
SAW YE MY FATHER.

Haydn.



DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

Haydn.



DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY ROBERT CRAWFORD, ESQ.

When trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her e'e;
Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move
To speak her mind thus free,
" Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
" And I shall follow thee."

Now Davie did each lad surpass
That dwelt on this burn side,
And Mary was the bonniest lass—
Just meet to be a bride;
Her cheeks were rosie, red and white,
Her e'en were bonnie blue;
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
He told his tender tale,
Where all the opening sweets of May
Adorn'd the flowery dale.
" Not May in all her maiden pride
" Is half sae sweet as thee;
" O say thou'lt be my ain dear bride;
" Thou'rt a' the world to me."

' Tho' Sandy ca's me sweet and fair,
' And boasts his sheep and kine;
' In vain he seeks me late and air,
' My heart is only thine!'
" Oh! rapturous sounds! my first best Love,
" Come take my plighted hand,
" My faith and troth I'll fondly prove
" In wedlock's holy band."

*** The last two stanzas are by the Editor, and are introduced instead of the last stanza in his folio edition of the song; which, though a decided improvement on the song as *originally* written, did not bring it to the desirable conclusion here given to it.—1822.

THE WEARY PUND OF TOW.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY MRS HUNTER,

AND HERE FIRST UNITED TO THE MUSIC.

He's far away, he's far away,
But surely he will come;
Ye moments fly, pass swiftly by,
And bring my soldier home.
Alas! I look, and look in vain,
And listen to each sound,
The joyless sun declines again,
And so the days go round.
He's far away, &c.

O may he come in happy hour,
My drooping soul to cheer!
For him I'll deck my cypress bow'r
With roses all the year.
Alas! I look, and look in vain,
And listen to each sound,
The joyless sun declines again,
And so the days go round.
He's far away, &c.

The heavy clouds of sorrow fled,
How bright the sun appears,
But cheerless were the beams he shed
Seen dimly through our tears.
Now, hope again shall wake the strings
To pleasure's jocund lay,
When time upon his dusky wings
Bears all our cares away.
He's far away, &c.

THE FOLLOWING SONG TO THE SAME AIR IS

BY BURNS.

The weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow;
I thought my wife would end her life
Before she span her tow.
I bought my wife a stane o' lint,
As good as e'er did grow,
And a' that she could make o' that
Was ae poor pund o' tow.
The weary pund, &c.

There sat a bottle in a bole,
Ayont the ingle low,
And aye she took the tither sook,
To drook the stoury tow.
The weary pund, &c.

"For shame!" said I, "you dirty dame,
"Gae spin your tap o' tow"—
She took the rock, and wi' a knock
She brake it o'er my pow!
The weary pund, &c.

At length her feet—I sang to see't,
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe;
And ere I wed another jade,
I'll wallop in a tow.
The weary pund, &c.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

The words new 1822.

Haydn.

ANDANTINO PIUTOSTO ALLEGRETTO.

f p ff

S.

S. He's far away, he's far away, But surely he will come; Ye moments fly, pass swift-ly by, And bring my soldier home. A--las I look and look in vain, And list-en to each sound; The joyless sun de-clines again, And so the days go round.

CHORUS.

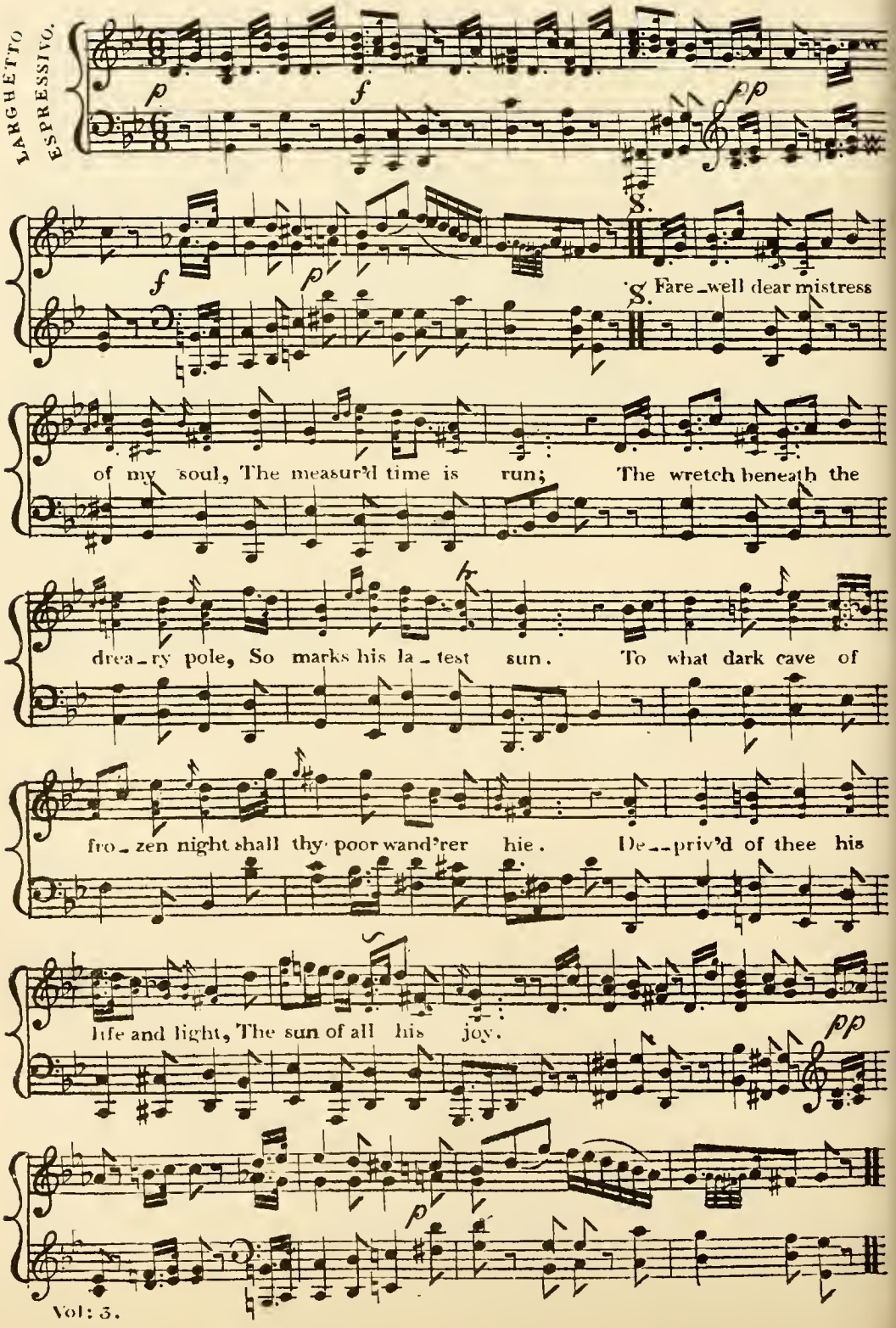
He's far a-way, he's far a-way, But sure-ly he will come; Ye

He's far a-way, he's far a-way, But sure-ly he will come; Ye

mo-ments fly, pass swift-ly by, And bring our Soldier home.

mo-ments fly, pass swift-ly by, And bring our Soldier home.

f p f S. S.


LARGHETTO
ESPRESSIVO.
p
f
pp
f
p
Fare-well dear mistress
of my soul, The measur'd time is run; The wretch beneath the
drea-ry pole, So marks his la-test sun. To what dark cave of
fro-zen night shall thy poor wand'rer hie. De--priv'd of thee his
life and light, The sun of all his joy.
pp
p

FAREWELL, DEAR MISTRESS OF MY SOUL.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

FAREWELL, dear mistress of my soul,
  The measured time is run!
The wretch beneath the dreary pole
  So marks his latest sun!
To what dark cave of frozen night
  Shall thy poor wand'rer hie?
Deprived of thee, his life and light,
  The sun of all his joy.

We part—but by these precious drops
  That fill thy lovely eyes!
No other light shall guide my steps
  Till thy bright beams arise.
She, the fair sun of all her sex,
  Has bless'd my glorious day;
And ne'er shall glimmering planet fix
  My worship to its ray.

THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKIT HORN.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY THE REV. MR SKINNER.

O WERE I able to rehearse
My ewie's praise in proper verse,
I'd sound it forth as loud and fierce
As ever piper's drone could blaw:
My ewie wi' the crookit horn,
A' that kent her could ha'e sworn,
Sic a ewie ne'er was born
Here about nor far awa.

I needed neither tar nor keel
To mark her upo' hip or heel,
Her crookit hornie did as weel
To ken her by amang them a'.
Cauld nor hunger never dang her,
Wind nor weet could never wrang her—
Ance she lay a week and langer
Forth aneath a wreath o' snaw.

When ither ewies lap the dyke
And eat the kail for a' the tyke,
My ewie never play'd the like,
But tyc'd about the barn wa':
A better or a thriftier beast
Nae honest man need weel ha'e wist;
For, silly thing! she never mist
To ha'e ilk year a lamb or twa.

I looked aye at even for her,
Lest mishanter should come o'er her,
Or the fumart might devour her,
Gin the beastie stay'd awa'.
My ewie wi' the crookit horn
Weel deserved baith girss and corn;
Sic a ewie ne'er was born,
Here about nor far awa'.

Yet last week, for a' my keeping—
I canna speak o't without greeting—
A villain came when I was sleeping,
Staw my ewie, horn, and a'!
I sought her sair upo' the morn—
And, down aneath a buss o' thorn,
I got my ewie's crookit horn;
But my ewie was awa'.

O gin I had the loon that did it,
I ha'e sworn, as well as said it,
Tho' the parson should forbid it,
I would gi'e his neck a thraw.
I never met wi' sic a turn
As this since ever I was born;
My ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Silly ewie! stown awa'!

O had she died o' crook or cauld,
As ewies die when they grow auld,
It wadna been, by mony fauld,
Sae sair a heart to ane o' 's a';
For a' the claith that we ha'e worn,
Frae her and her's sae aften shorn,
The loss o' her we could ha'e borne,
Had fair strae death ta'en her awa'.

But thus, poor thing! to lose her life
Aneath a greedy villain's knife!
I 'm really fleyt that our gudewife
Will never win aboon't ava'!
O! a' ye bards be-north Kinghorn,
Call up your muses, let them mourn
Our ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Stown frae us, and fell'd and a'!

ANDANTINO.

p *f*

O were I a-ble to re-hearse, My Ewie's praise in proper verse, I'd

sound it out as loud and fierce, As e-ver Pi-per's drone could blaw.

CHORUS.

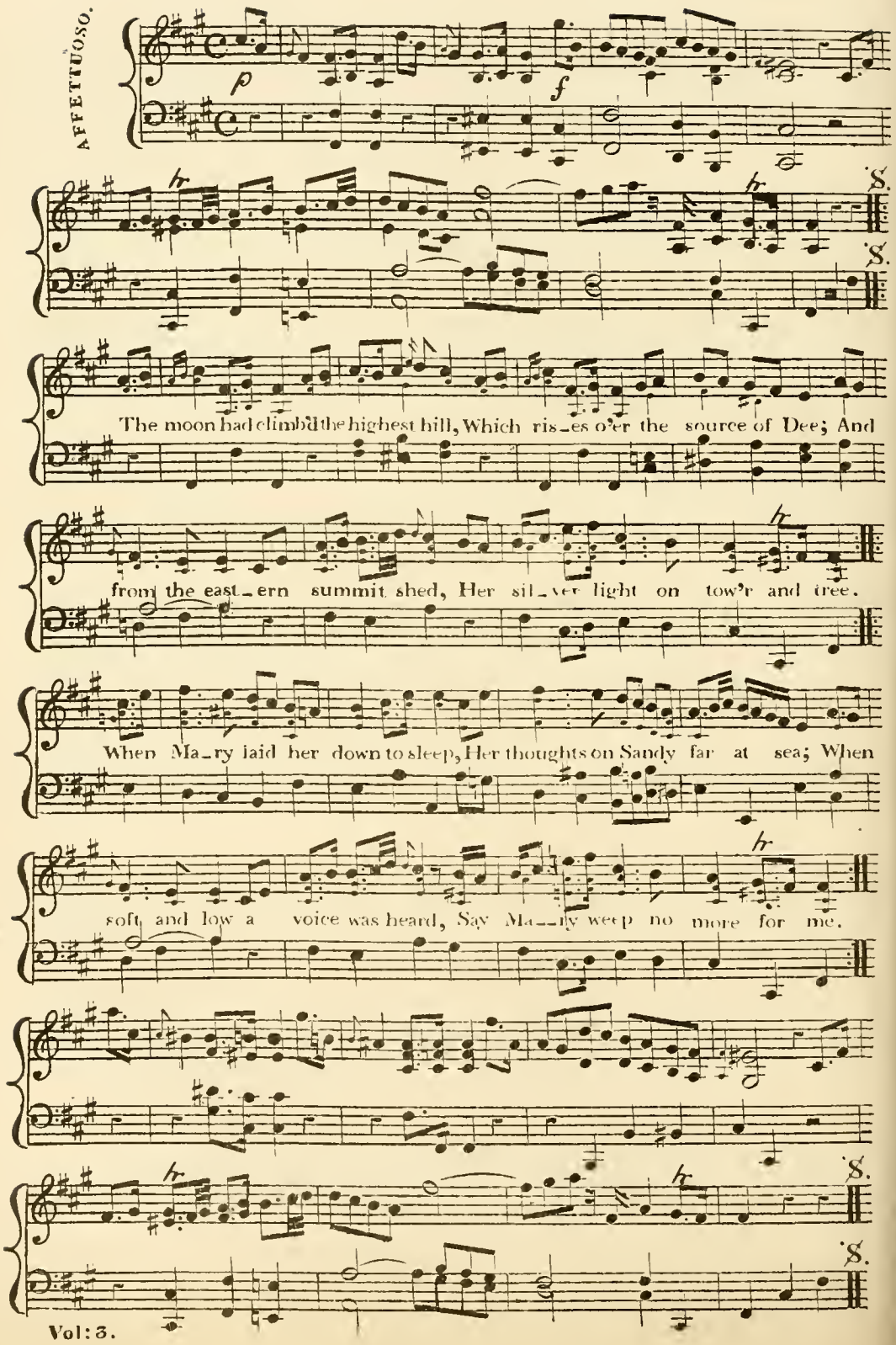
2d. *f* My E-wie wi' the crook-ed horn, A' that ken'd her could hae sworn;

f My E-wie wi' the crook-ed horn, A' that ken'd her could hae sworn;

Sic a E-wie ne'er was born, Here a-bout nor far away.

Sic a E-wie ne'er was born, Here a-bout nor far away. *f*

p *f* *p*


AFFETTUOSO.
p
f
The moon had climb'd the highest hill, Which ris_es o'er the source of Dee; And
from the east_ern summit shed, Her sil_ver light on tow'r and tree.
When Ma_ry laid her down to sleep, Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea; When
soft and low a voice was heard, Say Ma__ry weep no more for me.

MARY'S DREAM.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY ALEXANDER LOWE.

The Mary here alluded to is generally supposed to have been Miss Mary Macghie, daughter to the Laird of Airds in Galloway.

The moon had climb'd the highest hill
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light o'er tow'r and tree:
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;
When soft and low a voice was heard
Say, "Mary, weep no more for me!"

She from her pillow gently raised
Her head, to ask who there might be—
She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
With visage pale and hollow e'e;
"O Mary dear! cold is my clay,
It lies beneath a stormy sea;
Far, far, from thee, I sleep in death;
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

"Three stormy nights and stormy days
We toss'd upon the raging main;
And long we strove our bark to save—
But all our striving was in vain.
Ev'n then, when horror chill'd my blood,
My heart was fill'd with love for thee:
The storm is past, and I at rest,
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

"O maiden dear, thyself prepare—
We soon shall meet upon that shore,
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more."
Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see;
But soft the passing spirit said,
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

JOHNY'S GREY BREEKS.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

On his accidentally seeing Miss Alexander of Ballochmyle, while he was wandering in the favourite haunts of his Muse, on the banks of the Ayr. It is this powerfully vivid painting from nature, that gives such an exquisite charm to the songs of our Bard, and points their way irresistibly to the heart.

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hung;
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
Aud bore its fragrant sweets along!
In every glen the mavis sang,
All nature list'ning seem'd the while,
Except where greenwood echoes rang
Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoiced in nature's joy,
When, musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanced to spy:
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like nature's vernal smile;
The lily's hue and rose's dye
Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle.

Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,
And sweet is night in autumn mild,
When roving through the garden gay,
Or wand'ring in the lonely wild:
But Woman, nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile:
Even there her other works are foil'd
By the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

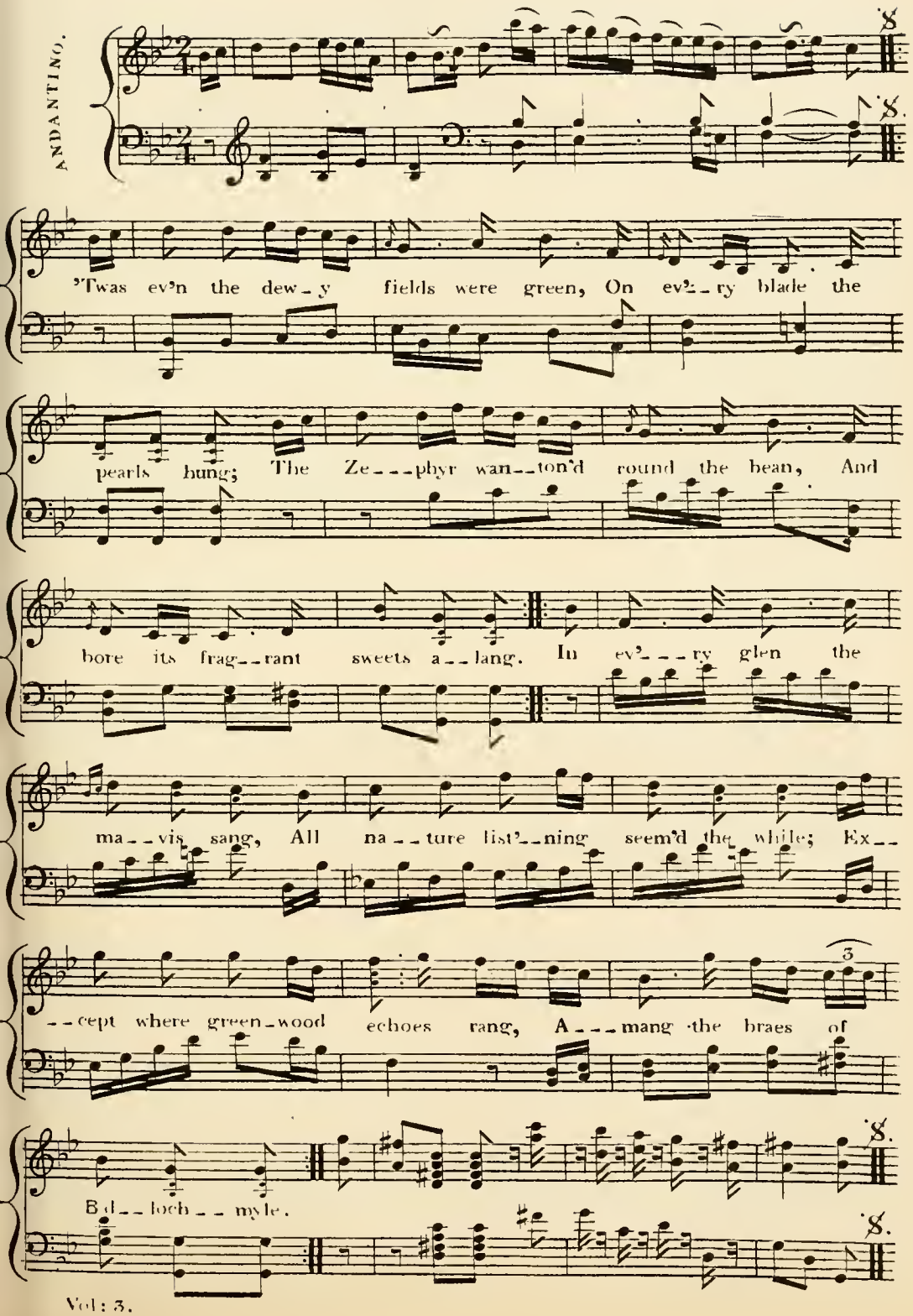
O had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain!
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would toil,
Could I, to bless my cottage, gain*
The bonny lass o' Ballochmyle!

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
Where fame and honours lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine:
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks or till the soil,
And ev'ry day has joys divine
With the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

* The line was originally, "And nightly to my bosom strain."

JOHNY'S GREY BREEKS.

Haydn.



WAE'S MY HEART THAT WE SHOULD SUNDER.

Haydn.

ANDANTE ESPRESSIVO.

sfp *sfp* *f* *p*

DUET.

With broken words and downcast eyes, Poor Colin spoke his passion tender; And

With broken words and downcast eyes, Poor Colin spoke his passion tender; And

parting with his Lucy cries; Ah! waes my heart that we should sunder.

parting with his Lucy cries; Ah! waes my heart that we should sunder.

To others I am cold as snow, But kindle with thine eyes like tinder; From

To others I am cold as snow, But kindle with thine eyes like tinder; From

thee with pain, I'm forc'd to go, It breaks my heart that we should sunder.

thee with pain, I'm forc'd to go, It breaks my heart that we should sunder.

f *p* *f* *p*

WOE'S MY HEART THAT WE SHOULD SUNDER.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

With broken words, and downcast eyes,
Poor Colin spoke his passion tender;
And, parting with his Lucy,* cries,
"Ah! woe's my heart that we should sunder!
To others I am cold as snow,
But kindle with thine eyes like tinder;
From thee with pain I'm forced to go—
It breaks my heart that we should sunder.

"Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
No beauty new my love shall hinder;
Nor time nor place shall ever change
My vows, though we're obliged to sunder.

"The image of thy graceful air,
And beauties which invite our wonder;
Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,
Shall still be present, tho' we sunder.

"Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this—
You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder:
Then seal a promise with a kiss—
Always to love me though we sunder.
"Ye Gods! take care of my dear lass,
That as I leave her I may find her;
When that bless'd time shall come to pass,
We'll meet again, and never sunder!"

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR,

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

Speak on—speak thus, and still my grief,
Hold up a heart that's sinking under
Those fears that soon will want relief,
When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.
A gentler face, and silk attire,
A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
Alack, poor me! will now conspire,
To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

Nae mair the Shepherd wha excell'd
The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praises tell;
Ah! I can die, but never sunder.

Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
Sweet-scented rucks, round which we play'd,
You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder!

Again, ah! shall I never creep
Around the knowe, with silent duty,
Kindly to watch thee, while asleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty!
Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,
Tho' thou shouldst prove a wandering lover,
Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other!

* In the Author's edition of this song, the name is Grizie, which the Editor has taken the liberty of changing into one that sounds more agreeably.

FEE HIM, FATHER.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever;
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever.
Often hast thou vow'd that death
Only should us sever;
Now thou'st left thy lass for aye—
I must see thee never, Jamie,
I will see thee never!

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken;
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken.
Thou canst love another maid
While my heart is breaking;
Soon my weary eyes I'll close,
Never more to waken, Jamie,
Never more to waken.

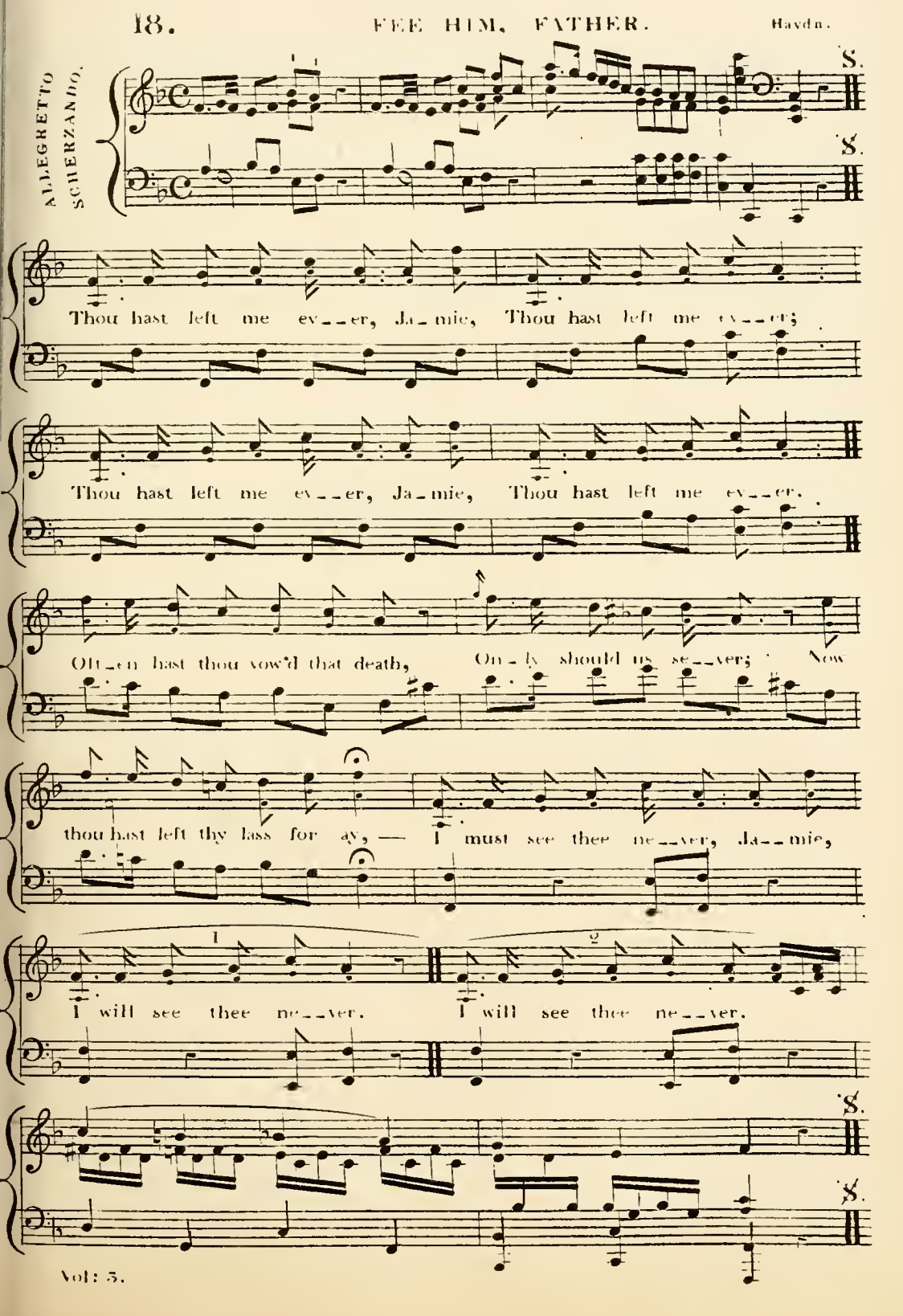
THE OLD SONG TO THE SAME AIR.

'SAW ye Johnny coming,' quo' she,
'Saw ye Johnny coming;
'Saw ye Johnny coming,' quo' she,
'Saw ye Johnny coming:
'Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
'And his dogie running;
'Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
'And his dogie running,' quo' she,
'And his dogie running?

'O fee him, father, fee him,' quo' she,
'Fee him, father, fee him;
'O fee him, father, fee him,' quo' she,
'Fee him, father, fee him;
'For he is a gallant lad,
'And a weel-doing,
'And a' the wark about the town
'Gaes wi' me when I see him,' quo' she,
'Gaes wi' me when I see him.'

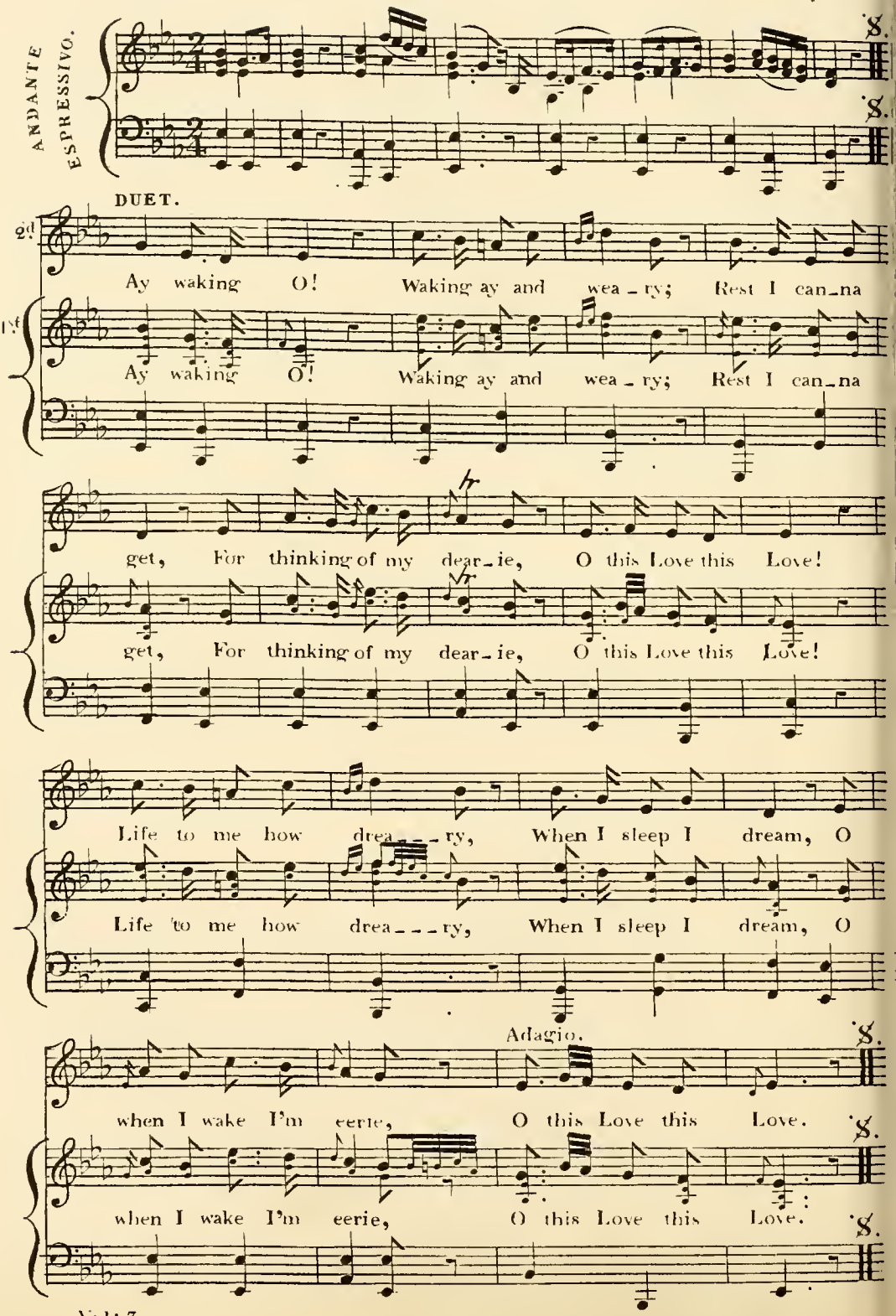
"O what will I do wi' him," quoth he,
"What will I do wi' him?
"He has ne'er a sark upon his back,
"And I ha'e nane to gi'e him."
'I ha'e twa sarks into my kist,
'And ane o' them I'll gi'e him;
And for a merk of mair fee,
'Dinna stand wi' him,' quo' she,
'Dinna stand wi' him.

'For weel do I lo'e him,' quo' she,
'Weel do I lo'e him:
'For weel do I lo'e him,' quo' she,
'Weel do I lo'e him:
'O fee him, father, fee him,' quo' she,
'Fee him, father, fee him;
'He'll ha'd the pleugh, thrash in the barn,
'And crack wi' me at e'en', quo' she,
'And crack wi' me at e'en.'


ALLEGRETTO SCHERZANDO.
Thou hast left me ev__er, Ja_mie, Thou hast left me ev__er;
Thou hast left me ev__er, Ja_mie, Thou hast left me ev__er.
Oft_en hast thou vow'd that death, On_ly should us se__ver; Now
thou hast left thy lass for ay, — I must see thee ne__ver, Ja__mie,
I will see thee ne__ver. I will see thee ne__ver.

AY WAKING O!

Haydn.



AYE WAKING, O!

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL,

BY BURNS,

THE FIRST STANZA EXCEPTED.

The heroine of this admirable Song was Miss Lorimer at Craigieburn, near Moffat.

Aye waking, O!
Waking aye, and weary,
Rest I cannot get,
For thinking on my dearie.
O this love, this love!
Life to me how dreary!—
When I sleep I dream;
Oh! when I wake I'm eerie.
O this love, this love!

Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.
Can I cease to care,
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish?
O this love, this love!

Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.
Ev'ry hope is fled,
Ev'ry fear is terror;
Slumber ev'n I dread,
Ev'ry dream is horror.
O this love, this love!

Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.
Hear me, Powers divine!
Oh! in pity hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me!
Spare, O spare my love! *

* The line in the first Stanza, "Life to me how dreary!" and the lines printed in Italics, are supplied by the Editor for the sake of the Music.

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

This Song was written on Miss Jeany Cruikshank, now Mrs Henderson, Jedburgh, daughter of one of the Masters of the High School, Edinburgh, a friend of the Bard.

A rose-bud by my early walk,
Adown a corn-inclosed bawk,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.
Ere twice the shades of dawn are fled,
In all its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest—
The dew sat chilly on her breast,
Sae early in the morning.
She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure of the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
On trembling string, or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tents thy early morning.
So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay
Shall beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE.

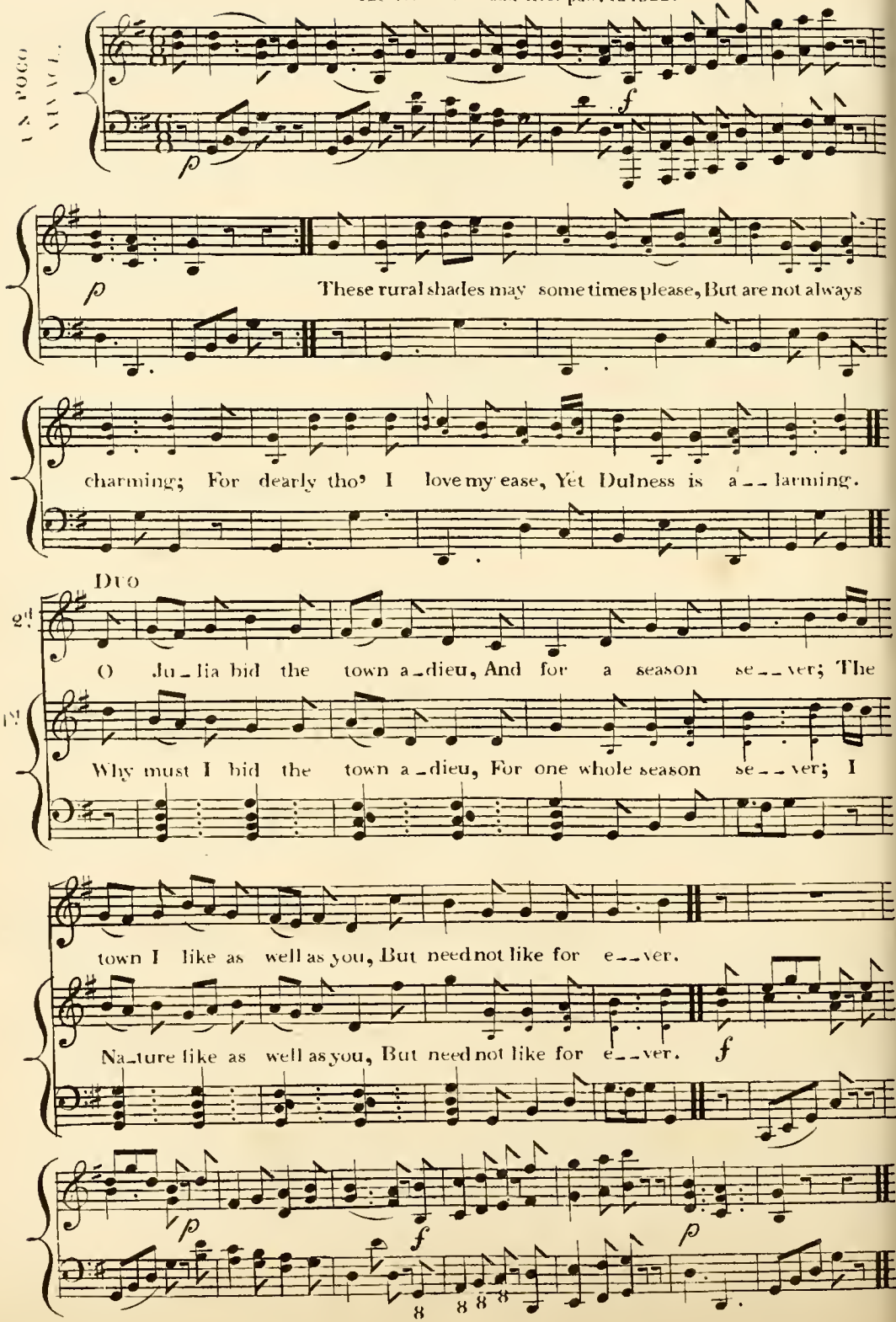
Haydn.

ALLEGRETTO.

A rose_bud by my ear_ly walk, A__down a corn in__closed bawk; She gent_ly bent its thorny stalk, All on a dew_y morn__ing.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled, In a' its crimson glo_ry spread, And droop_ing rich the dew_y head, It scents the ear__ly morn__ing.

The Verses new and first pub^d in 1822.



THE LOOKING-GLASS.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

THESE rural shades may sometimes please,
  But are not always charming;
For dearly though I love my ease,
  Yet dulness is alarming;
Why must I bid the town adieu—
  For one whole season sever?
I Nature like as well as you,
  But need not like for ever.

I like the moon—her lonely ray
  Can sooth my spirits weary;
Yet routes, and balls, and lustres gay,
  Have never fail'd to cheer me.
Sweet sings the lark while o'er his nest
  The morning beam is slanting;
And yet the truth must be confest,
  An opera is enchanting.
    Why must I bid, &c.

How pleasant 'tis to sit and view
  Yon lake at distance lying!
Yet places, faces, fashions new
  I like, there's no denying.
Give me my bower where roses bloom,
  With nightingales complaining—
Yet beaux there are who might presume
  To be as entertaining.
    Why must I bid, &c.

From route and ball, to lawn and grove,
  Through every pleasure ranging;
'Tis thus we happy mortals rove,
  Like Nature, ever changing!
Keep moving still—nor ever long,
  Whate'er the pleasure, linger—
So, if you please, we'll move my song,
  And call another singer.
    Why must I bid, &c.

THE RESOLVE.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF AN OLD ENGLISH POEM,

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET.

HERE FIRST UNITED WITH THE MUSIC, BY PERMISSION.

My wayward fate I needs must plain,
  Though bootless be the theme;
I loved and was beloved again,
  Yet all was but a dream:
For as her love was quickly got,
  So it was quickly gone;
No more I'll bask in flame so hot,
  But coldly dwell alone.

Not maid more bright than maid was e'er,
  My fancy shall beguile
By flattering word, or feigned tear,
  By gesture, look, or smile:
No more I'll call the shaft fair shot
  Till it has fairly flown,
Nor scorch me at a flame so hot;
  I'll rather freeze alone.

Each ambush'd Cupid I'll defy
  In cheek, or chin, or brow,
And deem the glance of woman's eye
  As weak as woman's vow:
I'll lightly hold the lady's heart
  That is but lightly won;
I'll steel my heart to beauty's art,
  And learn to live alone.

The flaunting torch soon blazes out,
  The diamond's ray abides;
The flame its glory hurls about,
  The gem its lustre hides!
Such gem I fondly deem'd was mine,
  And glow'd a diamond stone;
But, since each eye may see it shine,
  I'll darkling dwell alone.

No waking dream shall tinge my thought
  With dyes so bright and vain;
No silken net, so slightly wrought,
  Shall tangle me again:
No more I'll pay so dear for wit,
  I'll live upon mine own;
Nor shall wild passion trouble it—
  I'll rather dwell alone.

And thus I'll hush my heart to rest—
  "Thy loving labour's lost;
Thou shalt no more be wildly blest,
  To be so strangely crost:
The widow'd turtles matchless die,
  The phœnix is but one;
They seek no loves—no more will I—
  I'll rather dwell alone."

O'ER BOGGIE.

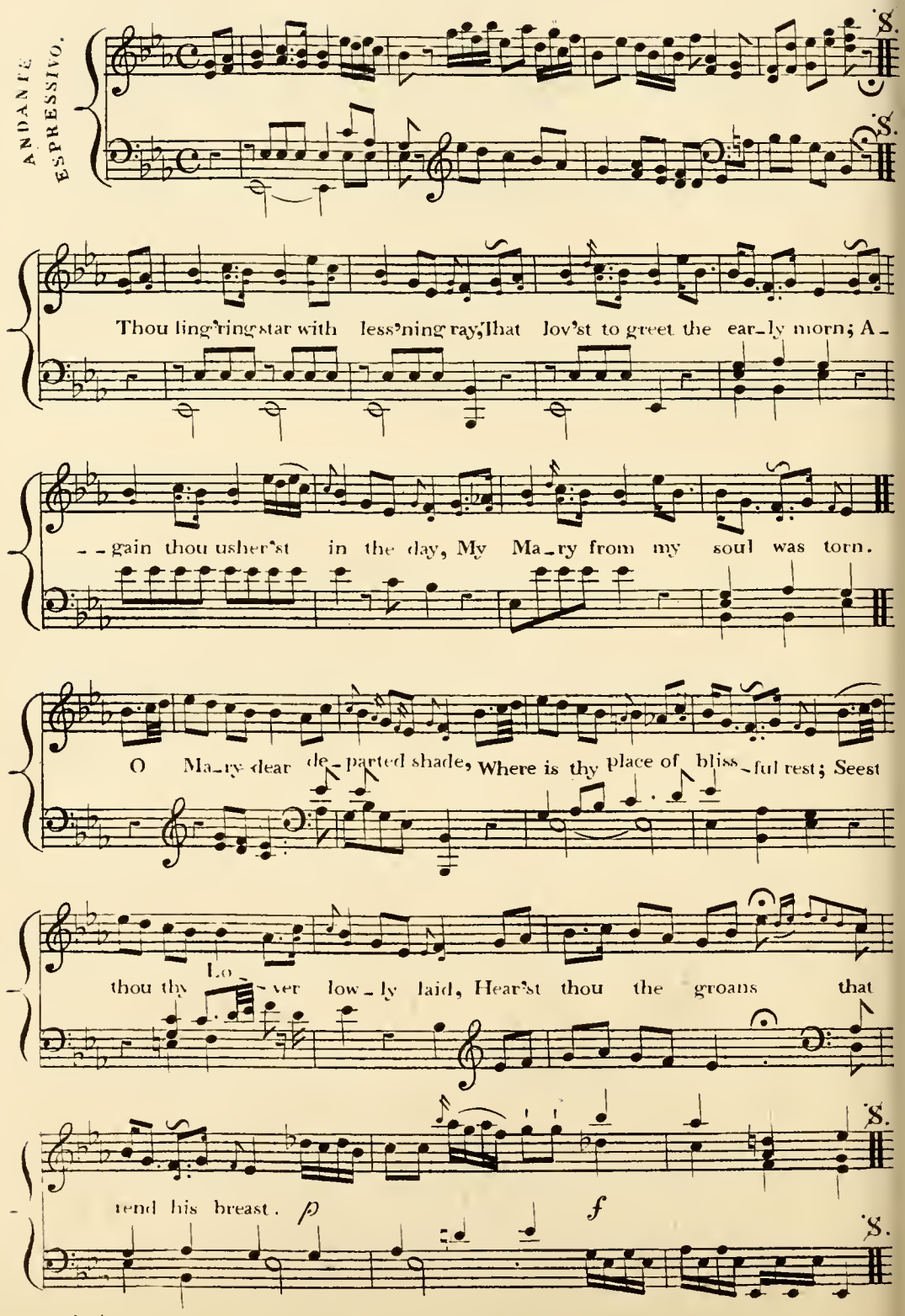
Haydn.

The Air here first united with Sir Walter Scott's words.

ALLEGRETTO.

My wayward fate I needs must plain, Though bootless be the theme; I loved and was be-loved a-gain, Yet all was but a dream.

For as her love was quick-ly got, So it was quick-ly gone; No more I'll bask in flame so hot, But cold-ly dwell a---lone.


ANDANTE ESPRESSIVO.
Thou ling'ring star with less'ning ray, That lov'st to greet the ear-ly morn; A-
-gain thou usher'st in the day, My Ma-ry from my soul was torn.
O Ma-ry dear de-parted shade, Where is thy place of bliss-ful rest; Seest
thou thy Lo-ver low-ly laid, Hear'st thou the groans that
rend his breast.
p
f

HIGHLAND MARY.

WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

The Air by Miss Lucy Johnston, afterwards Mrs Oswald of Achincruive.

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity cannot efface
Those records dear of transports past,
The image of our last embrace;—
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods thickening green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene:
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

THE WEE, WEE MAN.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

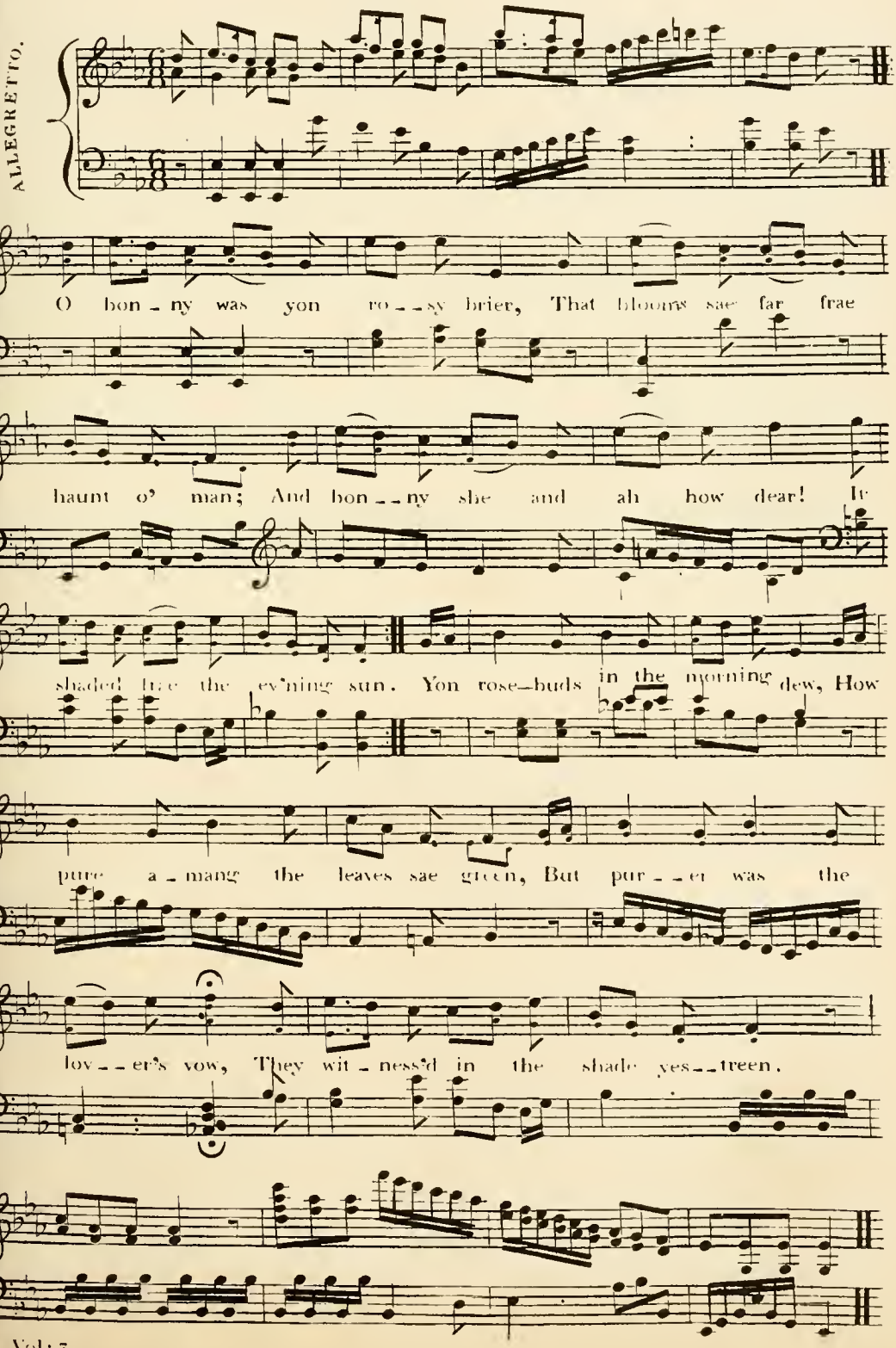
BY BURNS.

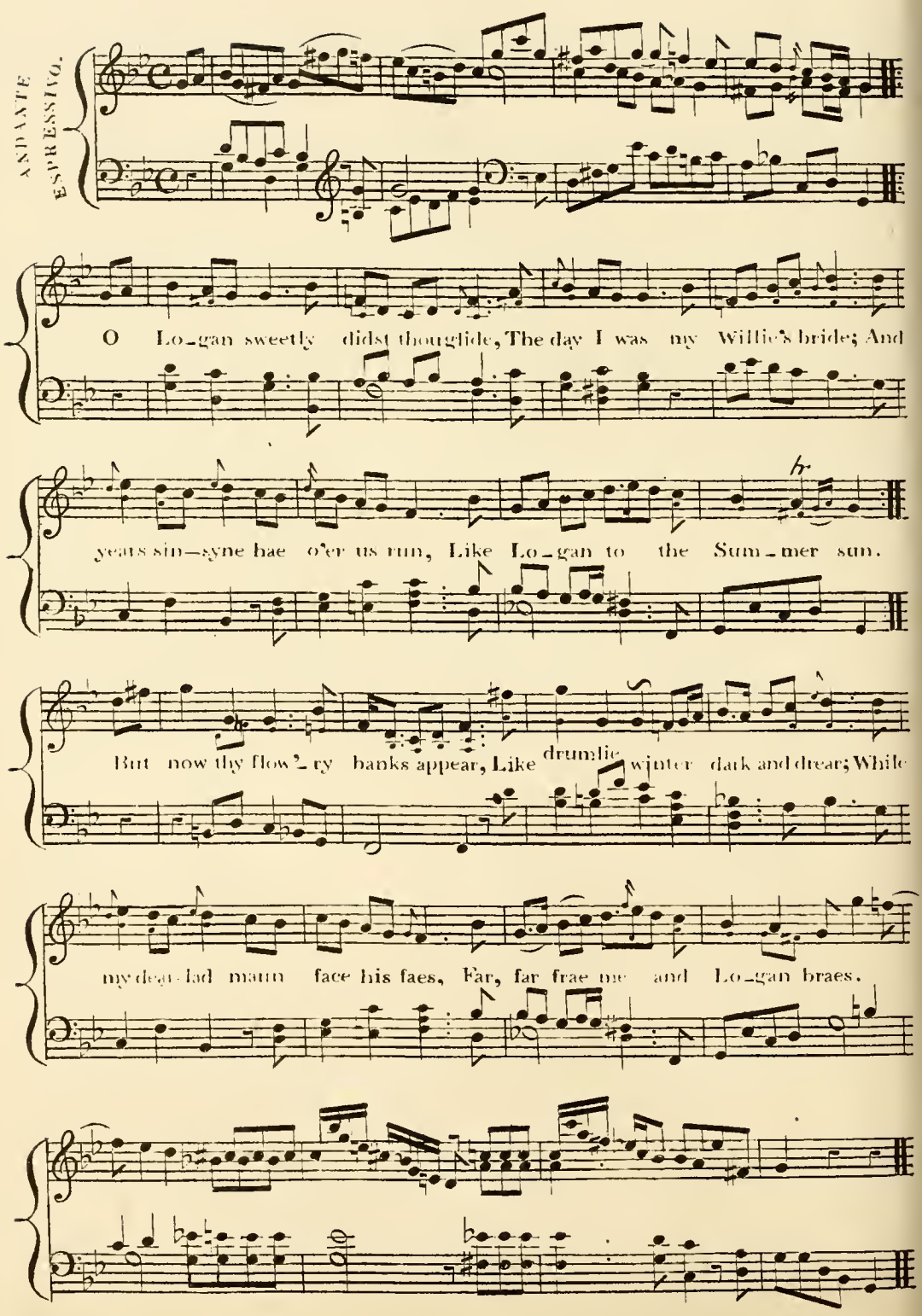
Miss Lorimer was the heroine of this Song.

O bonnie was yon rosy brier
  That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man;
And bonnie she, and ah, how dear!
  It shaded frae the ev'ning sun.
Yon rose-buds in the morning dew,
  How pure, amang the leaves sae green;
But purer was the lover's vow
  They witness'd in their shade yestreen.
All in its rude and prickly bower,
  That crimson rose how sweet and fair;
But love is far a sweeter flow'r
  Amid life's thorny path o' care.
The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
  Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
And I the warld nor wish nor scorn—
  Its joys and griefs alike resign.

THE WEE, WEE MAN.

Haydn.




ANDANTE ESPRESSIVO.
O Lo_gan sweetly didst thou glide, The day I was my Willie's bride; And
years sin_syne hae o'er us run, Like Lo_gan to the Sum_mer sun.
But now thy flow'_ry banks appear, Like drumlie winter dark and drear; While
my dear lad mun face his faes, Far, far frae me and Lo_gan braes.

LOGAN WATER.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

O Logan! sweetly didst thou glide
The day I was my Willie's bride;
And years sinsyne ha'e o'er us run,
Like Logan to the summer sun.
But now thy flow'ry banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month of May,
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs,
The bees hum round the breathing flow'rs;
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And ev'ning tears are tears of joy:
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milkwhite hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings, sits the thrush;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile:—
But I, wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights, and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse in deadly hate!
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan braes!

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR,

BY JOHN MAYNE,

AUTHOR OF THE POEM OF GLASGOW.

By Logan streams that rin sae deep,
Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep,
I've herded sheep, or gather'd slaes,
Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes.
But wae's my heart! these days are gane,
And I wi' grief now herd alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes!

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he,
Atween the preachings, meet wi' me,
Meet wi' me, or, when its mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
I weel may sing—these days are gane!
Frae kirk or fair I come alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes!

At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,
I dander dowie and forlane,
Or sit beneath yon hawthorn tree,
Where aft he kept his tryste wi' me.
O could I see these days again!
My lover skaithless and my ain!
Beloved by friends, at peace wi' faes,
We'd live in bliss on Logan braes!

THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

WRITTEN

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE lass of Patie's mill,
So bonny, blythe, and gay,
In spite of all my skill,
She stole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay,
Bareheaded on the green,
Love 'midst her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Without the help of art,
Like flow'rs that grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart
Whene'er she spoke or smiled.
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguiled;
I wish'd her for my bride.

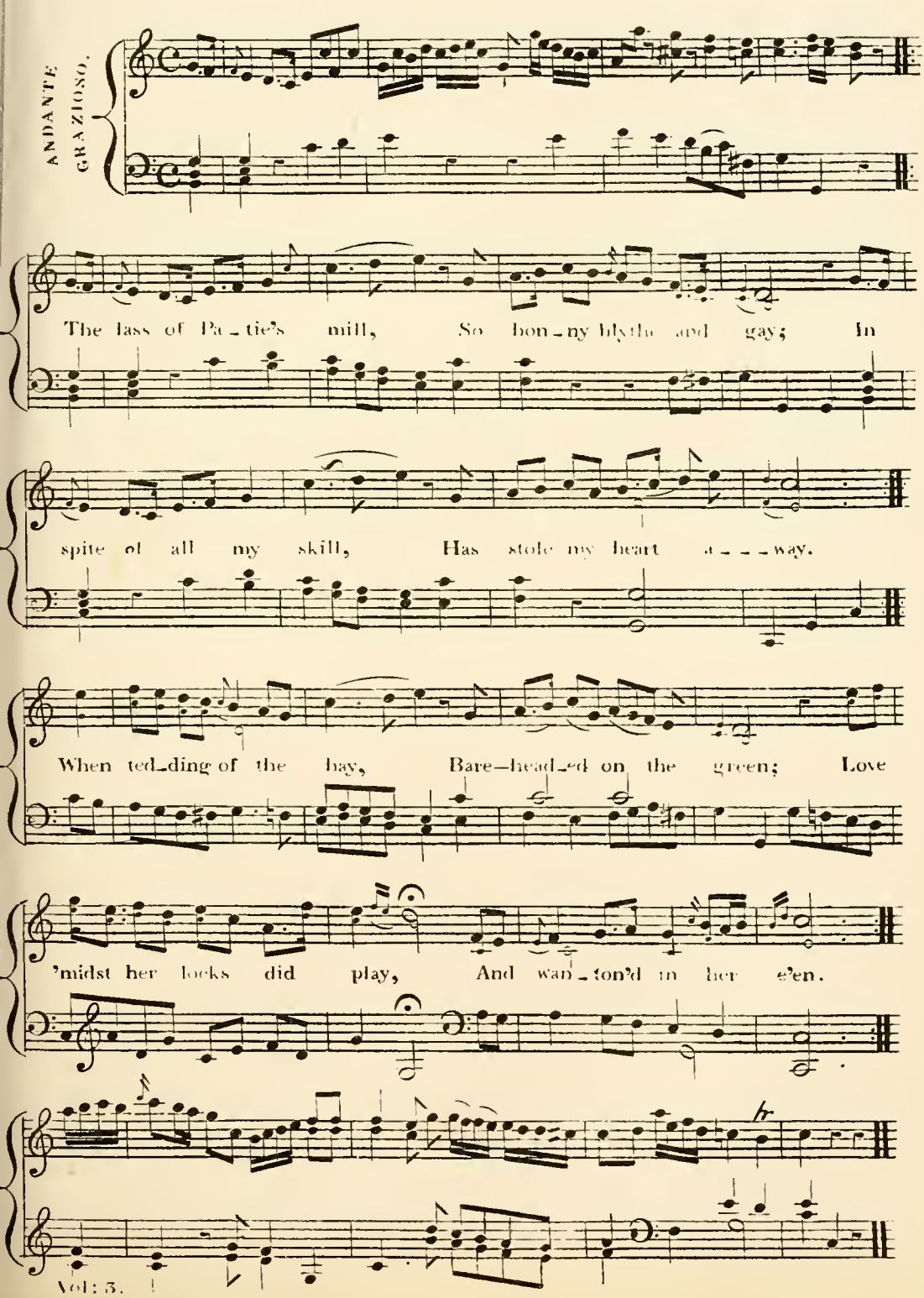
O had I all the wealth
That Hopeton's mountains fill,*
Insured long life and health,
And pleasure at my will:
I'd promise and fulfil,
That none but bonny she,
The lass of Patie's mill,
Should share the same wi' me.

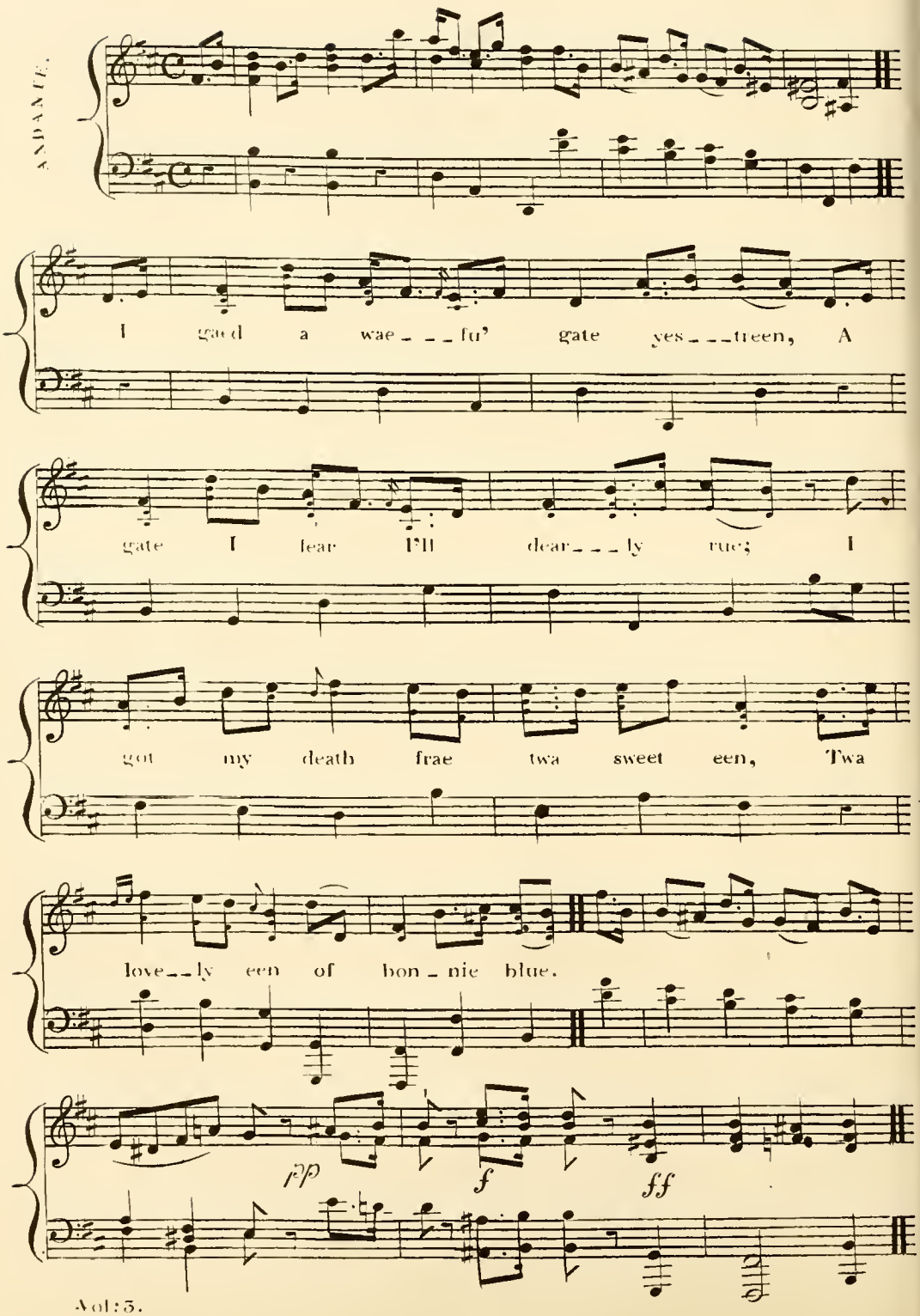
---

* Alluding to the Lead Hills, belonging to the Earl of HOPETON, thirty-three miles south-west of Edinburgh.

Ramsay's right to this Song having been questioned, the Editor shall here quote what BURNS has left on record concerning it. "The following anecdote, which I had from the present Sir "WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM of Robertland, who had it of the "late JOHN Earl of LOUDON, I can on such authorities be-"lieve.

"ALLAN RAMSAY was residing at Loudon Castle with the then "Earl, father to Earl JOHN; and one forenoon, riding or "walking out together, his Lordship and ALLAN passed a "sweet romantic spot on Irvine Water, still called 'Patie's "Mill,' where a bonnie lass was 'tedding hay, bareheaded "on the green.' My Lord observed to ALLAN, that it "would be a fine theme for a song. RAMSAY took the hint, "and lingering behind, he composed the first sketch of it, "which he produced at dinner."


ANDANTE GRAZIOSO.
The lass of Pa_tie's mill, So bon_ny blythe and gay; In
spite of all my skill, Has stole my heart a_ _ _way.
When ted_ding of the hay, Bare_head_ed on the green; Love
'midst her locks did play, And wan_ton'd in her e'en.


ANDANTE.
I gaed a wae - - - fu' gate yes - - - treen, A
gate I fear I'll dear - - - ly rue; I
got my death frae twa sweet een, Twa
love - - ly een of bon - nie blue.
rp
f
ff

THE BLATHRIE O'T.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,
  A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
  Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.

'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
  Her lips like roses wet wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom, lily white—
  It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smiled, my heart she wiled,
  She charm'd my soul, I wist na how;
And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
  Came frae her een sae bonnie blue.

But spare to speak, and spare to speed,—
  She'll, aiblins, listen to my vow:
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
  To her twa een sae bonnie blue.*

* The heroine of this beautiful song was MISS JEFFREY of Lochmaben, who married MR RENWICK, and accompanied him to New York, where she still lives, highly esteemed for her good sense and great suavity of manners. She is now a widow, and her son is Professor of Chemistry in Columbia College.

AN THOU WERT MINE AIN THING.

An thou wert mine ain thing,
O I would love thee, I would love thee;
An thou wert mine ain thing,
How dearly would I love thee.
Of race divine thou needs must be,
Since naething earthly equals thee;
For heaven's sake, O favour me,
Wha only live to love thee.

An thou wert my ain thing, &c.
Sae lang's I had the use of light,
I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
Syne in saft whispers through the night
I'd tell how much I love thee.

An thou wert mine ain thing, &c.
Though I were number'd wi' the dead,
My soul should hover round thy head;
I may be turn'd a silent shade,
But ne'er can cease to love thee!

An thou wert mine ain thing, &c.
Thy nightly dreams, thy lonely hours,
Thy thoughtful seats in these sweet bow'rs,
Thy ev'ning walks 'mang dewy flow'rs
I'd watch, and ever love thee.

An thou wert mine ain thing, &c.
And when at last, thou lovely maid!—
A drooping flow'r—thyself shalt fade,
I'll watch thy gentle parting shade,
And then for ever love thee!

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.*

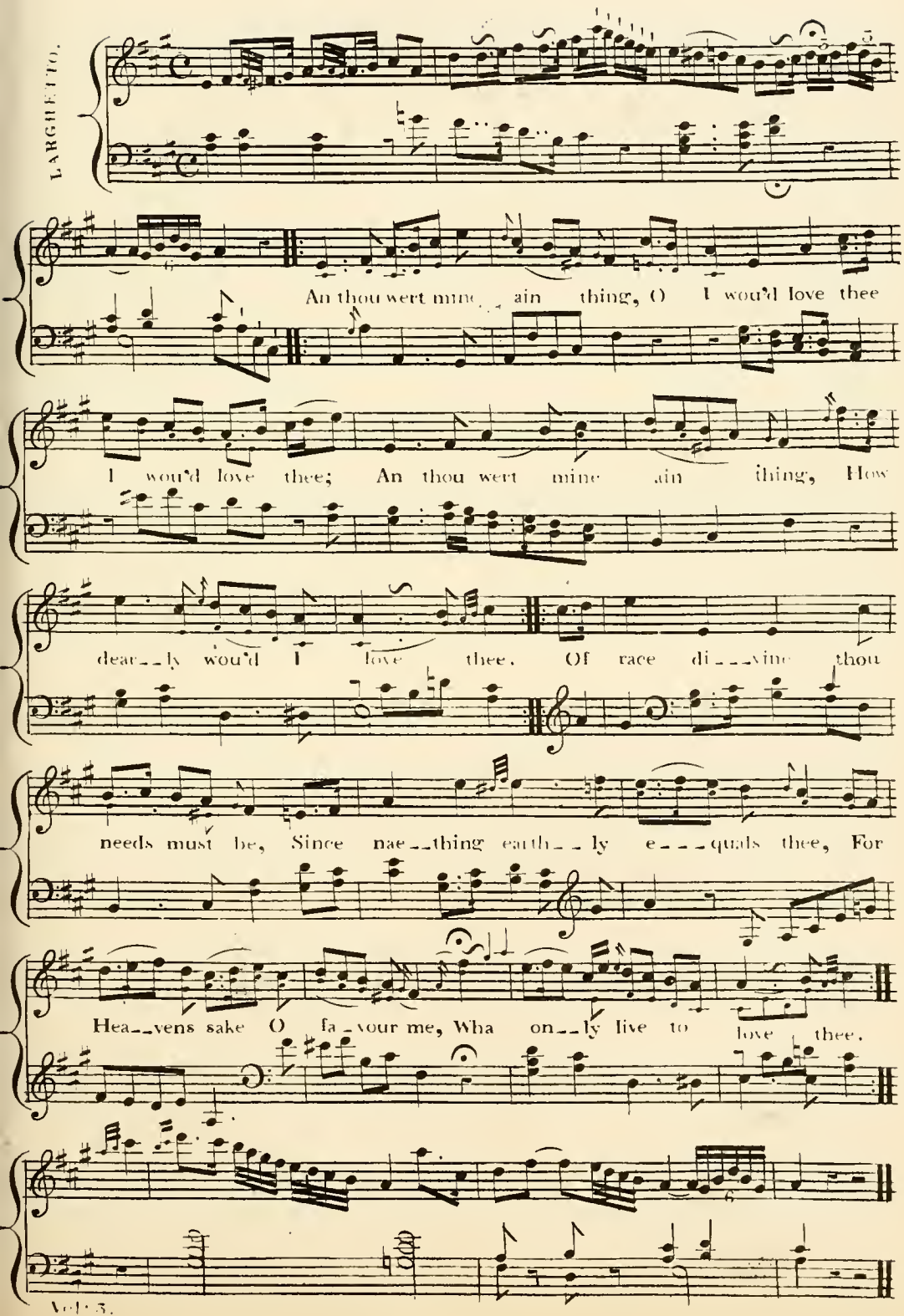
WRITTEN

BY SMOLLETT.

Thy fatal shafts unerring move;
I bow before thine altar, Love!
I feel thy soft resistless flame
Glide swift through all my vital frame
For while I gaze my bosom glows,
My blood in tides impetuous flows;
Hope, fear, and joy, alternate roll,
And floods of transport 'whelm my soul.

My falt'ring tongue attempts in vain
In soothing murmurs to complain;
My tongue some secret magic ties;
My murmurs sink in broken sighs!
Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
And ever drop the silent tear,
Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
Unfriended live, unpitied die!

* In singing the English Song to the Scottish Air, a quaver must be supplied for the beginning of the first and third lines of each stanza.


LARGHETTO.
An thou wert mine ain thing, O I wou'd love thee
I wou'd love thee; An thou wert mine ain thing, How
dear--ly wou'd I love thee. Of race di---vine thou
needs must be, Since nae--thing earth--ly e---quals thee, For
Hea--vens sake O fa-vour me, Wha on--ly live to love thee.

DONALD CAIRD.

The Air, the Symf. and Accompt. new — 1822.

SCHERZANDO MA MODERATO.

Do-nald Caird can lilt and sing, Blythely dance the high-land fling;

Drink 'till the gude-man be blind, Fleech 'till the gude-wife be kind.

Hoop a jug-len clout a pan, Or crack a pow wi' o-ny man:

Tell the news in brugh or glen, Do-nald Caird's come a-gain.

CHORUS.

Tenor. Donald Caird's come a-gain, Donald Caird's come a-gain; Tell the news in

Bass. Donald Caird's come a-gain, Donald Caird's come a-gain; Tell the news in

Soprano. Donald Caird's come a-gain, Donald Caird's come a-gain; Tell the news in

brugh or glen, Donald Caird's come a-gain.

brugh or glen, Donald Caird's come a-gain.

brugh or glen, Donald Caird's come a-gain. *p* *fz*

f

DONALD CAIRD.

WRITTEN BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET, AND HERE PUBLISHED BY EXPRESS PERMISSION.

THE AIR COMPOSED FOR THE SONG BY THE EDITOR OF THIS WORK—1822.

Donald Caird can lilt and sing,
Blythely dance the Highland fling;
Drink till the gudeman be blind,
Fleech till the gudewife be kind;
Hoop a leglen, clout a pan,
Or crack a pow wi' ony man;
Tell the news in brugh or glen,
Donald Caird's come again.
Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Tell the news in brugh or glen,
Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can wire a maukin,
Kens the wiles o' dun-deer staukin;
Leisters kipper, makes a shift
To shoot a muirfowl in the drift;
Water-bailiffs, rangers, keepers,
He can wauk when they are sleepers;
Not for bountith or reward,
Dare ye mell wi' Donald Caird.
Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Gar the bagpipes hum amain,
Donald Caird's come again!

Donald Caird can drink a gill
Fast as hostler wife can fill;
Ilka ane that sells gude liquor
Kens how Donald hends a bicker:
When he's fou he's stout and saucy,
Keeps the cantle of the cawsey;
Highland chief and Lawland laird
Maun gie room to Donald Caird!
Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Tell the news in brugh or glen,
Donald Caird's come again!

Steek the amrie, lock the kist,
Else some gear may weel be mist;
Donald Caird finds orra things
Where Allan Gregor fand the taings;
Dunts of kebbuck, tates of woo,
Whiles a hen, and whiles a sow,
Webs or duds frae hedge or yard—
'Ware the wuddie, Donald Caird!
Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Dinna let the Shirra ken
Donald Caird's come again!

On Donald Caird the doom was stern,
Craig to tether, legs to airn;
But Donald Caird, wi' mickle study,
Caught the gift to cheat the wuddie!
Rings of airn, and bolts of steel,
Fell like ice frae hand and heel!
Watch the sheep in fauld and glen,
Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Dinna let the Justice ken
Donald Caird's come again!

ROB ROY.

WRITTEN AND PRESENTED TO THE EDITOR BY DAVID THOMSON, GALASHIELS, NOW FIRST PUBLISHED—1822.

Rob Macgregor's come again,
Ilka ane thought dead and gane;
By a wizard's cantrip slight
Rob again has seen the light.
He appears in a' his glory,
Laughing baith at Whig and Tory;
Rob's a chief o' some regard,
No a scamp like Donald Caird.
Rob Macgregor's come again!
Rob Macgregor's come again!
Think ye does the Shirra ken
Rob Macgregor's come again.*

Bars o' iron and bolts o' steel
Yield to Rob, for Rob's a deil;
Glasgow jail it canna haud him,
No a beagle dares to daud him.
Rob has keys to ilka prison,
Turnkey-cousins by the dozen;
Burrow bailies and their guard
Shrink afore the Highland laird.
Rob Macgregor's come again!
Rob Macgregor's come again!
Lowland bodies pay your kain,
Rob Macgregor's come again!

Robin's wife's a wife o' mettle,
Weel she guards auld Scotland's kettle;
Nought to Helen is a prize
Like an imp of the excise!
A' the Highland hills in chorus,
Sung the dirge of gauger Morris,
A' the pack might weel be spared,
Reavers waur than Donald Caird.
Rob Macgregor's come again!
Rob Macgregor's come again!
Lomond wilds are a' his ain,
We're fain to see him back again.

Rob Macgregor dealt in cattle,
But to pay them was a battle;
Robin took a shorter plan,
Clear'd the marches like a man.
Now he's king o' hill and dale,
A' the Lennox pays black-mail.
Soger lads be on your guard,
Ye are na catching Donald Caird.
Rob Macgregor's come again!
Rob Macgregor's come again!
We'll get back the days that's gane,
Rob Macgregor's come again!

Robin Roy's caught at last,
Bring the wuddie, haud him fast;
Robin loups and takes the river,
Lost for ance, and lost for ever;
Jouking up, and jouking down,
Like an otter swam the loon!
Rob has baffled a' the guard,
No sneak'd aff like Donald Caird.
Rob Macgregor's come again!
Rob Macgregor's come again!
Highland blood, and Highland bane,
Rob Macgregor's come again!

* Sir Walter Scott, who is so strongly suspected of the resuscitation of Rob, is the Shirra (Sheriff) of Selkirkshire. He dines generally once a-year with his worthy industrious neighbours, the Manufacturers of Galashiels; and this and the preceding song commonly make a part of the dessert.

THE THREE MEN OF MORISTON.

A JACOBITE BALLAD.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT COMMUNICATED TO THE EDITOR BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD, AND DOUBTLESS WRITTEN BY HIM;—NOW FIRST PUBLISHED—1822.

AIR,—FY, LET US A' TO THE BRIDAL.

Now cease of auld ferlies to tell us,
That happen'd nane living kens when;
I'll sing you of three noble fellows
Wha lived in the wild Highland glen.
The times were grown hard to brave Donald,
For lost was Culloden's sad day;
The hearts o' the Chiefs were a' broken,
And O! but poor Donald was wae.

They keeket out o'er the wild correi,
The towers of Clan-Ronald were gone;
The reek it hung red o'er Glengary,
Lochaber was herried and lone!
They turn'd them about on the mountain,
The last o' their shealings to see,
"O hon a rie!" cried poor Donald,
"There's naething but sorrow for me!"

Now our three noble lads are in hiding,
Afar in Glenmoriston's height;
In the rock a' the day they are biding,
And the moon is their candle by night.
And oft their rash rising they rued it,
As looking o'er ravage and death,
And blamed their ain Prince, Charlie Stuart,
For causing the Highlands sic skaith.

Ae night they sat fearfu' o' danger,
And snappet their kebbuck fu' keen,
When in came a stately young stranger
As ragged as man e'er was seen.
They had na weel looket around them,
'Till tears came happing like rain,
"Your welcome, young Dugald M'Cluny,
"For a' you see here is your ain."

Each kenn'd the brave wreck of Culloden,
But dared not to mention his name,
Lest one of the three had betray'd him,
And cover'd their country with shame.
They served him with eager devotion,
They clad him from shoulder to tae;
Spread his board from the moor and the ocean,
And watch'd o'er him a' the lang day.

They had not a plack in their coffer,
They had not a ewe on the brae,
Yet kenn'd o' mair gowd in their offer
Than they could have carried away.
Now crack o' your Grecian and Roman,
We've cast them a' back in the shade;
Gi'e me a leal-hearted Macdonald
Wi' nought but his dirk and his plaid.

The sun shines sweet on the heather,
When tempests are over and gane;
But honour shines bright in all weather,
Through poverty, hardship, and pain.
Tho' we had ne'er heard o' Clan-Ronald,
Nor gallant Glengary's wild sway,
The names of the loyal Macdonalds
Had flourish'd for ever and aye.*

---

* The Editor has given this excellent Jacobite Ballad as it came to him: but, though it commemorates three humble worthies only, it has been said that there were six of them; namely, the three trusty Macdonalds, Peter Grant, Hugh Chisholm, and Colin Frazer, by whom the Prince was concealed and supported in a cave in Glenmoriston for above five weeks. One of the Macdonalds went often in disguise into the English camp to procure some wheaten bread for their guest, and to pick up what intelligence he could: there he regularly heard at the drum-head, a proclamation in English and Gaelic of a reward of L.30,000 to any one who would produce the Pretender dead or alive; but, though the guardians of the cave had not a shilling among them all, they despised enriching themselves by an act of treachery. How painful it is to add, what the Editor has been assured is true, that one of those magnanimous poor fellows was afterwards hanged for stealing a cow! On the ladder, he declared that he never had taken sheep or cow from any of his own clan or their friends, nor from those who had not risen against the House of Stuart; and all attempts to persuade him to acknowledge the justice of his sentence were fruitless.

30. THE THREE MEN OF MORISTON.

Now First publish'd — 1822.

Haydn.

ALLEGRETTO.

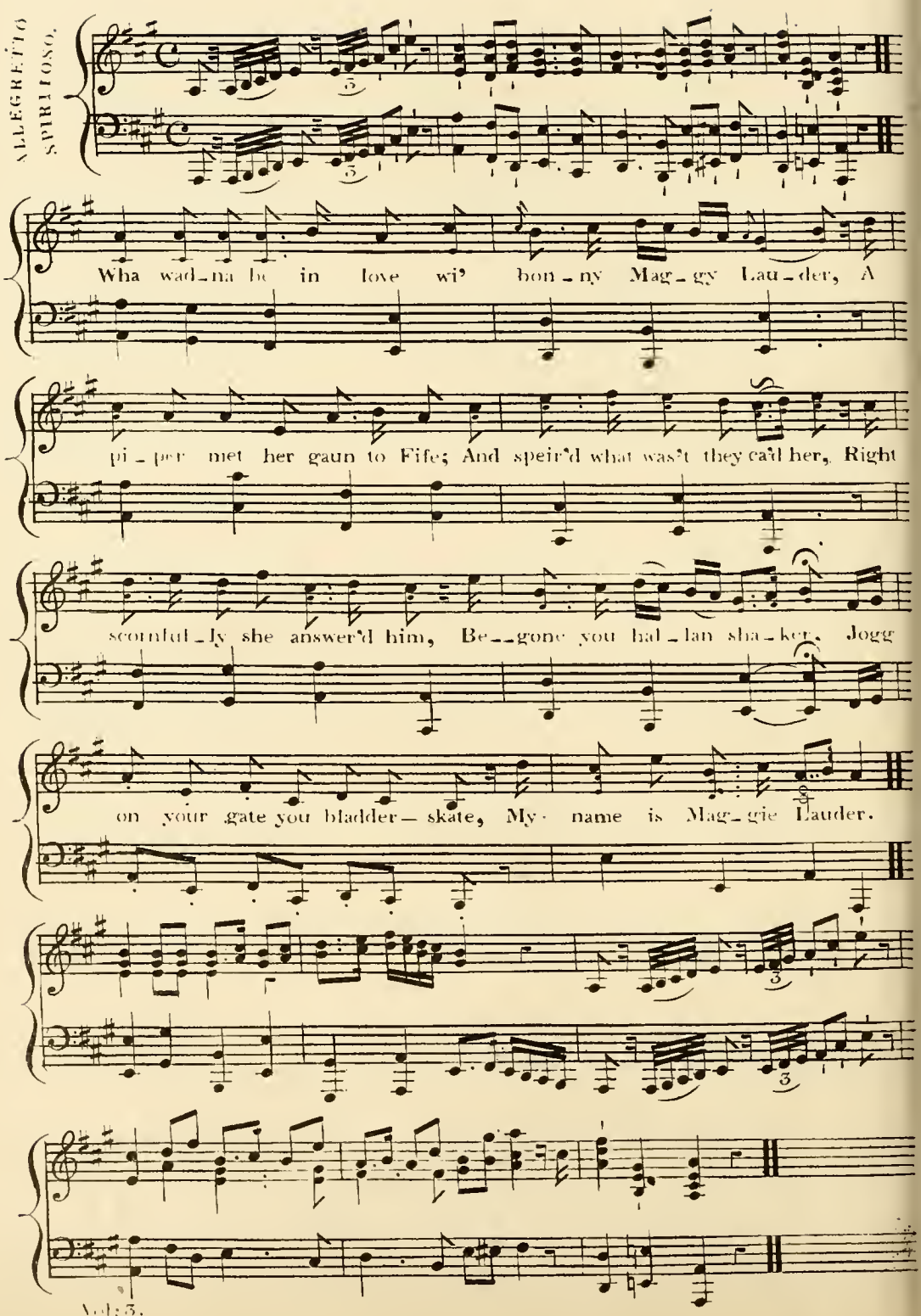
Now cease of auld fairlies to tell us, That

happen'd nane living kens when; I'll sing you of three no-ble fellows, Who

liv'd in the wild highland glen. The times were grown hard to brave Donald, For

lost was Cul-loden's sad day; The hearts o' the Chiefs were a' bro-ken, And

O but poor Donald was wae.


ALLEGRETTO SPIRITOSO.
Wha wad-na be in love wi' bon-ny Mag-gy Lau-der, A
pi-per met her gaun to Fife; And speir'd what was't they ca'd her, Right
scornful-ly she answer'd him, Be--gone you hal-lan sha-ker, Jogg
on your gate you bladder-skate, My name is Mag-gie Lauder.

MAGGY LAUDER.

Wha wadna be in love
  Wi' bonnie Maggy Lauder?
A piper met her gaun to Fife,
  And spier'd what was't they ca'd her?
Right scornfully she answer'd him—
  'Begone you hallanshaker!
'Jog on your gate, you bladderskate,
  'My name is Maggy Lauder.'

"Maggy," quoth he, "and by my bags
  "I'm fidging fain to see thee!
"Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,
  "In troth I winna steer thee:
"For I'm a piper to my trade,
  "My name is Rob the Ranter;
"The lasses loup as they were daft
  "When I blaw up my chanter."

'Piper,' quo' Meg, 'ha'e ye your bags,
  'Or is your drone in order?
'If you be Rob, I've heard of you—
  'Live you upo' the Border?
'The lasses a,' baith far and near,
  'Have heard of Rob the Ranter;
'I'll shake my foot wi' right good-will,
  'Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.'

Then to his bags he flew with speed,
  About the drone he twisted;
Meg up, and wallop'd o'er the green,
  For brawly could she frisk it,
"Weel done," quo' he—'Play up,' quo' she;
  "Weel bobb'd," quo' Rob the Ranter:
"It's worth my while to play indeed,
  "When I ha'e sic a dancer."

'Weel ha'e ye play'd your part,' quo' Meg,
  'Your cheeks are like the crimson;
'There's nane in Scotland plays so weel
  'Since we lost Habby Simson.
'I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
  'These ten years and a quarter;
'Gin you should come to Anster fair,
  'Spier ye for Maggy Lauder.'

THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

How blythe ilk morn was I to see
My swain come o'er the hill!
He skipt the burn, and flew to me,
I met him with good-will.
O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
The broom of Cowdenknows;
I wish I were with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my ewes.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb
While his flock near me lay:
He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And cheer'd me a' the day.
O the broom, &c.

He tuned his pipe and reed sae sweet,
The birds stood list'ning by;
E'en the dull cattle stood and gazed,
Charm'd with his melody.
O the broom, &c.

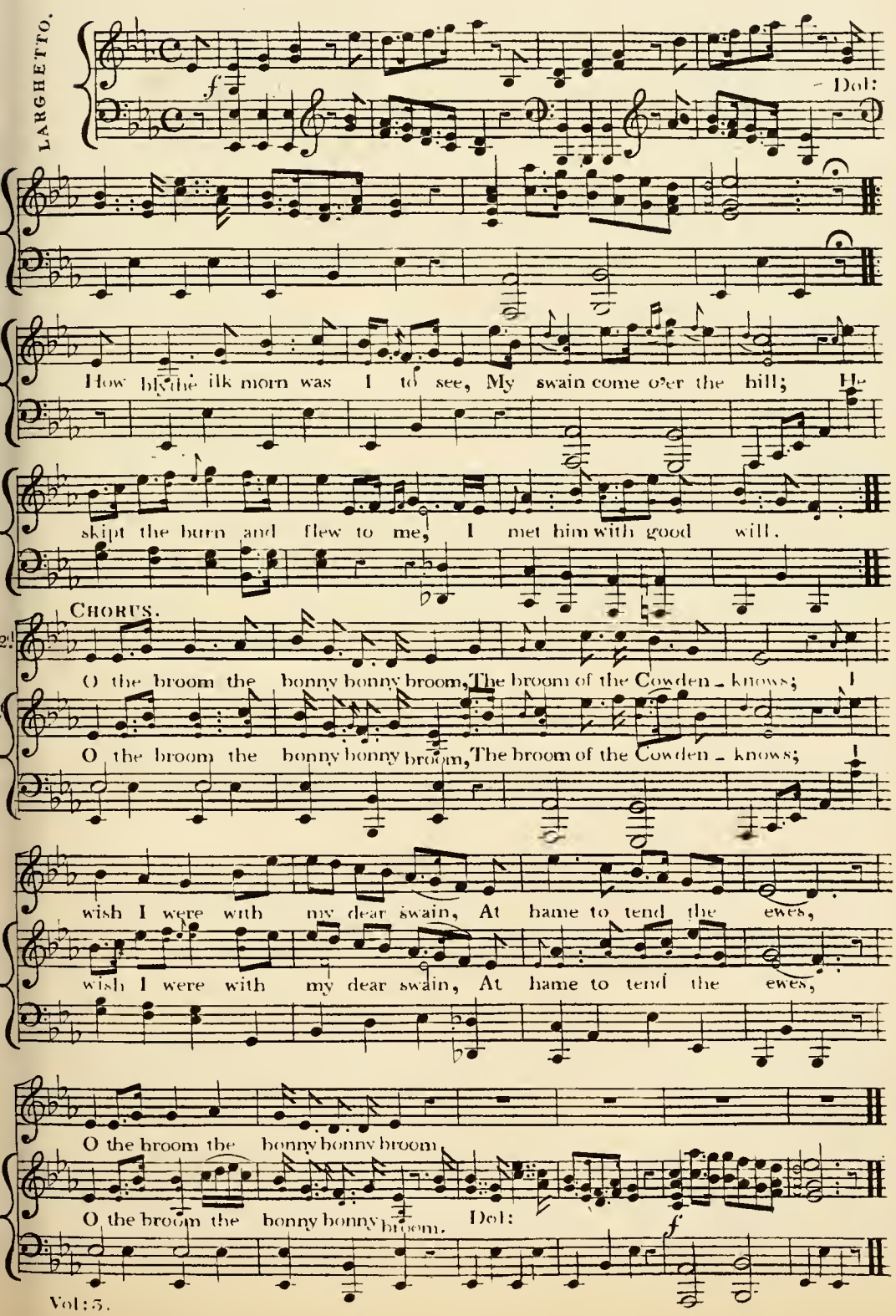
While thus we spent our time by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envied not the fairest dame,
Though ne'er so rich and gay.
O the broom, &c.

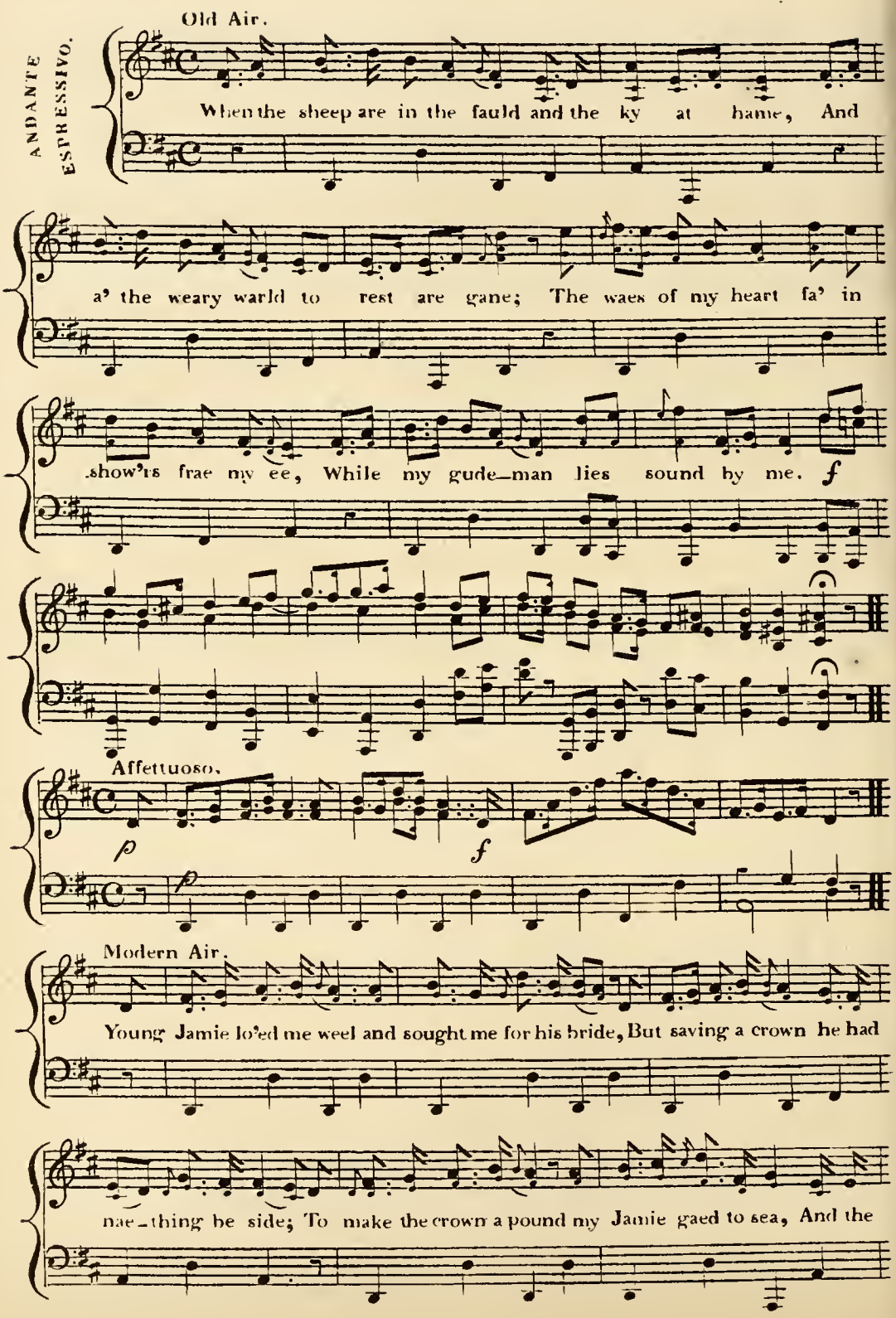
Hard fate, that I should banish'd be,
Gang heavily, and mourn,
Because I loved the kindest swain
That ever yet was born!
O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour;
Could I but faithfu' be?
He staw my heart, could I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd of me?
O the broom, &c.

My dogie, and my little kit,
That held my wee soup whey,
My plaidy, brooch, and crooked stick,
May now lie useless by.
O the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu!
Fareweel a' pleasures there!
Ye gods, restore me to my swain,
Is a' I crave or care!
O the broom, &c.


LARGHETTO.
f
Dol:
How blythe ilk morn was I to see, My swain come o'er the hill; He
skipt the burn and flew to me, I met him with good will.
CHORUS.
O the broom the bonny bonny broom, The broom of the Cowden - knows;
O the broom the bonny bonny broom, The broom of the Cowden - knows;
wish I were with my dear swain, At hame to tend the ewes,
wish I were with my dear swain, At hame to tend the ewes,
O the broom the bonny bonny broom,
O the broom the bonny bonny broom. Dol:
f


Old Air.
ANDANTE ESPRESSIVO.
When the sheep are in the fauld and the ky at hame, And
a' the weary warld to rest are gane; The waes of my heart fa' in
show'rs frae my ee, While my gude-man lies sound by me.
f
Affettuoso.
p
f
p
Modern Air.
Young Jamie lo'ed me weel and sought me for his bride, But saving a crown he had
nae-thing be side; To make the crown a pound my Jamie gaed to sea, And the

2d 33.

crown and the pound were baith for me; He had na been gane but a year and a day, When my father brake his arm and our cow was stown a - way; My mother she fell sick and my Jamie at the sea, And auld Robin Gray came a courting me.

2d

My father cou'd na work, and my mither cou'd na spin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'd na win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his ee,
Said, Jenny, for their sakes, O marry me!
My heart it said Na; I look'd for Jamie back:
But the wind it blew hard, and the ship it was a wreck;
The ship it was a wreck — why did na Jenny die.
O why was she spar'd to cry, Wae's me.

3d

My father argu'd sair; my mother did na speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break,
Sae I gae him my hand, but my heart was i' the sea;
And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.
I had na been a wife a week but only four,
When sitting sae mournfully ae night at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'd na think it he,
Till he said I'm come hame, love, to marry thee.

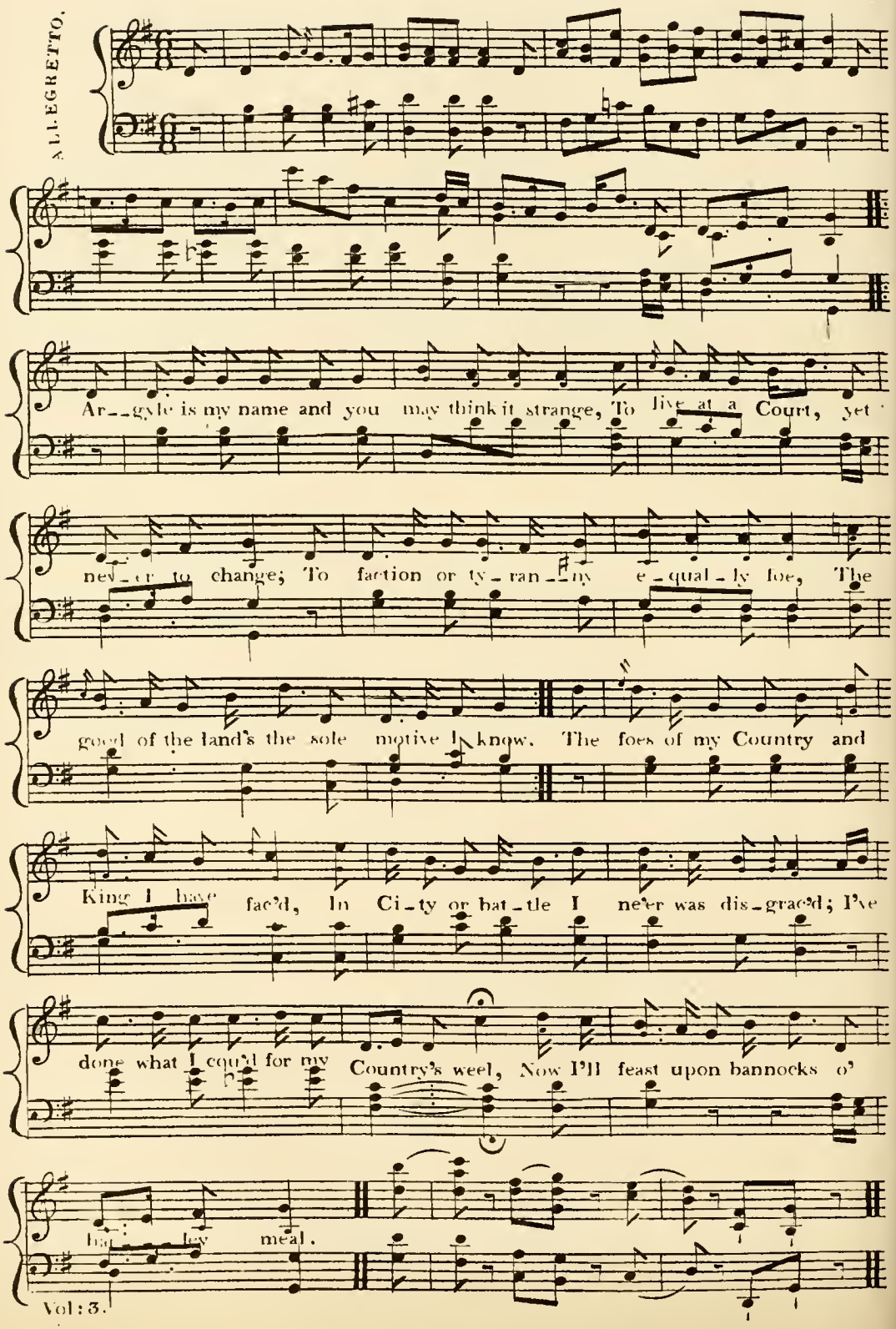
4th

O sair did we greet and muckle did we say,
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away.
I wish that I were dead; but I'm no like to die:
How lang shall I live to cry, O waes me.
I gang like a ghaist, and I dow na think to spin;
I dare na think on Jamie, for that wou'd be a sin;
But I'll e'en do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is ay kind to me.

LADY ANNE LINDSAY

ADDED BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

Nae langer she wept, her tears were a' spent,
Despair it was come, and she thought it content;
She thought it content, but her cheek it grew pale,
And she droop'd like a lily broke down by the hail.


ALLEGRETTO.
Ar--gyle is my name and you may think it strange, To live at a Court, yet
nev-er to change; To faction or ty-ran--ny e-qual-ly foe, The
good of the land's the sole motive I know. The foes of my Country and
King I have fac'd, In Ci-ty or bat-tle I ne'er was dis-grac'd; I've
done what I could for my Country's weel, Now I'll feast upon bannocks o'
bar-ley meal.

BANNOCKS O' BARLEYMEAL.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.

ARGYLE is my name—and you may think it strange
To live at a court, and yet never to change;
To faction or tyranny equally foe—
The good of the land's the sole motive I know.
The foes of my country and king I have faced,
In city or battle I ne'er was disgraced;
I've done what I could for my country's weal;
Now I'll feast upon bannocks o' barleymeal.

Ye riots and revels of London, adieu!
And folly, ye foplings, I leave her to you!
For Scotland I mingled in bustle and strife;
For myself I seek peace and an innocent life;
I'll haste to the Highlands, and visit each scene
With Maggy, my love, in her rockley o' green;
On the banks of Glenary what pleasure I'll feel,
While she shares my bannock o' barleymeal!

And if it chance Maggy should bring me a son,
He shall fight for his king as his father has done;
I'll hang up my sword with an old soldier's pride—
O! may he be worthy to wear't on his side.
I pant for the breeze of my loved native place;
I long for the smile of each welcoming face;
I'll aff to the Highlands asfast 's I can reel,
And feast upon bannocks o' barleymeal.

BARBARA ALLAN.

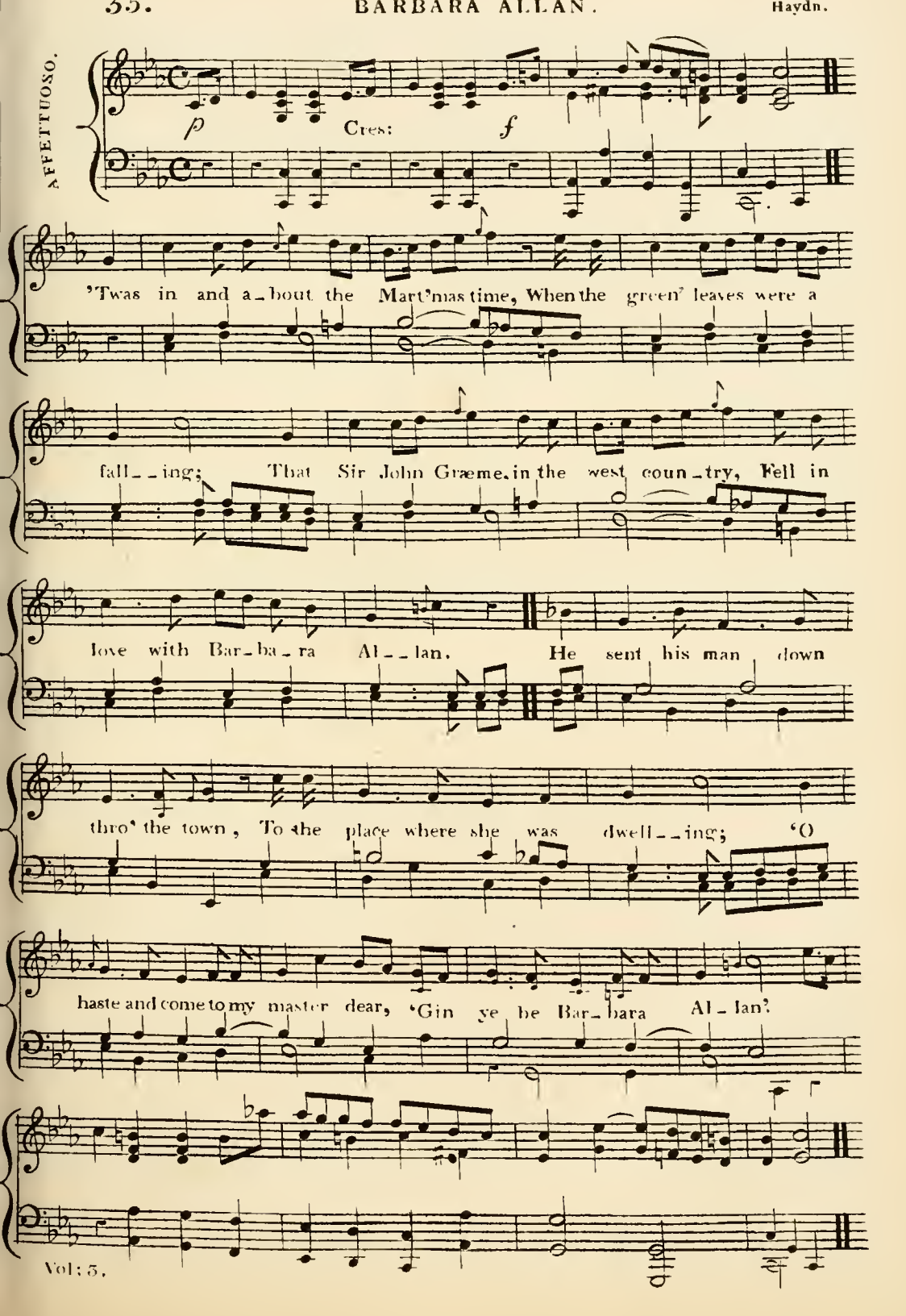
It was in and about the Mart'mas time,
  When the green leaves were a-falling,
That Sir John Græme, in the west countrie,
  Fell in love with Barbara Allan.
He sent his man down through the town,
  To the place where she was dwelling—
'O haste, and come to my master dear,
  'Gin ye be Barbara Allan.'

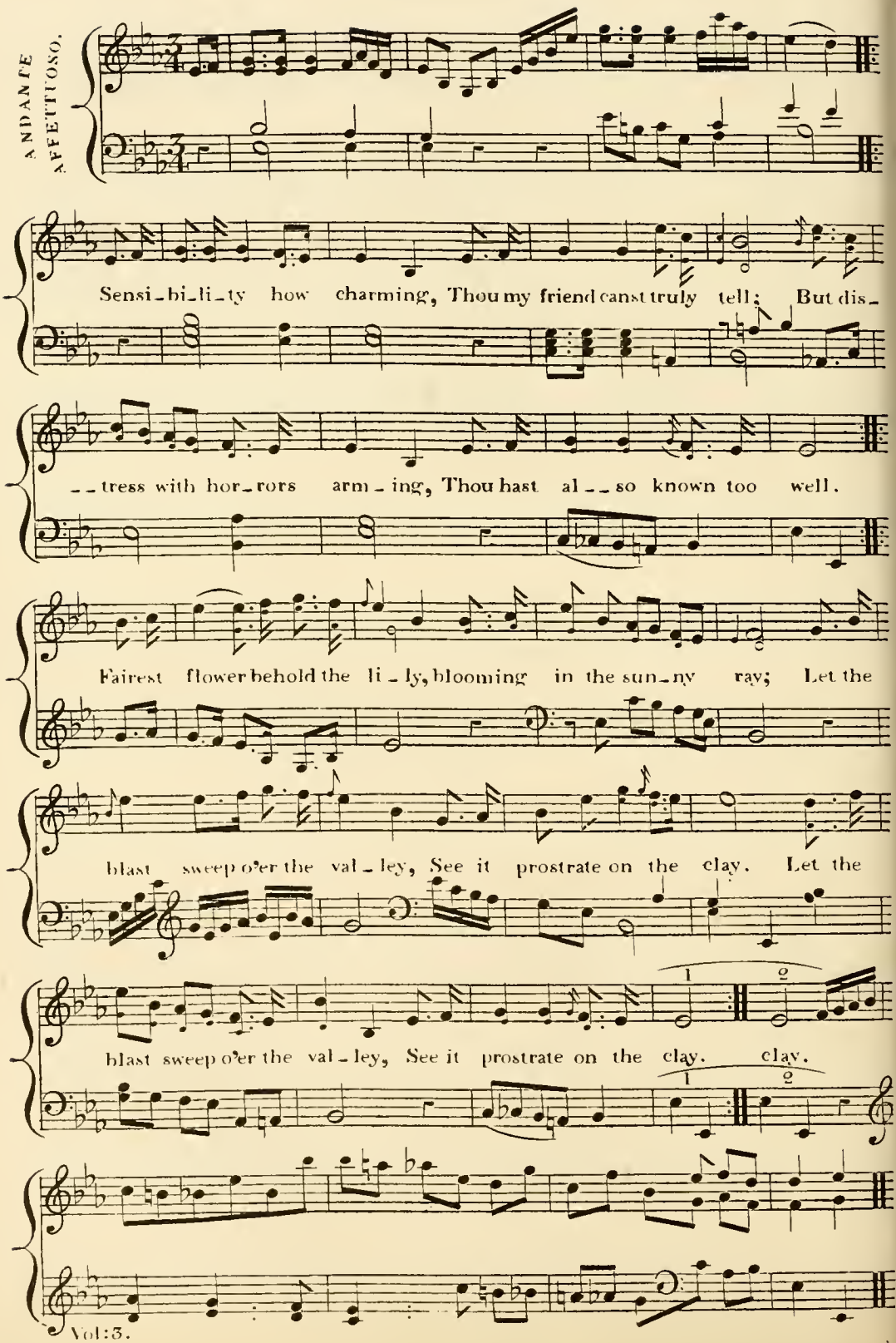
O hooly, hooly gaed she up
  To the place where he was lying;
And when she drew the curtain by—
  'Young man, I think you're dying!'
"O I am sick, and very very sick,
  "And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan!"
'O the better for me ye's never be,
  'Though your heart's blood were a-spilling!

'O dinna ye mind, young man,' said she,
  'When merry in the hall ye feasted,
'That ye made the healths gae round and round,
  'And Barbara Allan slighted!'
He turn'd his face unto the wall,
  For death was with him dealing:—
"Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
  "And be kind to Barbara Allan!"

And slowly, slowly raise she up,
  And slowly, slowly left him:
And, sighing, said, 'she could not stay,
  'Since death of life had reft him.'
She had not gane a mile but twa,
  When she heard the dead-bell tollin',
And ev'ry jow that the dead-bell gied,
  It cried, "Woe to Barbara Allan!"

'O mother, mother, make my bed,
  'O make it soft and narrow;
'Since my love died for me to-day,
  'I'll die for him to-morrow!'


AFFETTUOSO.
p
Cres:
f
'Twas in and a_bout the Mart'mas time, When the green' leaves were a
fall__ing; That Sir John Græme, in the west coun_try, Fell in
love with Bar_ba_ra Al__lan. He sent his man down
thro' the town, To the place where she was dwell__ing; 'O
haste and come to my master dear, 'Gin ye be Bar_bara Al_lan.'


ANDANTE AFFETTUOSO.
Sensi_bi_li_ty how charming, Thou my friend canst truly tell; But dis_
_tress with hor_rors arm_ing, Thou hast al_so known too well.
Fairest flower behold the li_ly, blooming in the sun_ny ray; Let the
blast sweep o'er the val_ley, See it prostrate on the clay. Let the
blast sweep o'er the val_ley, See it prostrate on the clay. clay.

SENSIBILITY.

WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

Sensibility, how charming,
  Thou, my friend, canst truly tell;
But distress, with horrors arming,
  Thou hast also known too well!
Fairest flow'r! behold the lily
  Blooming in the sunny ray;
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
  See it prostrate on the clay!
Let the blast, &c.

Hear the woodlark charm the forest,
  Telling o'er his little joys:
Hapless bird! a prey the surest
  To each pirate of the skies.
Dearly bought the hidden treasure
  Finer feelings can bestow!
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
  Thrill the deepest notes of woe.
Chords that vibrate, &c.

BANNOCKBURN.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!
Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour:
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

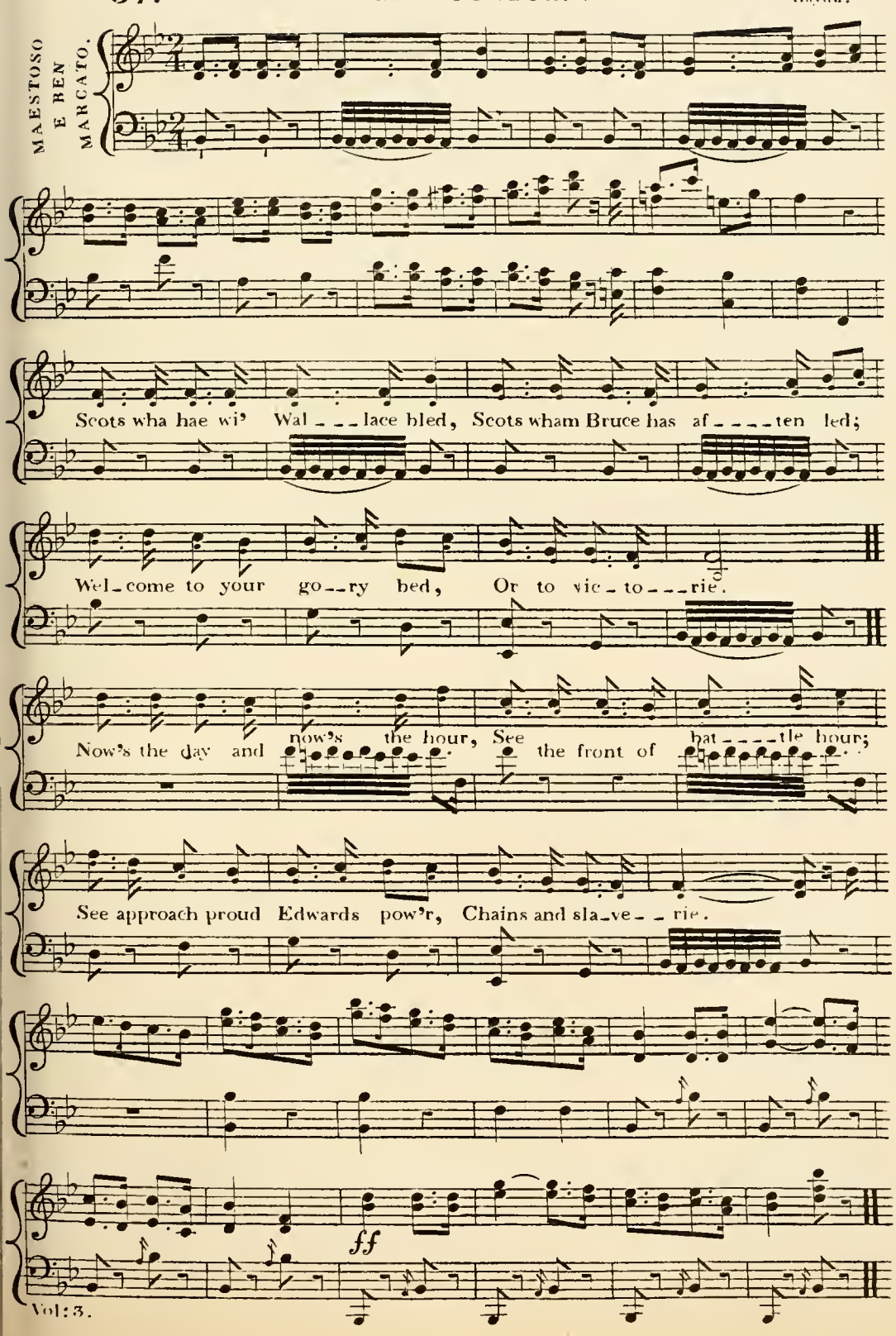
Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

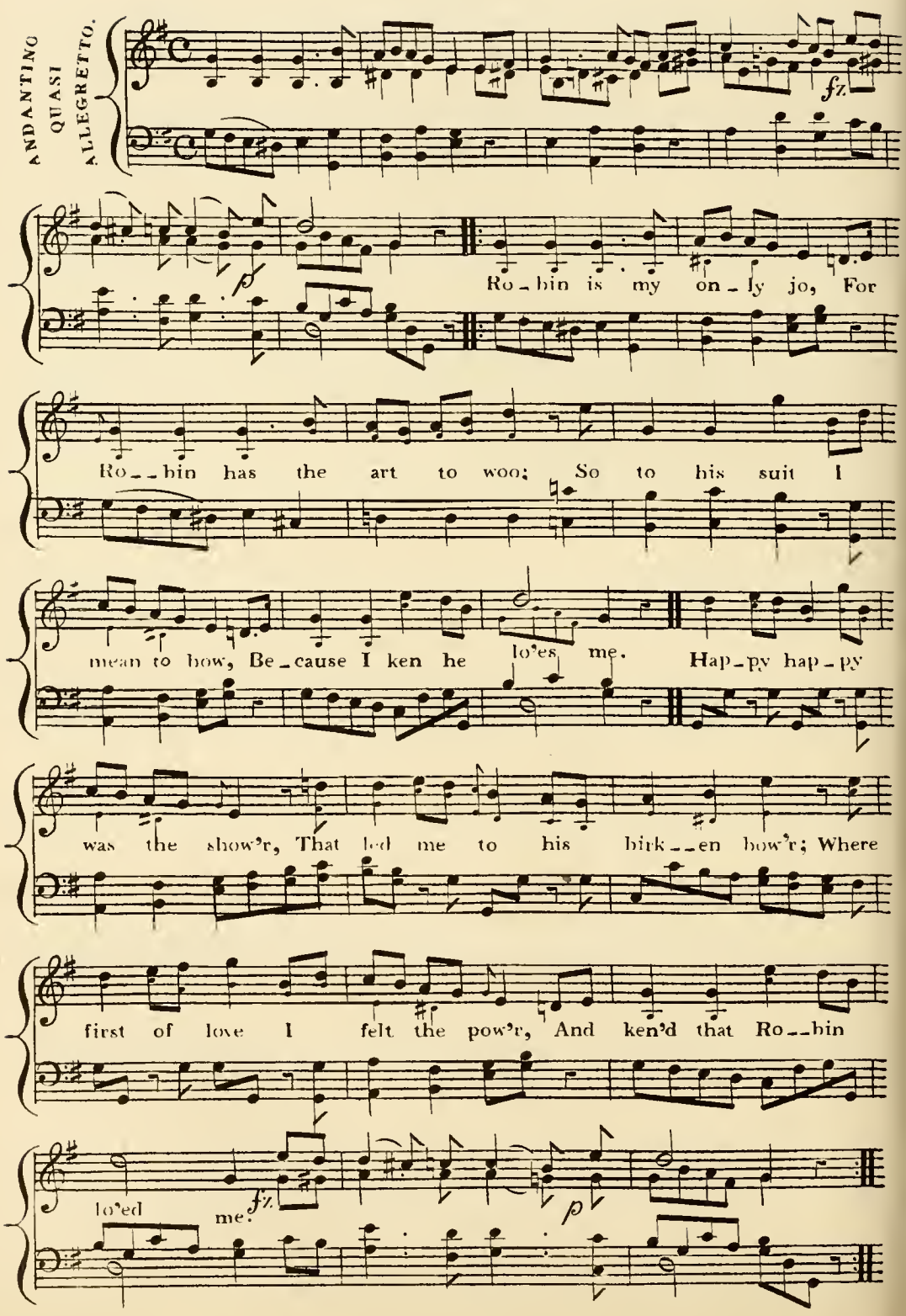
By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurper low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

Tradition says, that *Hey tutti taiti* was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn; upon which Ritson makes the following remark: "It does not seem at all probable that the Scots had any martial music in the time of this monarch; it being their custom, at that period, for every man in the host to bear a little horn, with the blowing of which, as we are told by Froissart, they would make such a horrible noise as if all the devils of hell had been among them. It is not, therefore, likely, that those unpolished warriors would be curious

to move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders.

These horns are the only music ever mentioned by Barbour, to whom any particular march would have been too important a circumstance to be passed over in silence: so that it must remain a moot point, whether Bruce's army were cheered by the sound of even a solitary bagpipe."


MAESTOSO E BEN MARCATO.
Scots wha hae wi' Wal - - - lace bled, Scots wham Bruce has af - - - - ten led;
Wel - come to your go - - ry bed, Or to vic - to - - - rie.
Now's the day and now's the hour, See the front of bat - - - - tle hour;
See approach proud Edwards pow'r, Chains and sla - ve - - rie.
ff


ANDANTINO QUASI ALLEGRETTO.
fz
p
Ro_bin is my on_ly jo, For
Ro__bin has the art to woo; So to his suit I
mean to how, Be_cause I ken he lo'es me. Hap_py hap_py
was the show'r, That led me to his birk__en bow'r; Where
first of love I felt the pow'r, And ken'd that Ro__bin
lo'ed me.
fz
p

KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK, IN 1829,

BY DAVID VEDDER, ESQ.

The first Stanza and some other lines of the Old Song are retained.

ROBIN is my only jo,
Robin has the art to woo;
So to his suit I mean to bow,
  Because I ken he lo'es me.
Happy happy was the show'r
That led me to his birken bow'r,
Where first of love I felt the pow'r,
  And kenn'd that Robin lo'ed me.

He's tall and comely, frank and free,
Lo'ed by a', and dear to me;
Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,
  Because my Robin lo'es me.
The ev'ning star is Robin's e'e,
When not a cloud hangs o'er the sea;
It brightest glows when he's wi' me,
  By that I ken he lo'es me.

My titty Jeanie said to me,
His constancy a joke would be,
And I, o'er late, be made to see
  That Robin didna lo'e me.
But little kens our bonny Jean
The glamour o' my Robin's een!—
The starting tear—the vow yestreen,
  By these I ken he lo'es me.

When in his bow'r o' summer sweets,
At gloaming he his vow repeats;
My flutt'ring heart wi' rapture beats,
  To think how weel he lo'es me.
The witchery o' Robin's smile
Can sweeten care and lighten toil,
And a' the ills o' life beguile,
  Sae lang's I'm sure he lo'es me.

TULLOCHGORUM.*

BY THE

REV. JOHN SKINNER.

Come, gie's a sang, Montgomery cried,
And lay your disputes all aside,
What signifies't for folks to chide
For what was done before them?
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory;
Whig and Tory, all agree,
To drop their Whig-meg-morum!
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To spend the night wi' mirth and glee,
And cheerful sing along wi' me
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

O Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him:
For blythe and merry we'll be a',
Blythe and merry, blythe and merry;
Blythe and merry we'll be a',
And make a cheerful quorum;
For blythe and merry we'll be a',
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance till we be like to fa'
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

There needs na be sae great a fraise
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
I wadna gie our ain strathspeys
For half a hunder score o' them;
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie;
Dowf and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum;
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Their *allegros* and a' the rest,
They canna please a Scottish taste
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly worms their minds oppress
Wi' fears o' want and double cess,
And silly souls themsel's distress
Wi' keeping up decorum:
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky;
Sour and sulky shall we sit
Like old philosophorum!
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
Nor ever try to shake a fit
To th' Reel o' Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings aye attend
Each honest, open-hearted friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that's good watch o'er him!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty;
Peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties a great store o' them!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious blot,
And may he never want a groat
That's fond o' Tullochgorum!

But for the base unfeeling fool,
That loves to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And discontent devour him;
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow;
Dool and sorrow be his chance,
And nane say wae's me for him!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Wi' a' the ills that come frae *France*,
Wha e'er he be that winna dance
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

---

* "This first of songs (said Burns) is the masterpiece of my old friend Skinner. He was passing the day at the town of Cullen, I think it was, [should have said *Ellon*,] in a friend's house, whose name was Montgomery. Mrs Montgomery observing, *en passant*, that the beautiful Reel o' Tullochgorum wanted words, she begged them of Mr Skinner, who gratified her wishes, and the wishes of every lover of Scottish song, in this most excellent ballad."

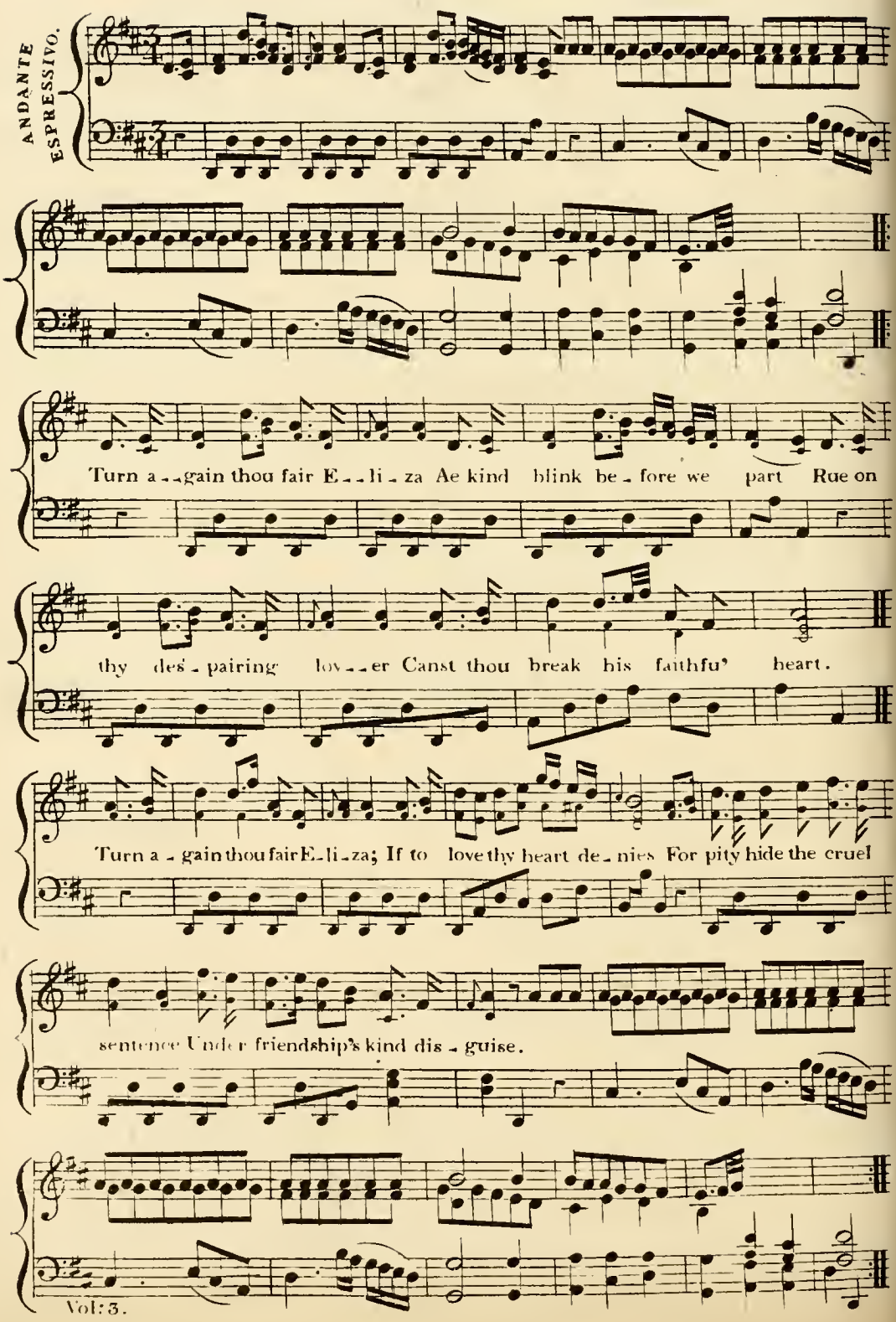
TULLOCHGORUM.

First publish'd with this Sym: & Accomp.t in 1822.

SPIRITOSO.

Come gie's a sang Montgom'ry cried, And lay your disputes all aside; What nonsense 'tis for folk to chide, For what's been done be_fore them.

Let whig and to_ry all a__gree, whig and to_ry whig and to_ry; Whig and to_ry all a__gree, To drop their whigmeg_no_rum; Let whig and to_ry all a__gree, To spend this night wi' mirth and glee, And cheerful sing a_long wi' me, The reel of Tul_loch__go___rum.


ANDANTE ESPRESSIVO.
Turn a - gain thou fair E - li - za Ae kind blink be - fore we part Rue on
thy des - pairing lov - er Canst thou break his faithfu' heart.
Turn a - gain thou fair E - li - za; If to love thy heart de - nies For pity hide the cruel
sentence Under friendship's kind dis - guise.

THE BONNY BRUCKET LASSIE.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

Turn again, thou fair Eliza,
  Ae kind blink before we part;
Rue on thy despairing lover,
  Canst thou break his faithful heart?
Turn again, thou fair Eliza;—
  If to love thy heart denies,
For pity, hide the cruel sentence
  Under friendship's kind disguise.

Thee, dear maid, have I offended?
  The offence is loving thee:
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
  Wha for thine would gladly die?
While the life beats in my bosom,
  Thou shalt mix in ilka throe;
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
  Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
  In the pride of sunny noon;
Not the little sporting fairy,
  All beneath the summer moon;
Not the Poet, in the moment
  Fancy lightens in his e'e,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
  That thy presence gi'es to me.

THE CALEDONIAN HUNT'S DELIGHT.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS,

The Air by Mr James Miller, Edinburgh.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' of care!
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowery thorn;
Thou mind'st me of departed joys,
Departed, never to return!

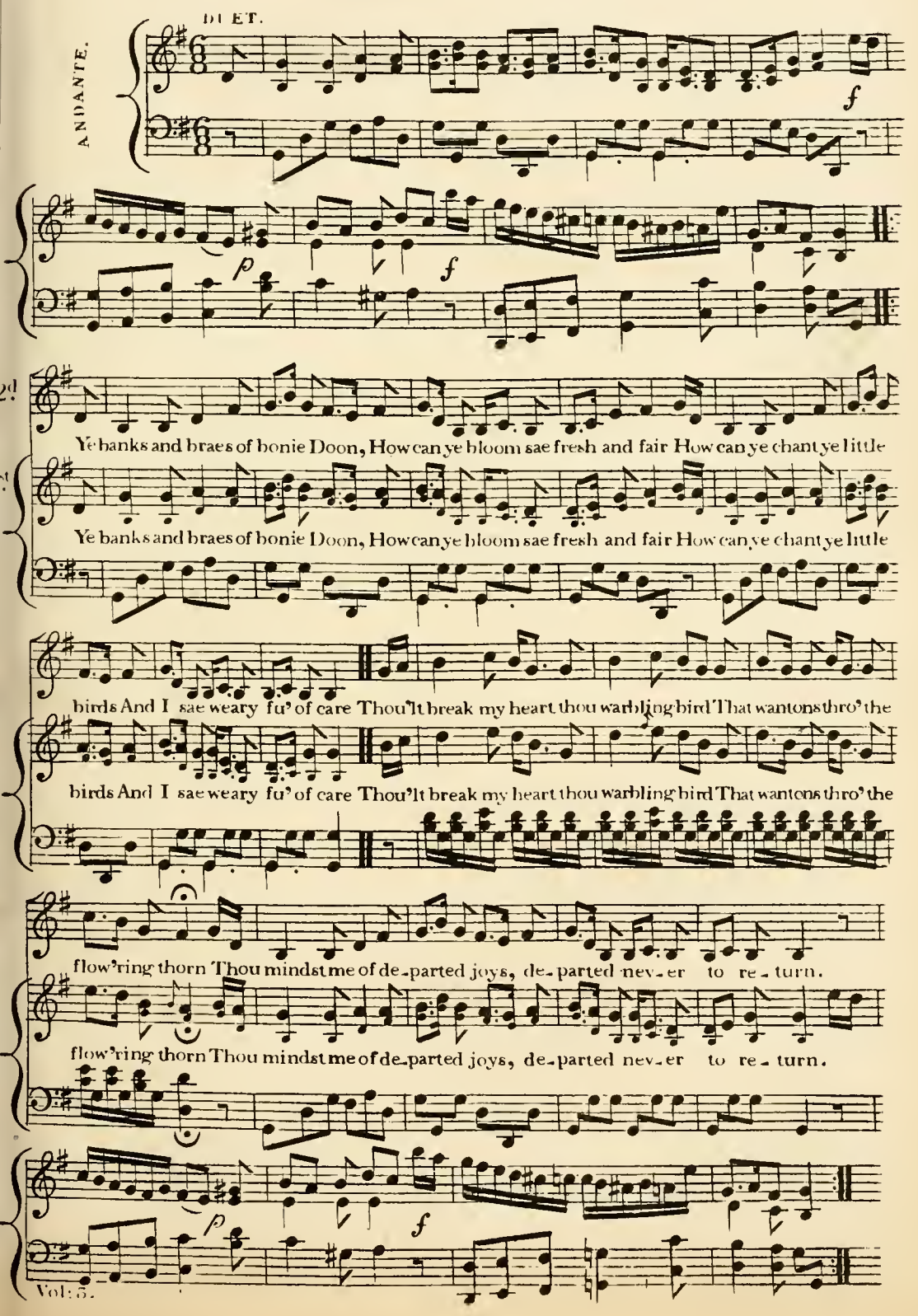
Oft have I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause lover staw my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me!

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN

BY THOMSON.

Unless with my Amanda blest,
  In vain I twine the woodbine bower:
Unless to deck her sweeter breast,
  In vain I rear the breathing flower.
Awaken'd by the genial year,
  In vain the birds around me sing;
In vain the fresh'ning fields appear;
  Without my Love there is no spring.


DUET.
ANDANTE.
f
p
f
Ye banks and braes of bonie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair How can ye chant ye little
Ye banks and braes of bonie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair How can ye chant ye little
birds And I sae weary fu' of care Thou'lt break my heart thou warbling bird That wantons thro' the
birds And I sae weary fu' of care Thou'lt break my heart thou warbling bird That wantons thro' the
flow'ring thorn Thou mindst me of de-parted joys, de-parted nev-er to re-turn.
flow'ring thorn Thou mindst me of de-parted joys, de-parted nev-er to re-turn.
p
f

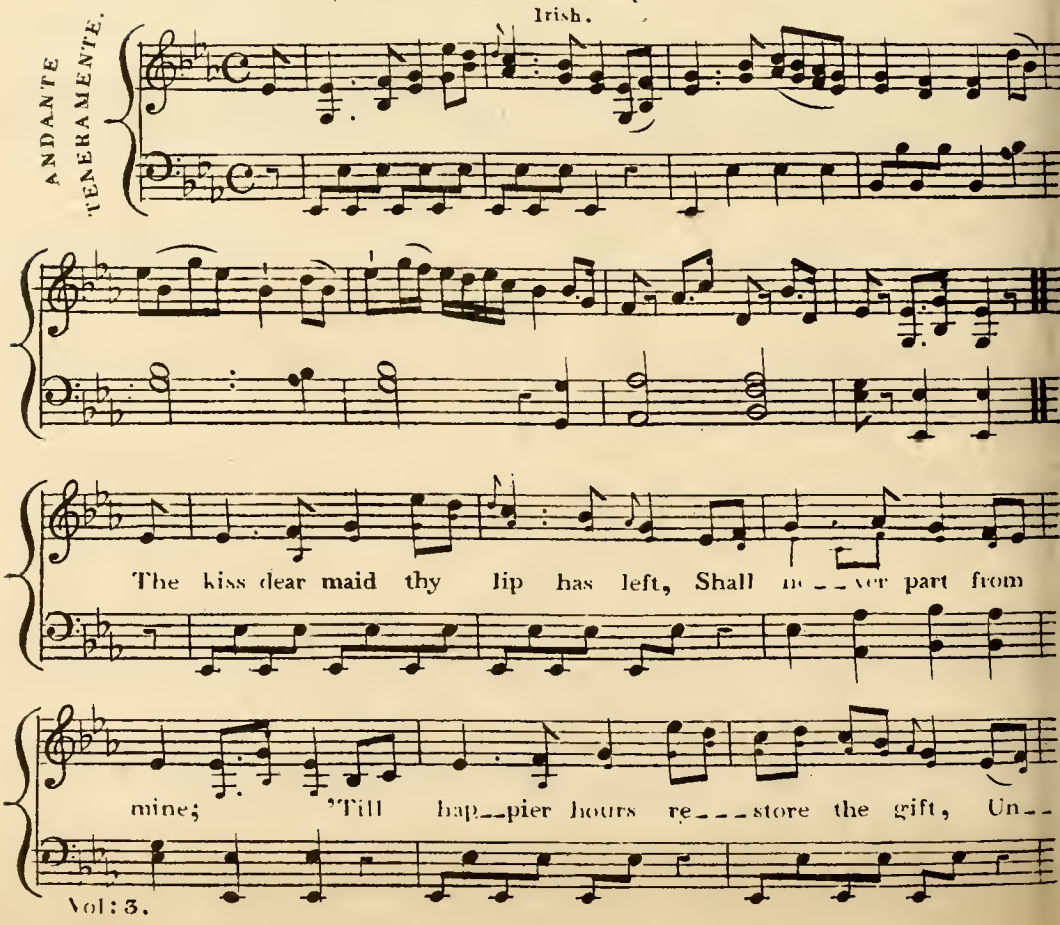
Select Irish & Welch MELODIES

THE KISS DEAR MAID THY LIP HAS LEFT.

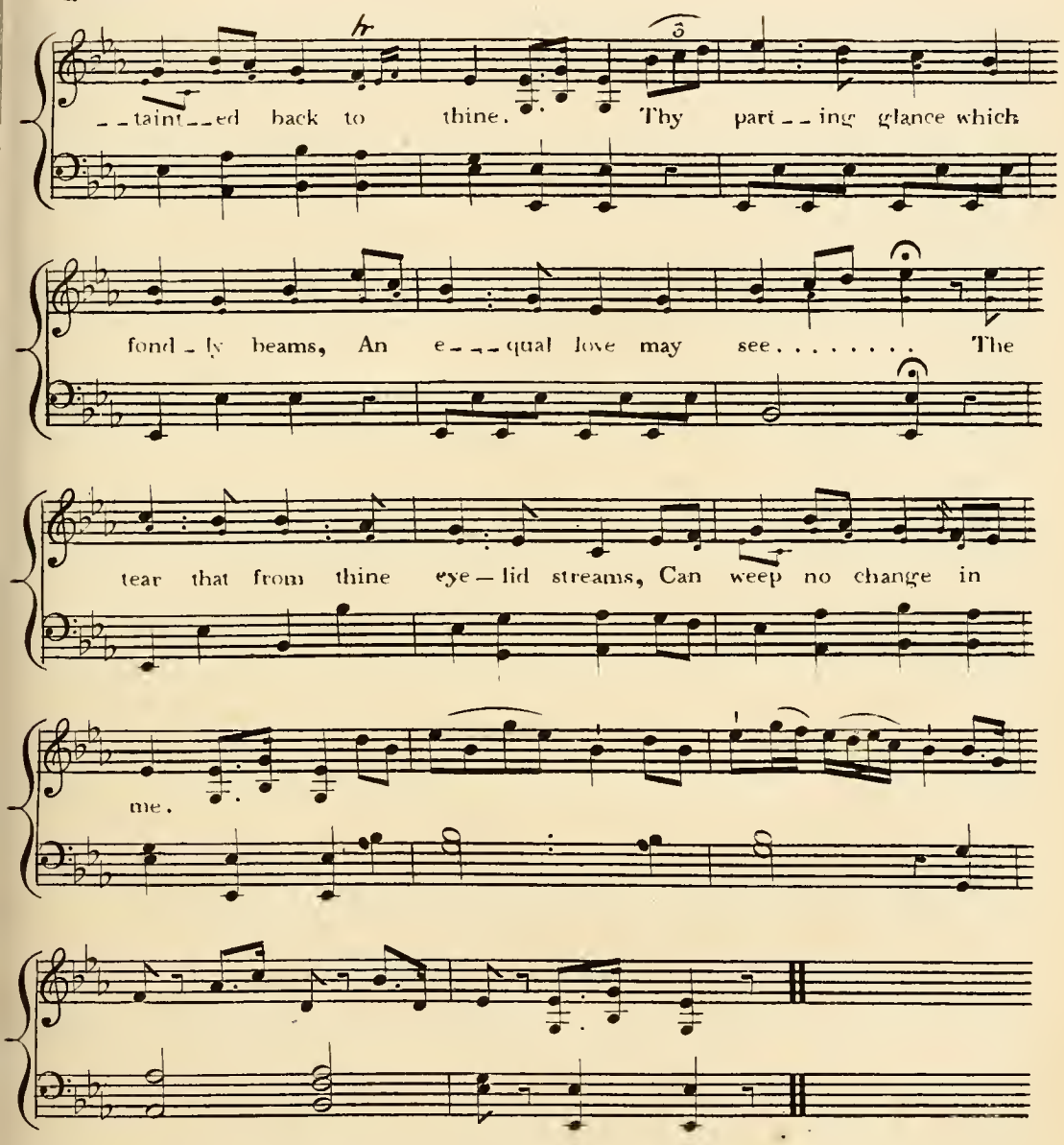
Koz:

The Sym^t & Accomp^t new & first publish'd in 1822.

Irish.



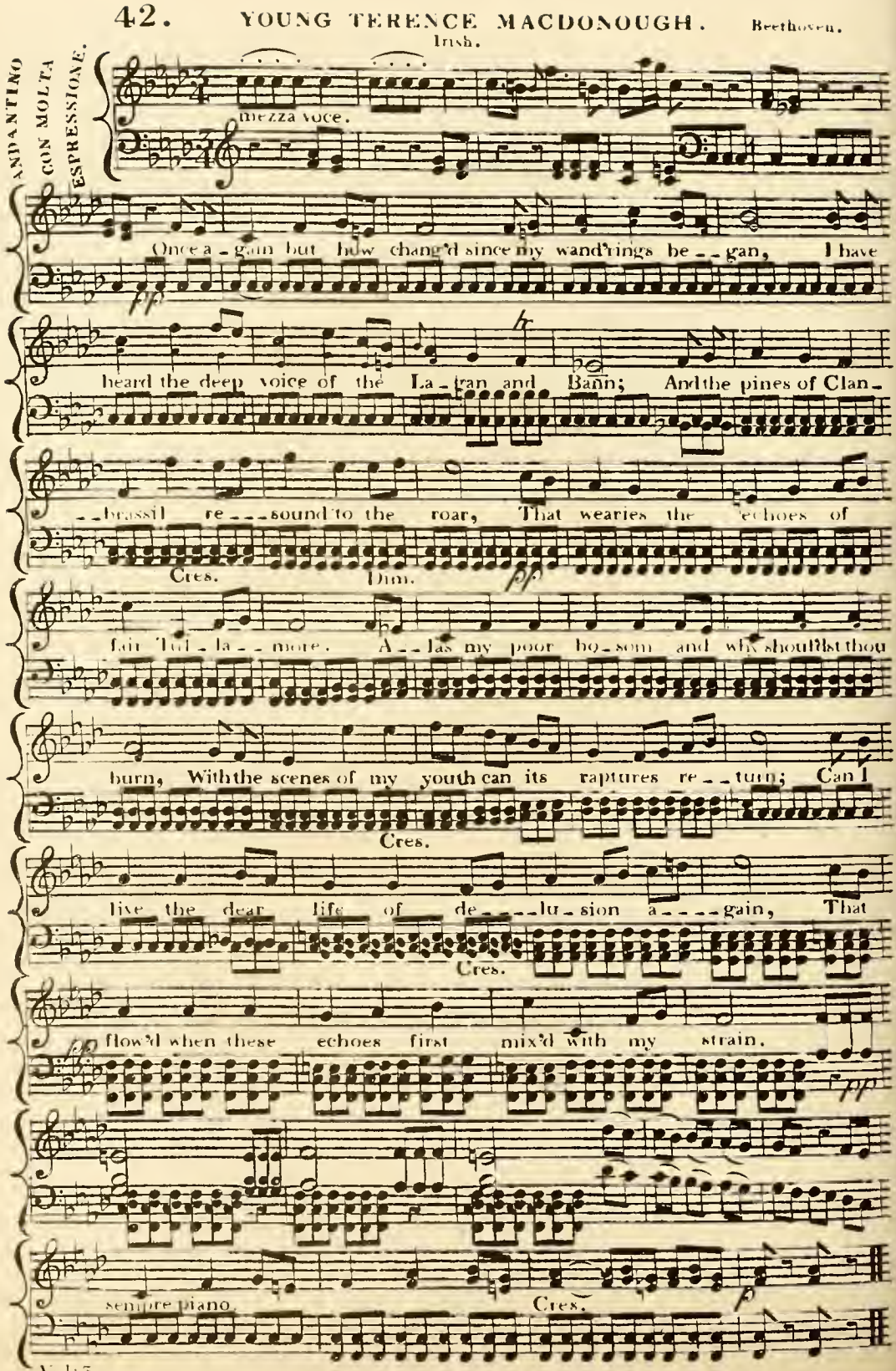
2d 41.



Verse 2d

I ask no pledge to make me blest,
In gazing when alone;
Nor one memorial for a breast,
Whose thoughts are all thine own.
By day or night, in weal or woe,
This heart, no longer free;
Must bear the love it cannot show,
And silent ache for thee.

LORD BYRON.



42. YOUNG TERENCE MACDONOUGH. Beethoven.

Irish.

ANDANTINO CON MOLTA ESPRESSIONE.

mezza voce.

Once a_gain but how chang'd since my wand'rings be_gan, I have

heard the deep voice of the La_gan and Bann; And the pines of Clan_

_brassil re___sound to the roar, That wearies the echoes of

Cres. Dim.

fair Tul_la_more. A_las my poor bo_som and why should'st thou

burn, With the scenes of my youth can its raptures re_turn; Can I

Cres.

live the dear life of de___lu_sion a___gain, That

Cres.

flow'd when these echoes first mix'd with my strain.

sempre piano. Cres.

YOUNG TERENCE MACDONOUGH.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET.

(THE AIR BY CAROLAN.)

ONCE again, but how changed, since my wand'rings began,
I have heard the deep voice of the Lagan and Bann;
And the pines of Clanbrassil resound to the roar
That wearies the echoes of fair Tullamore.
Alas! my poor bosom, and why shouldst thou burn?
With the scenes of my youth can its raptures return?
Can I live the dear life of delusion again,
That flow'd when these echoes first mix'd with my strain?

It was then that around me, though poor and unknown,
High spells of mysterious enchantment were thrown;
The streams were of silver, of diamond the dew,
The land was an Eden, for fancy was new.
I had heard of our bards, and my soul was on fire
At the rush of their verse, and the sweep of their lyre:
To me 'twas not legend, nor tale to the ear,
But a vision of noontide, distinguish'd and clear.

Ultonia's old heroes awoke at the call,
And renew'd the wild pomp of the chase and the hall;
And the standard of Fion flash'd fierce from on high,
Like a burst of the sun when the tempest is nigh.*
It seem'd that the harp of green Erin once more
Could renew all the glories she boasted of yore.—
Yet why at remembrance, fond heart, shouldst thou burn?
They were days of delusion, and cannot return.

But was she, too, a phantom, the maid who stood by,
And listed my lay while she turn'd from mine eye?
Was she, too, a vision, just glancing to view,
Then dispersed in the sunbeam, or melted to dew?
Oh! would it had been so—O would that her eye
Had been but a star-glance that shot through the sky,
And her voice, that was moulded to melody's thrill,
Had been but a zephyr that sigh'd and was still.

Oh! would it had been so—not then this poor heart
Had learn'd the sad lesson, to love and to part;
To bear, unassisted, its burthen of care,
While I toil'd for the wealth I had no one to share.
Not then had I said, when life's summer was done,
And the hours of her autumn were fast speeding on,
"Take the fame and the riches ye brought in your train,
"And restore me the dream of my spring-tide again."

* In ancient Irish poetry, the standard of Fion, or Fingal, is called the *Sun-burst*, an epithet feebly rendered by the *Sun-beam* of Macpherson.

JOHNNY MACGILL.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY HECTOR MACNIELL, ESQ.

'Come under my plaidy, the night's ga'en to fa',
'Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw;
'Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me,
'There's room in't dear lassie, believe me, for twa.
'Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me,
'I'll hap you frae ev'ry cauld blast that will blaw;
'O come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me,
'There's room in't dear lassie, believe me, for twa.'

"Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! auld Donald, gae 'wa!
"I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw:
"Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy, I'll no sit beside ye,
"Ye may be my gutchard!—auld Donald, gae 'wa!
"I'm gaun to meet Johnny, he's young and he's bonny
"He's been at Meg's bridal, sae trig and sae braw!
"O nane dances sae lightly! sae graceful'! sae tightly!
"His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw."

'Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa';
'Your Jock's but a gowk and has naething ava';
'The hale o' his pack he has now on his back:
'He's therty, and I am but threescore and twa.
'Be frank now, and kindly—I'll busk you aye finely;
'To kirk or to market they'll few gang sae braw;
'A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
'And flunkies to tend ye as aft as ye ca'.'

"My father aye tell'd me, my mither and a',
"Ye'd make a gude husband, and keep me aye braw;
"It's true I lo'e Johnny, he's gude and he's bonny,
"But, waes me! ye ken he has naething ava'!
"I hae little tocher; you've made a gude offer;
"I'm now mair than twenty; my time is but sma'!
"Sae gi'e me your plaidy; I'll e'en sit beside ye,
"I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa."

She sat down ayont him, aside the stane wa'
Whar Johnny was list'ning, and heard her tell a'.
The day was appointed! his proud heart it dunted,
And strack 'gainst his side as if bursting in twa.
He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary!
And, thowless, he tint his gate deep 'mang the snaw;
The howlet was screamin', while Johnny cried, "Women
"Would marry auld Nick, if he'd keep them aye braw!"

O the de'il's in the lasses! they gang now sae braw,
They'll e'en match wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa;
The hale o' this marriage is gowd and a carriage;
Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw!
O the de'il's in the lasses! they gang now sae braw,
They'll e'en match wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa;
The hale o' this marriage is gowd and a carriage;
Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw!

Published as the Act directs, by G. Thomson Edinburgh 1822

She crept in ayont him, beside the stane wa,
Whar' Johny was listening, and heard her tell A

JOHNY MACGILL.

Haydn.

Irish.

ALLEGRETTO.

fz *p* *f*

Come under my plaidy the night's ga'en to fa, Come in frae the cauld blast the drift and the snaw; Come under my plaidy and sit down beside me, There's room in't dear lassie believe me for twa. Come under my plaidy and sit down beside me, I'll hap ye frae ev'ry cauld blast that can blaw; O come under my plaidy and sit down beside me, There's room in't dear lassie believe me for twa. *fz*

PEGGY BAWN.

Irish.

Beethoven.

ANDANTINO CON MOTO.

p

Musing on the roaring o--cean, Which di-vides my Love from me; Wearying heav'n in warm de-vo-tion, For his weal where'eer he be. Hope and fear's alternate bil--low, Yielding late to Nature's law. Whisp'ring spi-rits round my pil--low, Talk of him-- that's far a--wa.

pp

PEGGY BAWN.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

MUSING on the roaring ocean
  Which divides my love and me;
Wearying heav'n in warm devotion
  For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow,
  Yielding late to nature's law;
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow,
  Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
  Ye who never shed a tear,
Care untroubled, joy surrounded,
  Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me;
  Downy sleep, the curtain draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
  Talk of him that's far awa!

OONAGH.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

The heroine of these Verses was Miss Lorimer, Craigieburn, near Moffat.

Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
  Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
  Twa laughing een o' bonny blue.
Her smiling, sae wiling,
  Would make a wretch forget his woe;
What pleasure, what treasure,
  Unto those rosy lips to grow!
Such was my Chloris' bonnie face
  When first her bonnie face I saw;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
  She says she lo'es me best of a'.

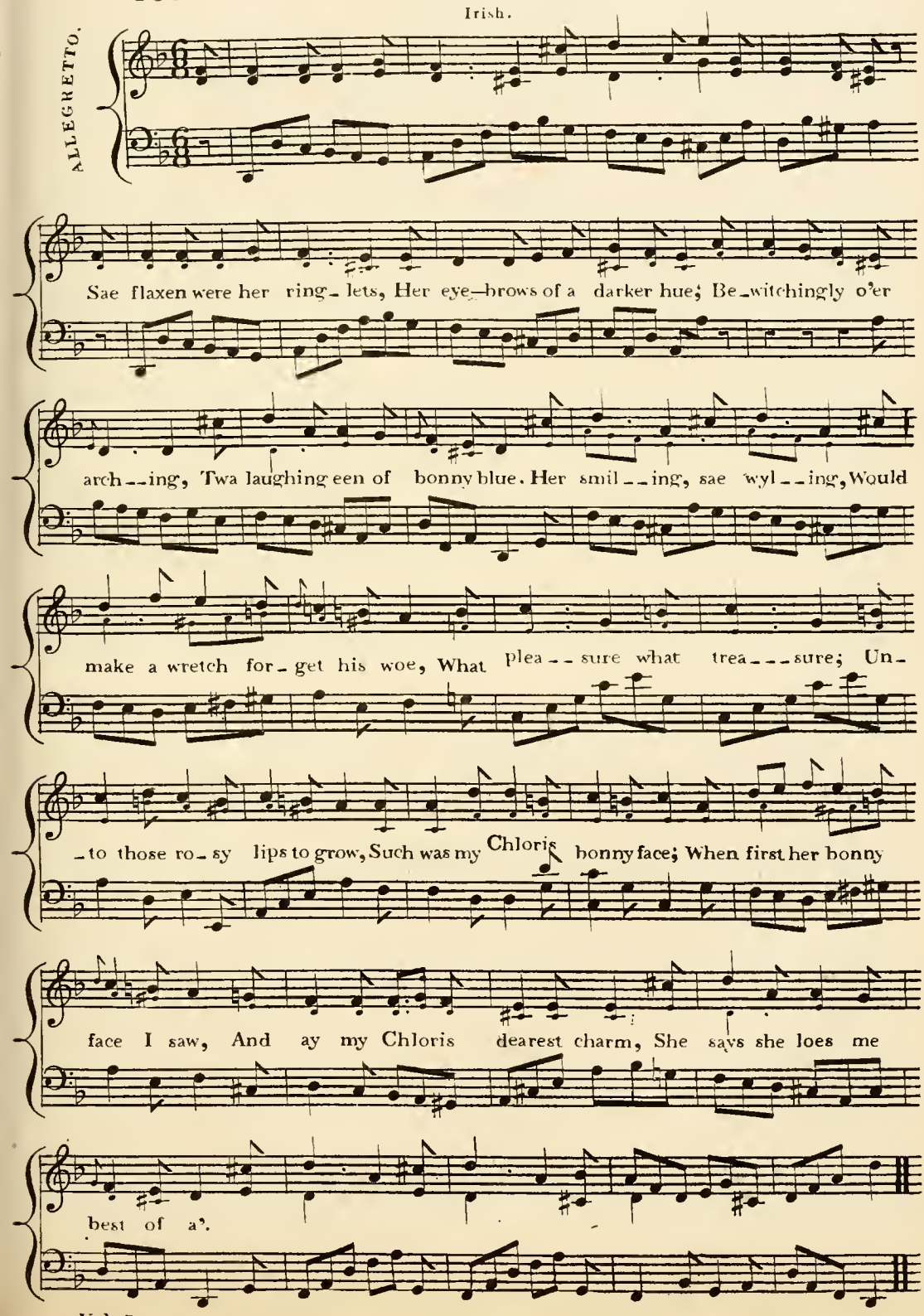
Like harmony her motion;
  Her pretty ankle is a spy,
Betraying fair proportion,
  Would make a saint forget the sky;
Sae warming, sae charming,
  Her faultless form and graceful air;
Ilk feature!—auld Nature
  Declared that she could do nae mair!
Her's are the willing chains o' love,
  By conquering beauty's sovereign law;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
  She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
  And gaudy show at sunny noon;
Gi'e me the lonely valley,
  The dewy eve, and rising moon;
Fair beaming, and streaming
  Her silver light the boughs amang;
While falling, recalling,
  The amorous thrush concludes his sang;
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove,
  By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
  And say thou lo'es me best of a'.

OONAGH.

Irish.

Haydn.



CHRYSTAL GROUND.

Haydn.

Welsh.

ANDANTE CON MOTO.

DUET.

2d

In the vale of Llangollen a cottage is seen, Well

1.st

In the vale of Llangollen a cottage is seen, Well

sheltered from tempests by shades ever green. There the daisy first opens its eye to the

sheltered from tempests by shades ever green. There the daisy first opens its eye to the

day, and the hawthorn first blooms on the bosom of May, There the daisy first opens its

day, and the hawthorn first blooms on the bosom of May, There the daisy first opens its

eye to the day, and the hawthorn first blooms on the bo-som of May.

eye to the day, and the hawthorn first blooms on the bo-som of May.

CRYSTAL GROUND.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY MRS GRANT;

AND INSCRIBED TO LADY ELEANOR BUTLER AND MISS PONSONBY.

In the vale of Langollen a cottage is seen,
Well shelter'd from tempests by shades ever green;
There the daisy first opens its eye to the day,
And the hawthorn first blooms on the bosom of May.
There the daisy, *&c.*

There, far from the haunts of ambition and pride,
Contentment, and virtue, and friendship, abide;
And Nature, complacent, smiles sweet on the pair
Who have splendour forsaken to worship her there.
And Nature, *&c.*

Bright patterns of wisdom, affection, and truth,
Retired to the shade in the gay bloom of youth;
Your sweet rural cottage, and pastoral views,
Are the charm of the vale, and the theme of the muse.
Your sweet, *&c.*

To the shade for concealment in vain you retire,
We follow to wonder, to gaze, and admire;
Those graces which fancy and feeling refine,
Like the glow-worm, through deepest obscurity shine.
Those graces, *&c.*

While ambition exults in her storm-beaten dome,
Like the tower on yon mountain that frowns o'er your home,
With tranquil seclusion, and friendship your lot,
How blest, how secure, and how envied your cot!
With tranquil, *&c.*

THE SHERIFF'S FANCY.

A HUNTING SONG,

WRITTEN BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY EXPRESS PERMISSION.

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
Upon the mountain dawns the day;
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting-spear;
The eager hounds in chorus cry,
The swelling horns salute the sky;
And merrily, merrily, mingle they—
Then waken, lords and ladies gay.

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain grey;
Brakes are deck'd with diamonds bright,
And streams rejoice in early light.
The foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we are come to chant our lay,
Then waken, lords and ladies gay.

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
Unto the greenwood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size:
And we can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;
You soon shall see him brought to bay,
Then waken, lords and ladies gay.

Louder, louder, chant the lay,
O waken, lords and ladies gay;
Tell them, Youth, and Mirth, and Glee,
Run swift their course as well as we:
Old Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,
As stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk;
O think of this, and rise with day,
Ye gentle lords and ladies gay.

THE SHERRIFF'S FANCY.

Beethoven.

Welsh.

ALLEGRETTO SPIRITOSO.

f

Wa-ken Lords and La-dies gay, U---pon the mountain dawns the day;

All the jol-ly chace is here, With hawk and horse and hunt-ing spear.

The ea---ger hounds in cho-rus cry, The swel-ling horns sa--

-lute the sky; And merrily merri-ly min-gle they, Then Wa--ken Lords and

La-dies gay. *p* Cres: *sf*

p *f* *p* *f* *p* *f*

p Dim: *p* *pp*

Welsh.

ALLEGRETTO PIUTOSTO VIVACE.

DUET.

2d.

Good morrow to thy sable beak, and glossy plumage

1st.

Good morrow to thy sable beak, and glossy plumage

dark and sleek; Thy crimson moon and azure eye – –, Cock of the heath so wildly shy.

dark and sleek; Thy crimson moon and azure eye – –, Cock of the heath so wildly shy.

I see thee slyly cowering through that wiry web of silver dew that twinkles in the

I see thee slyly cowering through that wiry web of silver dew that twinkles in the

morning air like casement of my Lady fair.

morning air like casement of my Lady fair.

THE NOTE OF THE BLACK COCK.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

Good-morrow to thy sable beak,
And glossy plumage, dark and sleek,
Thy crimson moon, and azure eye,
Cock of the heath, so wildly shy!
I see thee, slyly cowering, through
That wiry web of silver dew,
That twinkles in the morning air,
Like casement of my Lady fair.

A maid there is in yonder tower,
Who, peeping from her early bower,
Half shows, like thee, with simple wile,
Her braided hair, and morning smile.
The rarest things, with wayward will,
Beneath the covert hide them still:
The rarest things to light of day,
Look shortly forth, and shrink away.

A fleeting moment of delight,
I sunn'd me in her cheering sight;
And short, I ween, the term will be
That I shall parley hold with thee.
Through Snowdon's mist red beams the day;
The climbing herd-boy chants his lay;
The gnat-flies dance their sunny ring;
Thou art already on the wing.

OF A NOBLE RACE WAS SHENKIN.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.

She. "Ay, sure thou art dear Taffy Morgan,"
He. 'And thou art my sweet Nell Gwynn;'
She. "Since both are agreed, it's a bargain,"
He. 'And they, Nell, may laugh that win.'
She. "Then send for Harper Jenkin,"
He. 'Each string shall ring some note we love;'
She. "The *Rising Sun*, or the *Oaken Grove*,"
He. 'Or the *Noble Race of Shenkin*.'
Both. The Rising Sun, or the Oaken Grove,
Or the Noble Race of Shenkin.

She. "I'll smile no more upon Harry,"
He. 'Nor I upon Sall or Sue,'
She. "And will you be kind when we marry?"
He. 'Ay, surely, kind and true.'
She. "Then what on earth is lacking?"
He. 'A goat or two, some malt to brew;'
She. "I nought can want when happy with you,"
He. 'Then canker'd care go packing.'
Both. I nought can want when happy with you,
Then canker'd care go packing!

She. "Our days shall be all bright summer,"
He. 'When summer days come about;'
She. "With ale I'll fill you a rummer,"
He. 'And I, Nell, will drink it out.'
She. "You think I'm idly boasting;"
He. 'Mayhap these summer days may tire,'
She. "Then blythe we'll sit by the winter fire,"
He. 'And sing while our cheese is toasting.'
Both. Then blythe we'll sit by the winter fire,
And sing while our cheese is toasting.

END OF VOLUME THIRD.

EDINBURGH: PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND HUGHES, PAUL'S WORK, 1839,
FOR THE PROPRIETOR, GEORGE THOMSON.

OF A NOBLE RACE WAS SHENKIN. Haydn.

Welsh.

DUET ALLEGRETTO.

NELL. Aye

TAFFY. NELL. sure thou art dear Taffy Morgan, And thou art my sweet Nell Gwynn; Since

TAFFY. both are agreed its a bar_gain, And they Nell may laugh that win.

NELL. TAFFY. NELL. Then send for Harper Jenkin, Each string shall ring some note we love. The

TAFFY. ri_sing sun or the oak_en grove, Or the no_ble race of Shen_kin;

The rising sun or the oaken grove, Or the noble race of Shenkin.

The rising sun or the oaken grove, Or the noble race of Shenkin.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

Welsh. Haydn.

ANDANTINO.

Dol: *p* Dol:

Sleep on and dream of heav'n a while, Tho'

shut so close thy laughing eyes; Thy ro_sy lips still wear a smile, And

f

move and breathe de_licious sighs. Ah! now soft blush_es tinge her cheeks, And

p

man_tle to her neck of snow; Ah! now she murmurs now she speaks what

most I wish ye fear to know. Dol:

sf *sf* *p*

She starts! she trembles! and she weeps!
Her fair hands folded on her breast,—
And now, how like a saint she sleeps,
A seraph in the realms of rest!

Sleep on secure, above controul,
Thy thoughts belong to heav'n and thee;
And may the secrets of thy soul,
Be held in reverence by me.

ROGERS.

THE MELODIES,

VOLUME THIRD.

INDEX TO THEIR NAMES IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER.

THE MELODIES, ACCORDING TO THE PRINCIPLES STATED IN THE DISSERTATION, MAY BE CLASSED IN THE FOLLOWING MANNER: THOSE MARKED

A, as the oldest, and of remote antiquity.

B, as the productions of more recent periods.

C, as modern productions, not older than the 18th century.

D, as English imitations of Scottish melodies.

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VOLUME THIRD.

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She's warring & flyting frae morning 'till e'en,
And if ye gainsay her her eye glow'rs sae keen.

Then tongue, neive, & cudgel she'll lay on ye sairly,
O! gin my wife wou'd strike hooly and fairly.

VOL. IV.

THOMSON'S COLLECTION
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G. Thomson

Designed by T. Stothard R.A. *Engd by T. Ranson*

MUIRLAND WILLIE

He took aff his bonnet & spat out his chew,
Then dighted his gab & preed her mou.

Publd as the act directs by G. Thomson Edinburgh

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

The Air composed for the Song by G. Thomson in 1822.
The Sym.y & Accomp.t by R. A. Smith.

ANDANTE CON ANIMA.

Ritard:

A Chieftain to the highlands bound, Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry! And I'll give thee a sil_ver pound To row us o'er the ferry." 'Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle, This dark and stor_my water?' "O, I'm the Chief of Ul_va's isle, And this Lord Ul_lin's daughter."

Espress:

p

Ritard:

pp

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

AND HERE BY HIS PERMISSION UNITED TO A MELODY COMPOSED BY G. THOMSON, IN 18??.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
"And I'll give thee a silver pound,
"To row us o'er the ferry."—

'Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water!'—
"Oh I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
"And this Lord Ullin's daughter.—

"And fast before her father's men
"Three days we've fled together,
"For should he find us in the glen,
"My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
"Should they our steps discover,
"Then who will cheer my bonny bride
"When they have slain her lover?"—

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
'I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:
'It is not for your silver bright;
'But for your winsome lady:

'And by my word! the bonny bird
'In danger shall not tarry;
'So, though the waves are raging white,
'I'll row you o'er the ferry.'—

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking; *
And in the scowl of heav'n each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.—

'Oh haste thee, haste!' the lady cries,
'Though tempests round us gather;
'I'll meet the raging of the skies:
'But not an angry father.'—

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her.—

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was chang'd to wailing.—

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade
His child he did discover:—
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

'Come back! come back!' he cried in grief,
Across this stormy water:
'And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
'My daughter!—Oh my daughter!'—

'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing:—
The waters wild went o'er his child—
And he was left lamenting.

* The evil spirit of the waters.

GLENARA.

THE VERSES WRITTEN

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

AND HERE BY HIS PERMISSION UNITED TO AN OLD MELODY, HARMONIZED BY R. A. SMITH, IN 1822.

O HEARD ye yon pibrach sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?
'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear;
And her sire, and the people, are call'd to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud;
Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud:
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around:
They march'd all in silence—they look'd on the ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,
To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar;
Now here let us place the grey stone of her cairn:
'Why speak ye no word!'—said Glenara the stern.

'And tell me, I charge you! ye clan of my spouse,
'Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows?'
So spake the rude chieftain:—no answer is made,
But each mantle unfolding a dagger display'd.

'I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,'
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud;
'And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem:
'Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!'

O! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain I ween,
When the shroud was unclos'd, and no lady was seen;
When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn,
'Twas the youth who had lov'd the fair Ellen of Lorn:

'I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,
'I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief:
'On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem;
'Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!'

In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found;
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne,
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn.

GLENARA.

The Sym.s & Accomp.t new & united to the Song in 1822.—Smith.

ANDANTE CON MOLTO ESPRESSIONE.

O heard ye the pibroch sound sad in the gale, Where a

Ralentando.

band cometh slowly with weeping and wail. 'Tis the chief of Glena-ra la--

-ments for his dear, And her sire and her peo-ple are call'd to her bier.

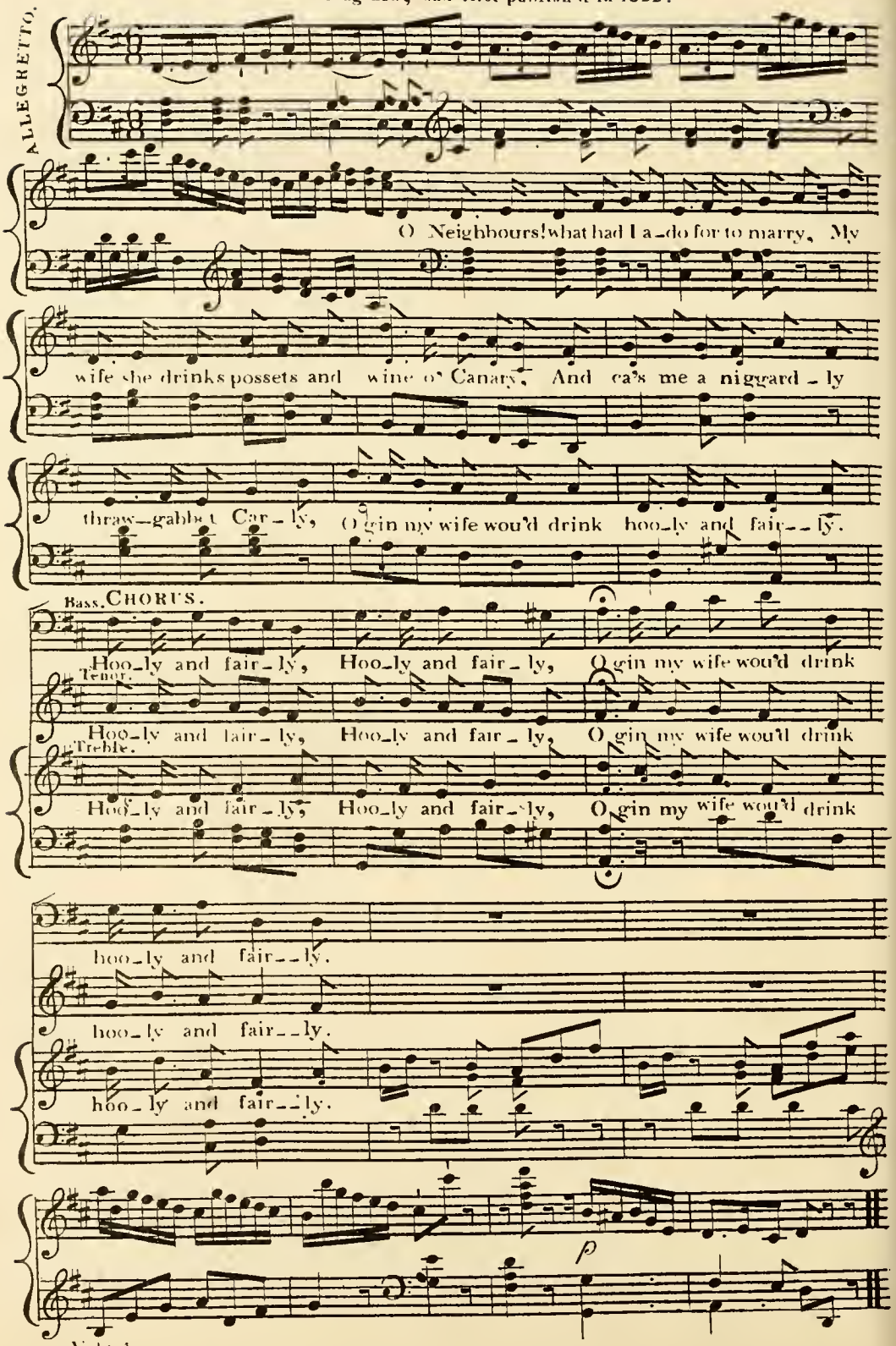
espr.

Ralentando.

HOOLY & FAIRLY.

Haydn.

The Song new, and first publish'd in 1822.



HOOLY AND FAIRLY,

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK IN 1822,

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

The Editor has great satisfaction in being enabled to substitute this most admirable new version of Hooly and Fairly, in the room of the homely old song.

Oh Neighbours! what had I ado for to marry,
My wife she drinks possets and wine o' Canary,
And ca's me a niggardly, thraw-gabbet Carly,
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, &c.

She feasts wi' her kimmers on dainties enew,
Ay bowing and smirking and dighting her mou',
While I sit aside and am helpet but sparely,
O gin my wife wad feast hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, &c.

To fairs and to bridals and preachings and a',
She gangs sae light-headed and busket sae braw,
Its ribbons and mantuas that gar me gae barely,
O gin my wife wad spend hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, &c.

In the kirk sic commotion last Sabbath she made,
Wi' babs o' red roses and breast-knots o'erlaid,
The dominie sticket his psalm very nearly,
O gin my wife wad dress hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, &c.

She's warring and flyting frae morning till e'en,
And if ye gainsay her, her eye glowrs sae keen!
Then tongue, neive, and cudgel, she'll lay on ye sairly!
O gin my wife wad strike hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, &c.

When tired wi' her cantraps, she lies in her bed,
The wark a' neglecket, the house ill up-red,
When a' our good neighbours are stirring right early,
O gin my wife wad sleep timely and fairly!
Timely and fairly, &c.

A word o' good counsel or grace she'll hear none,
She bardies the Elders and mocks at Mess John,
And back in his teeth his ain text she flings rarely!
O gin my wife wad speak hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, &c.

I wish I were single, I wish I were freed,
I wish I were doited, I wish I were dead;
Or she in the mools, to dement me nae mair, lay;
What does't avail to cry hooly and fairly,
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly!
Wasting my breath to cry hooly and fairly!

TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

In winter, when the rain rain'd cauld,
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
And Boreas, wi' his blasts sae bauld,
Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill:
Then Bell my wife, wha lo'es na strife,
She said to me right hastily,—
'Get up, goodman, save Cromie's life,
'And tak' your auld cloak about ye.

'My Cromie is an useful cow,
'And she is come of a good kyne;
'Aft has she wet the bairns's mou,
'And I am laith that she shou'd tyne;
'Get up, Goodman, it is fu' time,
'The sun shines in the lift sae hie;
'Sloth never made a gracious end,—
'Gae, tak' your auld cloak about ye.'

"My cloak was ance a good grey cloak,
"When it was fitting for my wear;
"But now it's scantly worth a groat,
"For I have worn't this thirty year;
"Let's spend the gear that we have won,
"We little ken the day we'll die:
"Then I'll be proud, since I ha'e sworn—
"To ha'e a new cloak about me."

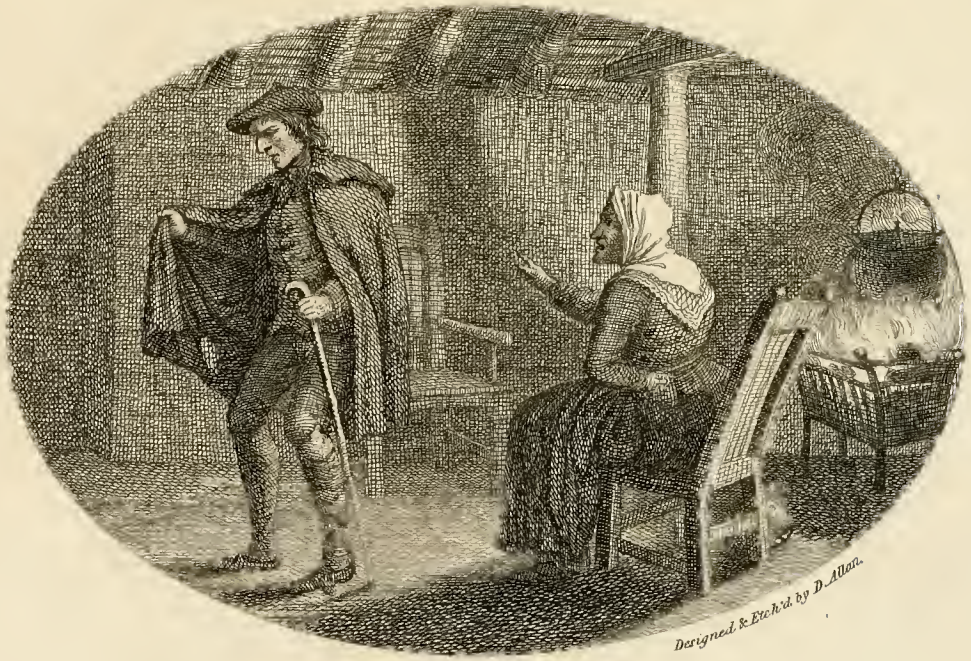
'In days when our King Robert rang,
'His trews they cost but half-a-crown;
'He said they were a groat o'er dear,
'And call'd the tailor thief and loun.
'He was the King that wore a crown,
'And thou'rt a man of laigh degree,—
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
'Sae tak' thy auld cloak about thee.'

"Every land has its ain laugh,
"Ilk kind of corn it has its hool;
"I think the warld is a' run wrang,
"When ilka wife her man wad rule.
"Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
"As they are girded gallantly,
"While I sit hurklen in the ase?—
"I'll ha'e a new cloak about me!"

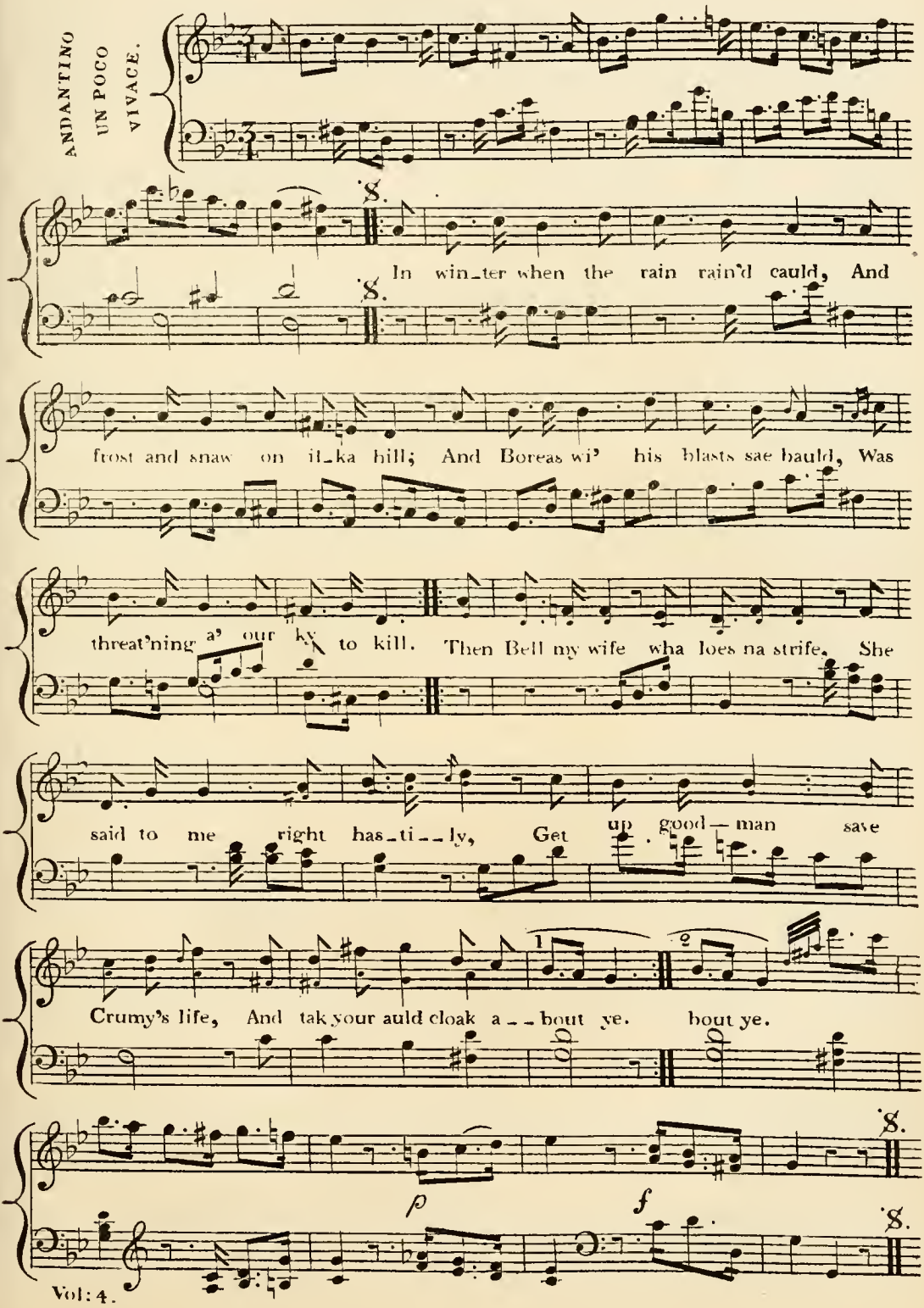
'Goodman, I wat 'tis thirty years
'Since we did ane anither ken;
'And we have had between us twa,
'Of lads and bonny lasses ten:
'Now, they are women grown, and men,
'I wish and pray weel may they be:
'And if you prove a good husband,
'E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.'

"Bell my wife, she loves na strife;
"But she wad guide me, if she can,
"And to maintain an easy life,
"I aft maun yield, though I'm goodman:
"Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
"Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea;
"Then I'll leave aff where I began,
"And tak' my auld cloak about me."

Published as the Act directs by G. Thomson Edinburgh 1822.



Noughts to be won at womans hand.
Unless ye gie her a the plea,
Then I'll leave aff where I began.
And tak my auld Cloak about me


ANDANTINO UN POCO VIVACE.
In win_ter when the rain rain'd cauld, And
frost and snaw on it_ka hill; And Boreas wi' his blasts sae bauld, Was
threat'ning a' our ky to kill. Then Bell my wife wha loes na strife, She
said to me right has_ti__ly, Get up good_man save
Crumy's life, And tak your auld cloak a__bout ye. bout ye.
p
f

PHELY & WILLY.

Haydn.

DUET
ANDANTINO
QUASI
ALLEGRETTO.

WILLY.

O Phely hap-py be that day, When ro-ving through the gather'd hay, My youthful heart was stown a-way, And by thy charms my Phe-ly.

PHELY.

O Willy ay I bless the grove, Where first I own'd my maiden love, Whilst thou did pledge the Powers a-bove, To be my ain dear Wil---ly.

CHORUS.

What's a' the joys that gowd can gie, I carena wealth a single flie; The lass I love's the lass for me, And that's my ain dear Phe--ly.

What's a' the joys that gowd can gie, I carena wealth a single flie; The lad I love's the lad for me, And that's my ain dear Wil--ly.

PHELY AND WILLY.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY BURNS.

A JACOBITE AIR.

The Heroine was Miss PHILLIS MACMURDO, Drumlanrig.—Whether the Poet had any person in his eye for WILLY, the Editor has not been able to ascertain.

He.

'O PHELY, happy be that day,
'When roving through the gather'd hay,
'My youthful heart was stown away,
'And by thy charms, my Phely.'

She.

"O Willy, ay I bless the grove
"Where first I own'd my maiden love,
"Whilst thou did'st pledge the Powers above,
"To be my ain dear Willy."

He.

'As songsters of the early year
'Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
'So ilka day to me mair dear
'And charming is my Phely.'

She.

"As on the brier the budding rose
"Still richer breathes, and fairer blows,
"So in my tender bosom grows
"The love I bear my Willy."

He.

'The milder sun and bluer sky
'That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
'Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye,
'As is a sight o' Phely.'

She.

"The little swallow's wanton wing,
"Tho' wafting o'er the flowery spring,
"Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,
"As meeting o' my Willy."

He.

'The bee that thro' the sunny hour
'Sips nectar in the op'ning flower,
'Compar'd wi' my delight is poor
'Upon the lips o' Phely.'

She.

"The woodbine in the dewy weet,
"When ev'ning shades in silence meet,
"Is nought sae fragrant or sae sweet
"As is a kiss o' Willy."

He.

'Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
'And fools may tyne, and knaves may win:
'My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,
'And that's my ain dear Phely.'

She.

"What's a' the joys that gowd can gi'e?
"I care na wealth a single flie:
"The lad I love's the lad for me,
"And that's my ain dear Willy."

O'ER THE HILLS AND FAR AWA'.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

How can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my sailor lad:
How can I the thought forego,
He's on the seas to meet the foe:
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my Love;
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him that's far away.
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away,
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him that's far away.

At the starless midnight hour,
When Winter rules with boundless power,
As the storms the forest tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can—I weep and pray
For his weal that's far away.
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away,
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild War his ravage end,
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet:
Then may heav'n with prosperous gales
Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away.
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away,
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him that's far away.

O'ER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

Haydn.

ALLEGRETTO.

O how can my poor heart be glad, When ab_sent from my Sai_lor lad; Or how can I the thought forego, He's on the seas to meet the foe. Where_e'er I wander stay or rove, Still still my heart is with my Love, My nightly dreams and thoughts by day, Are with him that's far away.

CHORUS.

On the seas and far a_way, On stor_my seas and far a_way;

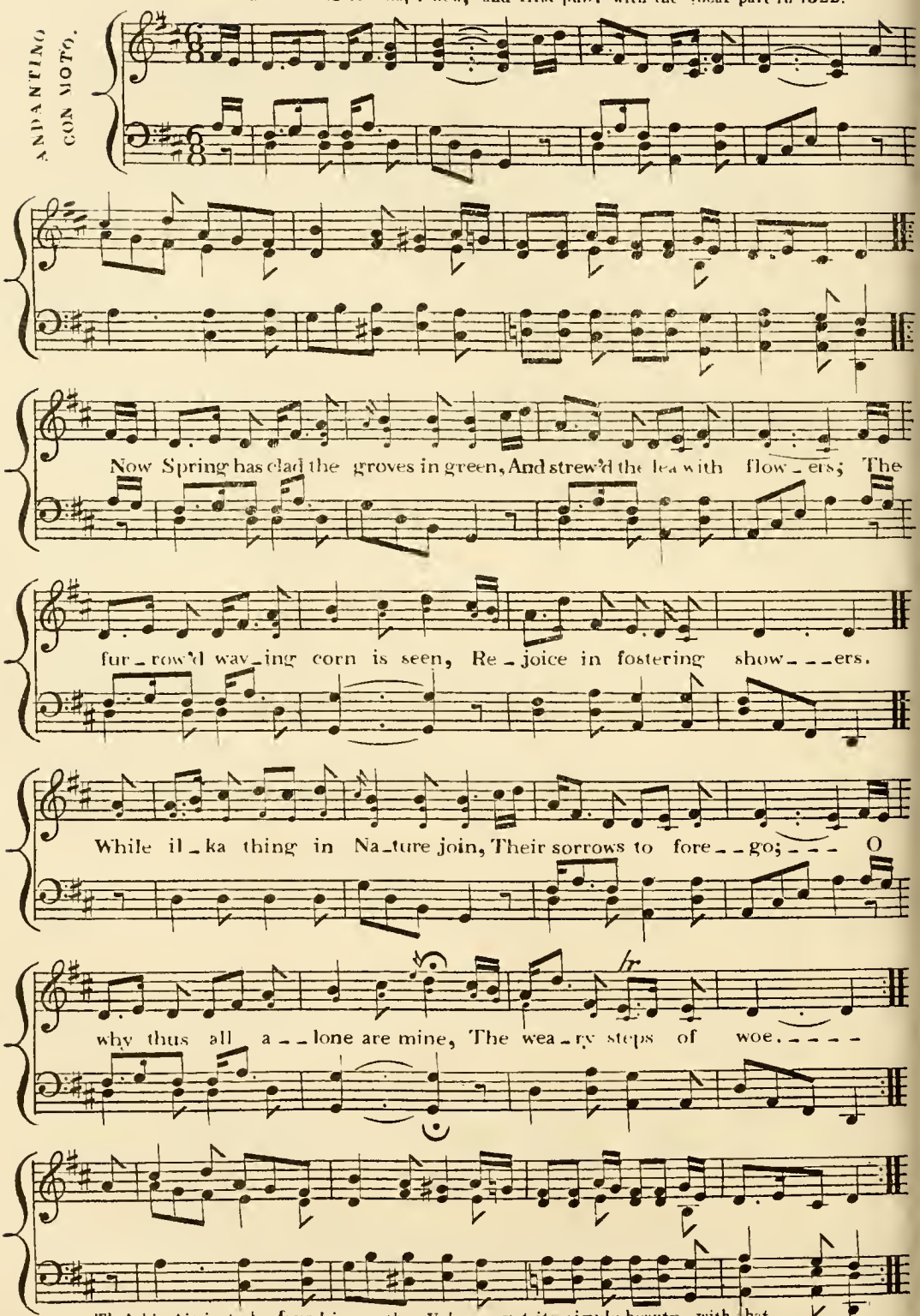
On the seas and far a_way, On stor_my seas and far a_way;

Nightly dreams and thoughts by day, Are with him that's far a_way.

Nightly dreams and thoughts by day, Are with him that's far a_way.

THE HOPELESS LOVER.

The Sym.y & Accomp.t new, and first pub.d with the Vocal part in 1822.



Vol:4. Tho' this Air is to be found in another Volume, yet its simple beauty, with that of the Sym.y & Accomp.t and the great charm of the Verses, induced the Editor to unite them here.

THE HOPELESS LOVER.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

The Editor, anxious to find a better Melody for this delightful Song than that with which it was before united, has formed the new union on the opposite page.

Now spring has clad the grove in green,
And strew'd the lea with flowers;
The furrow'd waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers.
While ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego,
O why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps of woe!

The trout within yon wimpling burn
That glides, a silver dart,
And safe, beneath the shady thorn,
Defies the angler's art:
My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I;
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scorch'd my fountains dry.

The little floweret's peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows,
Was mine—'till love has o'er me past,
And blighted a' my bloom;
And now beneath the withering blast
My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs,
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blythe her dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye:
As little reckt I sorrow's power,
Until the flowery snare
Of witching love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall of care.

O had my fate been Greenland snows,
Or Afric's burning zone,
Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,
So Peggy ne'er I'd known!
The wretch whose doom is, "hope nae mair!"
What tongue his woes can tell;
Within whose bosom, save Despair,
Nae kinder spirits dwell!

KATHERINE OGIE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

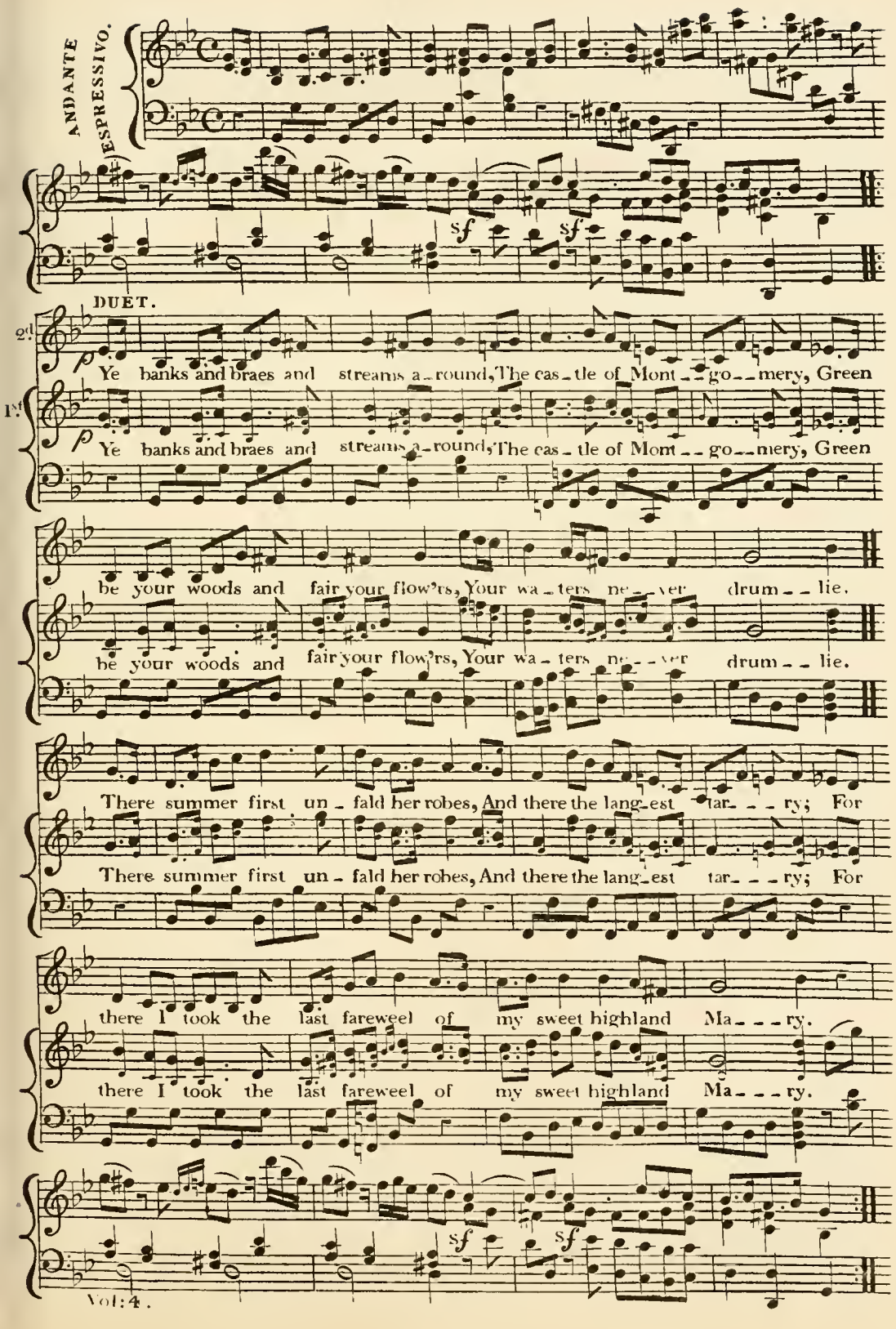
These beautiful and pathetic Verses relate to one of the most interesting events of the Poet's life. He had taken a farewell of a beloved girl, to whom he was to have been married on her return from the West Highlands; but she had scarce got back again to Greenock, when she was seized with a malignant fever, which terminated her life before he could even hear of her illness.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around,
The castle of Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfald her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last farewell
Of my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom;
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.
But oh! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for ay the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.


ANDANTE ESPRESSIVO.
sf
sf
DUET.
2d
p
Ye banks and braes and streams a-round, The cas-tle of Mont--go--mery, Green
1st
p
Ye banks and braes and streams a-round, The cas-tle of Mont--go--mery, Green
be your woods and fair your flow'rs, Your wa-ters ne--ver drum--lie.
be your woods and fair your flow'rs, Your wa-ters ne--ver drum--lie.
There summer first un-fald her robes, And there the lang-est tar---ry; For
There summer first un-fald her robes, And there the lang-est tar---ry; For
there I took the last fareweel of my sweet highland Ma---ry.
there I took the last fareweel of my sweet highland Ma---ry.
sf
sf

The Air by G.T.—The Sym. & Accompt by R. A. Smith.— First publish'd in 1822.

GRAZIOSO CON MOTO.

Glowing with love, on fire for fame, A Troubadour that

Rinf. *p*

ha - ted sorrow. Be - neath his La - dy's window came, And thus he sung his

last good morrow. "My arm it is my Country's right, My heart is in my

true love's bower, Gaily for love & fame to fight, Be - fits the gallant Troubadour".

THE TROUBADOUR.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET.

THE AIR COMPOSED FOR THE SONG BY G. THOMSON, 1822.

GLOWING with love, on fire for fame,
A Troubadour that hated sorrow,
Beneath his lady's window came,
And thus he sung his last good-morrow:
" My arm it is my country's right,
" My heart is in my true love's bower;
" Gaily for love and fame to fight
" Befits the gallant Troubadour."

And while he march'd with helm on head,
And harp in hand, the descant rung,
As, faithful to his favourite maid,
The minstrel-burthen still he sung:
" My arm it is my country's right,
" My heart is in my lady's bower;
" Resolv'd for love and fame to fight,
" I come, a gallant Troubadour.

Even when the battle-roar was deep,
With dauntless heart he hew'd his way,
'Mid splintering lance and falchion-sweep,
And still was heard his warrior-lay!
" My life it is my country's right,
" My heart is in my lady's bower;
" For love to die, for fame to fight,
" Becomes the valiant Troubadour."—

Alas! upon the bloody field,
He fell beneath the foeman's glaive,
But still, reclining on his shield,
Expiring sung the exulting stave:
" My life it is my country's right,
" My heart is in my lady's bower;
" For love and fame to fall in fight
" Becomes the valiant Troubadour."

LORD BALGONIE'S FAVOURITE.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

The Editor, anxious to provide a better Melody for the following exquisitely beautiful Verses than that to which they were formerly joined, has here united them with Lord Balgonie's Favourite; a Melody which made its first appearance in Gow's Collection of Strathspeys above 20 years ago. Mr Gow got it from Mr Dalrymple of Orangefield, who had it of a gentleman from one of the Western isles as a very old Highland production; but how uncertain is the origin of Melodies! For this one has lately been published in Albyn's Anthology, as a composition of the Editor of that Collection. Mr T. in his folio work gave it in a form somewhat different from that adopted on the opposite page, which last, after the collation of various copies, he thinks the best.

AGAIN rejoicing Nature sees
  Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
  All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
  In vain to me the vi'lets spring,
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
  The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
  Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks;
But life to me's a weary dream,
  A dream of ane that never wauks.

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
  And o'er the moorlands whistles shill;
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step
  I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
  Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings, on flitt'ring wings,
  A wae-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

Come Winter, with thine angry howl,
  And raging bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
  When Nature all is sad like me.

Note.—*It may be proper to mention, that, for the sake of even stanzas to suit the Air, four lines of the Song, as originally written, are omitted in the above. The lines are,*

" The wanton coot the water skims,
  " Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
" The stately swan majestic swims,
  " And every thing is blest but I!"

LORD BALGONIE'S FAVORITE.

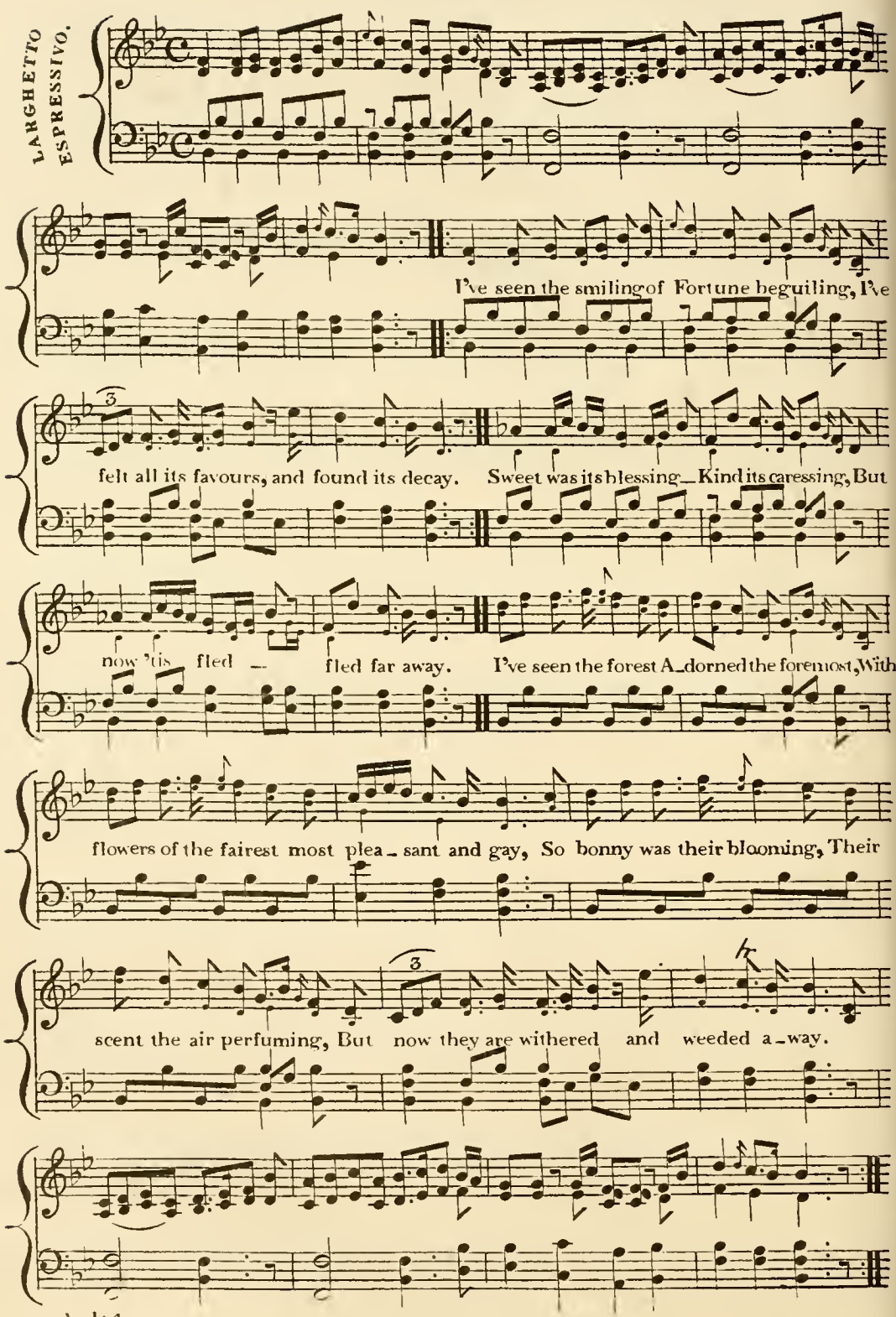
United to a Song of Burns with a new Sym. & Accomp.d in 1822.

ANDANTE CON MOLTO ESPRESSIONE.

p *f*

A--gain re-joic--ing Na-ture sees, Her robe as-sume its ver-nal hues; Her lea-fy locks wave in the breeze, All fresh-ly steep'd in morning dews; In vain to me the cow-slips blaw, In vain to me the vi'-lets spring, In vain to me in glen or shaw, The mavis and the lint white sing, The merry plough boy cheers his team, With joy the tendie seedsman stalks, But life to me's a weary dream, A dream of ane that ne-ver wauks.

* Or thus morn---ing dews


LARGHETTO ESPRESSIVO.
I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling, I've
felt all its favours, and found its decay. Sweet was its blessing Kind its caressing, But
now 'tis fled fled far away. I've seen the forest A_dorned the foremost, With
flowers of the fairest most plea_sant and gay, So bonny was their blooming, Their
scent the air perfuming, But now they are withered and weeded a_way.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY MRS COCKBURN,

Who was daughter of RUTHERFORD of Fairnalie, in Selkirkshire, and relict of Mr COCKBURN of Ormiston, whose father was Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland.

I'VE seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling,
I've tasted her favours and felt her decay;
Sweet was her blessing, kind her caressing,
But now it is fled—fled far away!

I've seen the forest adorned the foremost,
With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay;
So bonny was their blooming, their scent the air perfuming;
But now they are wither'd and weeded away!

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
And the dread tempest roaring before parting day;
I've seen Tweed's silver streams glitt'ring in the sunny beams,
Grow drumly and dark as they roll'd on their way.

O fickle Fortune! why this cruel sporting!
O why thus perplex us, poor sons of a day!
Thy frowns cannot fear me, thy smiles cannot cheer me,
For the flowers of the forest are withered away!

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

Written upon the Battle of Flodden, which proved so fatal to James IV. and the Scottish Army.

Although the following admirable Verses have by many been thought as old as the calamitous event to which they refer, yet a distinguished Poet has lately informed us, that he saw evidence of their having been written about the middle of the eighteenth century, by a Lady in Roxburghshire, (of the Minto family it is believed.)—The first and fourth lines only are ancient.

I'VE heard them lilting at the ewe milking,
Lasses a' lilting before dawn of day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning,
The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

At bughts in the morning nae blythe lads are scorning,
The lassies are lonely, dowie, and wae;
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing;
Ilk ane lifts her leglen, and hies her away.

At e'en in the gloaming nae swankies are roaming,
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk ane sits dreary, lamenting her dearie,—
The flowers o' the forest, wha're a' wede away.

In har'st, at the shearing, nae younkers are jeering;
The bansters are lyart, runkled, and grey;
At fairs, nor at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching,
Since our braw foresters are a' wede away.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the border;
The English for ance by guile won the day:
The flowers o' the forest, that fought ay the foremost,
The prime of our land, lie cauld in the clay!

We'll hear nae mair lilting at the ewe milking,
Our women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning,—
The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

THE BRAES OF BALLOCHMYLE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS,

On the amiable Family of the WHITEFORDS leaving Ballochmyle.

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
  The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea,*
Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
  But Nature sicken'd on the e'e.
Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
  Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while,
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang,
  Fareweel the braes of Ballochmyle. †

Low in your wintry beds ye flowers,
  Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
  Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
But here, alas! for me nae mair
  Shall birdie charm, or flowret smile:
Fareweel the bonny banks of Ayr,
  Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle!

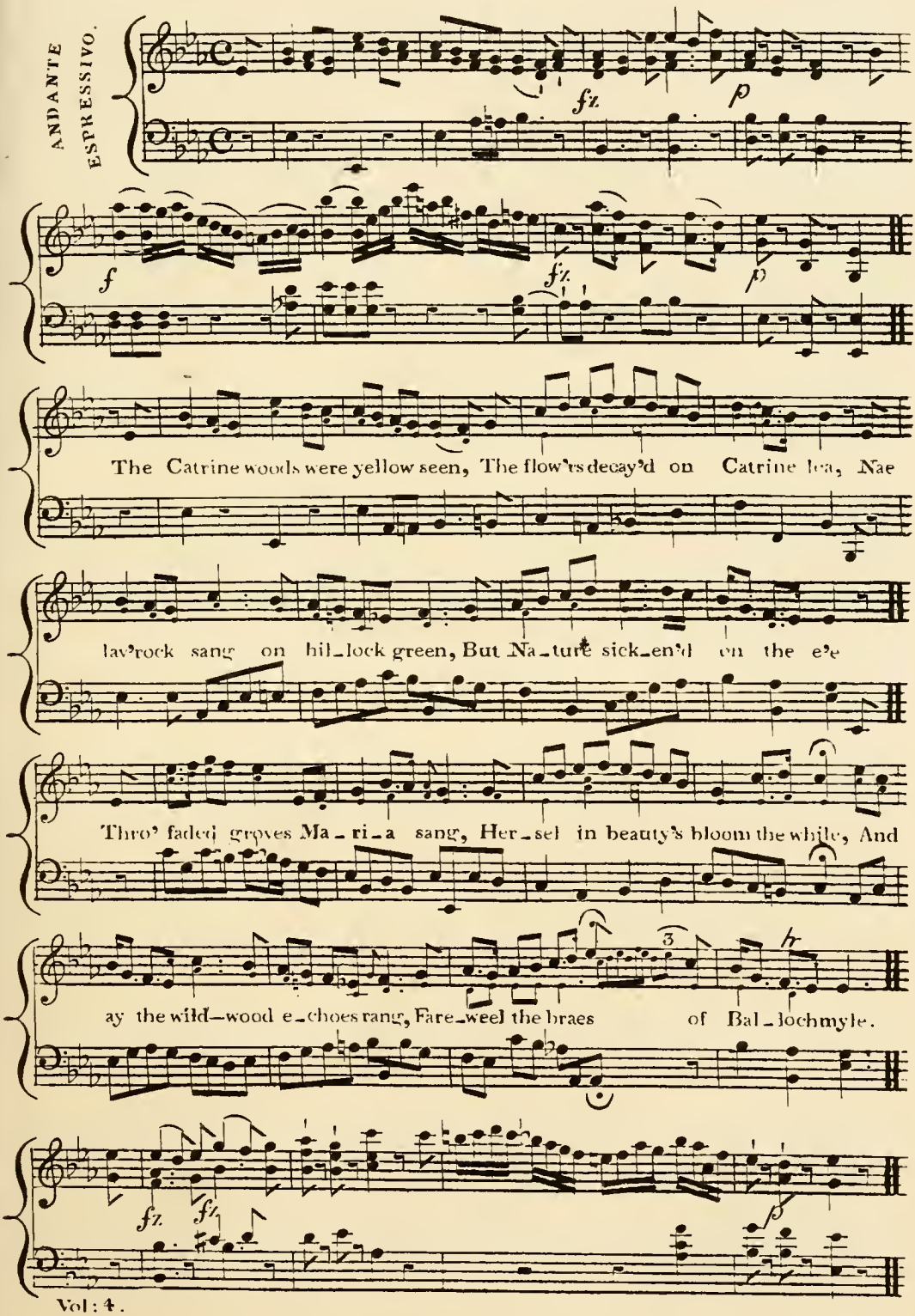
* Catrine in Ayrshire, the Seat of DUGALD STEWART, Esq.
† Ballochmyle, now the seat of BOYD ALEXANDER, Esq.

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WHERE Esk* its silver current leads
  'Mang greenwoods gay wi' mony a flower,
I hied me aft to dewy meads,
  In happy days, and built my bower.
I call'd upon the birds to sing,
  And nestle in ilk fragrant flower,
While in the liv'ry of the spring
  I deck'd my pleasing peaceful bower.

'Twas there I found, ah! happy time,
  A modest, sweet, and lovely flower!
I cropt it in its virgin prime,
  To grace and cheer my bonny bower.
But soon the blast howl'd in the air
  That robb'd me of this matchless flower;
And sorrow since, and mony a care,
  Have stript and wither'd a' my bower!

* The Esk here alluded to, after passing the romantic banks of Roslin, winds for several miles through a variety of scenery singularly beautiful.

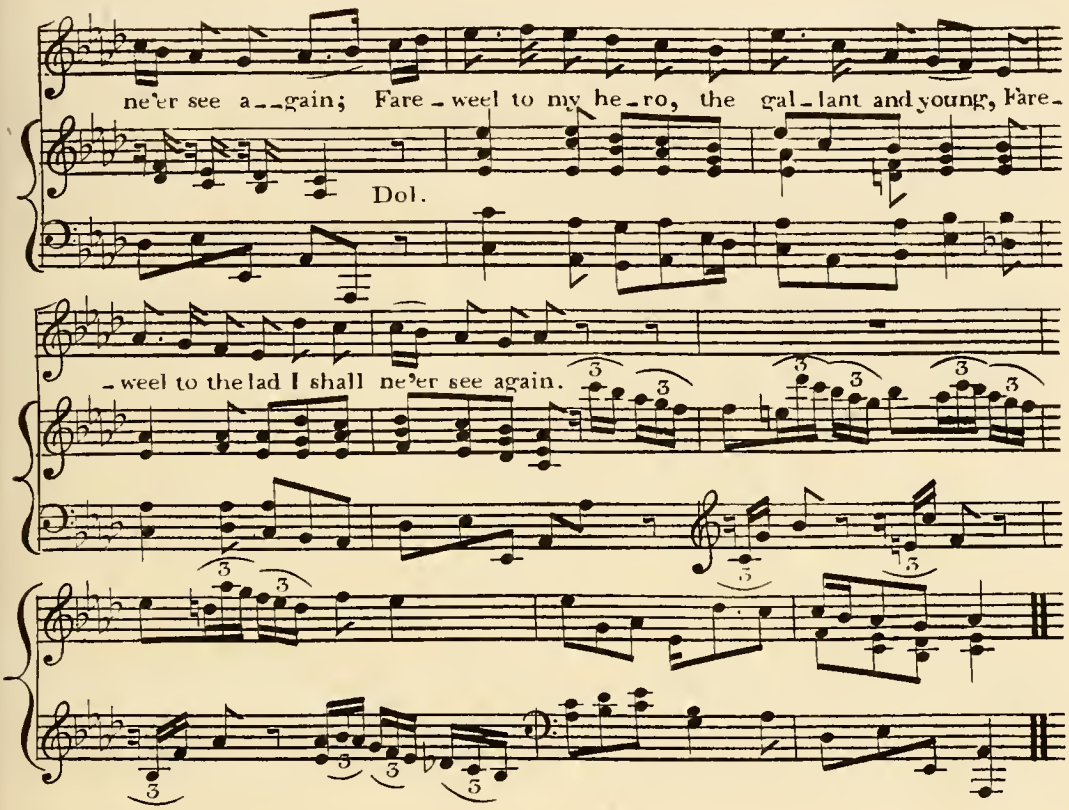

ANDANTE ESPRESSIVO.
fz
p
f
fz
p
The Catrine woods were yellow seen, The flow'rs decay'd on Catrine lea, Nae
lav'rock sang on hil_lock green, But Na_ture sick_en'd on the e'e
Thro' faded groves Ma_ri_a sang, Her_sel in beauty's bloom the while, And
ay the wild—wood e_choes rang, Fare_weel the braes of Bal_lochmyle.
3
fz
fz
p

THE LAMENT OF FLORA MACDONALD.

A new song by J: Hogg; pub^d singly by N. Gow & Son, & here given by their authority.
1822.

ANDANTE CON ESPRESSIONE.

Far o_ver yon hills of the heather so green, And down by the Correi that sings to the sea, The bonny young Flo_ra sat sighing her lane, The dew on her plaid and the tear in her ee. 'She look'd at a boat with the breezes that swung a_ _ way on the wave, like a bird of the main, And ay as it lessen'd she sigh'd and she sung, Fare_weel to the lad I shall



The Above Sym^n & Accom by Mr Gow Junr Edin^r

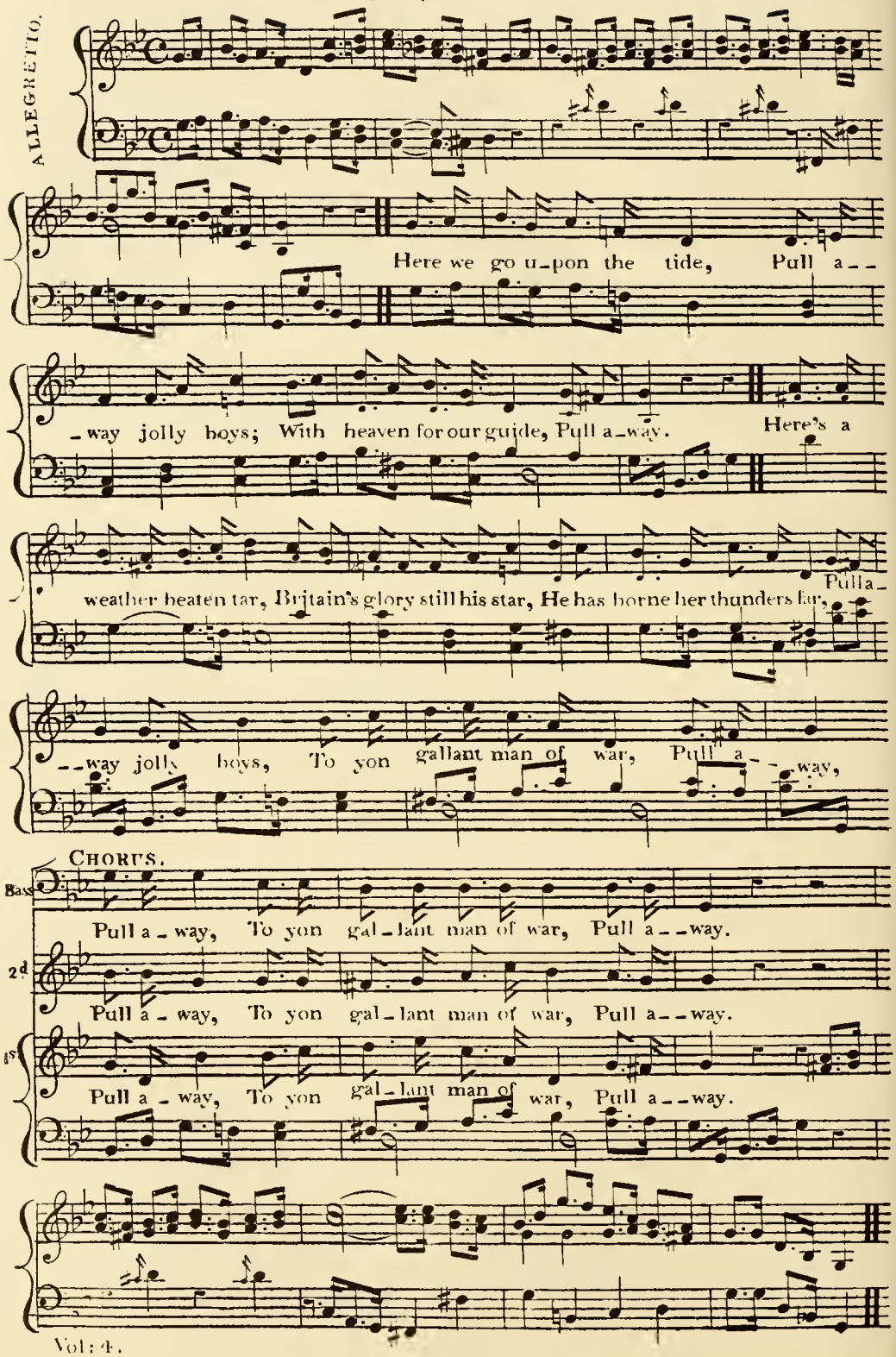
The Moorcock that craws on the brows o' Ben—Connal,
He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame;
The Eagle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clan—Ronald
Unawed and unhunted his eiry can claim;
The Solan can sleep on his shelve of the shore,
The Cormorant roost on his rock of the sea;
But Oh! there is ane whose hard fate I deplore,
Nor house, ha', nor hâme in his country has he;
The conflict is past, and our name is no more,
There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland and me!

The target is torn from the arms of the just,
The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,
The claymore for ever in darkness must rust;
But red is the sword of the stranger and slave:
The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud
Have trode o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue:
Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud
When tyranny revelled in blood of the true;
Farewell my young hero, the gallant and good!
The crown of thy Fathers is torn from thy brow.

PULL AWAY JOLLY BOYS.

Haydn.

The Song new, and first publish'd in 1822.



PULL AWAY JOLLY BOYS.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY JAMES HOGG,

AND HERE FIRST UNITED WITH THE MUSIC, 1822.

HERE we go upon the tide,
Pull away, jolly boys,
With heaven for our guide,
Pull away.
Here's a weather-beaten tar,
Britain's glory still his star,
He has borne her thunders far,
Pull away, jolly boys,
To yon gallant man-of-war,
Pull away.

We've with NELSON plough'd the main,
Pull away, jolly boys;
Now his signal flies again,
Pull away.
Brave hearts then let us go,
To drub the haughty foe;
Who once again shall know,
Pull away, gallant boys,
That our backs we never shew,
Pull away.

We have fought and we have sped,
Pull away, gallant boys,
Where the rolling wave was red,
Pull away.
We've stood many a mighty shock,
Like the thunder stricken oak,
We've been bent, but never broke,
Pull away, gallant boys;
We ne'er brook'd a foreign yoke,
Pull away.

Here we go upon the deep,
Pull away, gallant boys,
O'er the ocean let us sweep,
Pull away.
Round the earth our glory rings,
At the thought my bosom springs,
That where'er our pennant swings,
Pull away, gallant boys,
Of the ocean we're the kings,
Pull away.

THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

HARK ! the mavis' evening sang,
Sounding Clouden's woods amang;
Then a-faulding let us gang,*
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the ewes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonnie, bonnie, dearie.
Ca' them where the burn rows,
My bonnie dearie.

We'll gae down by Clouden-side,
Through the hazels spreading wide
O'er the waves, that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly. *Ca' the ewes, &c.*

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery. *Ca' the ewes, &c.*

Gaist nor bogle shalt thou fear,
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nought of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie. *Ca' the ewes, &c.*

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart,
I can die—but canna part,
My bonnie dearie!
Ca' the ewes, &c.

* *Faulding*, to shut sheep in the fold.

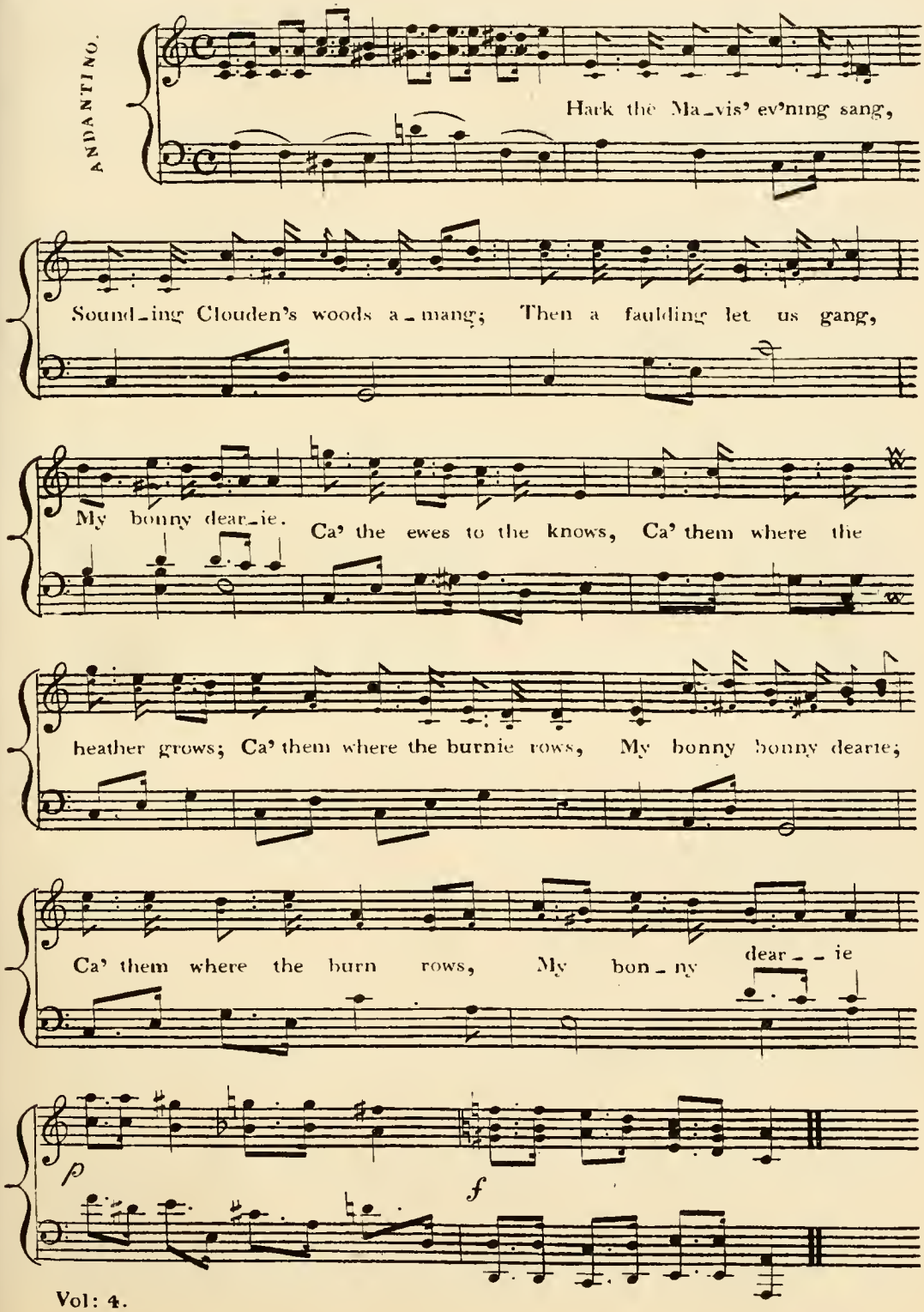
SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN BY MR DUDGEON.

UP amang yon cliffy rocks,
Sweetly rings the rising echo,
To the maid that tends the goats,
Lilting o'er her native notes.
Hark! she sings, young Sandy's kind,
And he's promised ay to lo'e me;
Here's a brooch, I ne'er shall tine't,
Till he's fairly married to me.
Drive away, ye drone Time,
And bring about our bridal day.

Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,
Aften does he blaw the whistle,
In a strain sae saftly sweet,
Lammies list'ning darena bleat:
He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
Hardy as the Highland heather,
Wading through the winter snow,
Keeping ay his flock tbegither;
But a plaid wi' bare hoghs,
He braves the bleakest norlin blast.

Brawly can he dance and sing,
Canty glee or Highland eronach;
Nane can ever match his fling
At a reel or round a ring.
Wightly can he wield a rung,
In a brawl he's ay the bangster;
A' his praise can ne'er be sung
By the langest winded sangster.
Sangs that do o' Sandy sing
Come short, though they were e'er sae lang.


ANDANTINO.
Hark the Ma_vis' ev'ning sang,
Sound_ing Clouden's woods a_mang; Then a faulding let us gang,
My bonny dear_ie. Ca' the ewes to the knows, Ca' them where the
heather grows; Ca' them where the burnie rows, My bonny bonny dearie;
Ca' them where the burn rows, My bon_ny dear_ie
p
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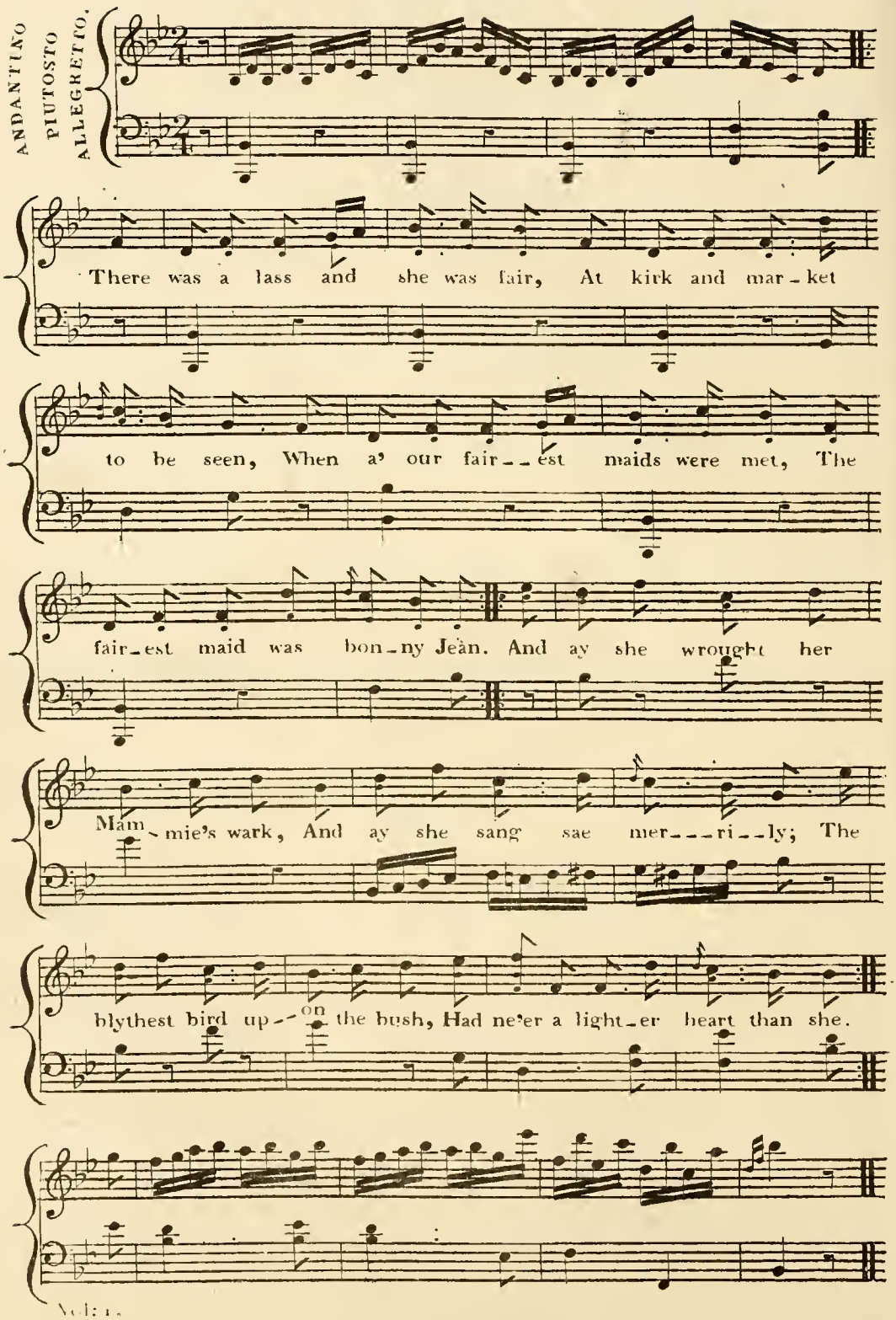

ANDANTINO
PIUTOSTO
ALLEGRETTO.
There was a lass and she was fair, At kirk and mar-ket
to be seen, When a' our fair--est maids were met, The
fair-est maid was bon-ny Jean. And ay she wrought her
Mam-mie's wark, And ay she sang sae mer---ri--ly; The
blythest bird up--on the bush, Had ne'er a light-er heart than she.

WILLY WAS A WANTON WAG.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

The Heroine of the following Song was Miss MACMURDO, Drumlanrig,—who is now Mrs CRAWFORD. "I have not (said the Poet) painted her in the rank which she holds in life, but in the dress and character of a cottager."

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen;
When a' our fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.
And ay she wrought her mammie's wark,
And ay she sang sae merrilie;
The blythest bird upon the bush,
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.
Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton nagies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He dane'd wi' Jeanie on the down,
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown!
As in the bosom of the stream
The moon beam dwells at dewy e'en;
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast of bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And ay she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wist na what her ail might be,
Or what wad make her weel again.
But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
And did na joy blink in her e'e,
As Robie tell'd a tale o' love
Ae ev'ning on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
His cheek to her's he foudly laid,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love.
"O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
"O can'st thou think to fancy me!
"Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
"And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

"At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
"Or naething else to trouble thee,
"But stray amang the heather bells,
"And tent the waving corn wi' me."
Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had na will to say him na:
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was ay between them twa.

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

It is mentioned in the Memoranda of BURNS, that this Song was written upon WALKINSHAW of Walkinshaw, near Paisley. 'Tis said, however, by others, that the Hero was HAMILTON of Gilbertfield.

WILLIE was a wanton wag,
The blythest lad that e'er I saw,
At bridals still he bore the brag,
And carried ay the gree awa':
His doublet was of Zetland shag,
And wow! but Willie he was braw,
And at his shoulder hung a tag,
That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw;
And ay whatever Willie said,
It was still hadden as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag,
When he went to the Weaponshaw,
Upon the green nane durst him brag,
The fient a' ane among them a'.

And was not Willie well worth gowd?
He wan the love of great and sma';
For after he the bride had kiss'd,
He kiss'd the lasses hale sale a'.
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
When by the hand he led them a',
And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
By virtue of a standing law.

And was nae Willie a great lown,
As shyre a lick as e'er was seen?
When he dane'd wi' the lasses round,
The bridegroom spier'd where he had been.
Quoth Willie, I've been at the ring,
Wi' bobbing, faith, my shanks are sair;
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
For Willie he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willie, I'll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the ring;
But shame light on his souple snout!
He wanted Willie's wanton fling.
Then straight he to the bride did fare,
Says, weil's me on your bonnie face;
Wi' bobbing Willie's shanks are sair,
And I'm come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, youl'll spoil the dance,
And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
Unless, like Willie, ye advance,
O! Willie has a wanton leg;
For wi't he learns us a' to steer,
And foremost ay bears up the ring,
We will find nae sic dancing here,
If we want Willie's wanton fling.

THE BLUE BELL OF SCOTLAND.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

On the Marquis of HUNTLY's departure for the Continent with his regiment in 1799;

BY MRS GRANT,—LAGGAN.

'OH where, tell me where, is your Highland Laddie gone?
'O where, tell me where, is your Highland Laddie gone?'
"He's gone with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done,
"And my sad heart will tremble till he come safely home.
"He's gone with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done,
"And my sad heart will tremble, till he come safely home."

'O where, tell me where, did your Highland Laddie stay?
'O where, tell me where, did your Highland Laddie stay?'
"He dwelt beneath the holly trees, beside the rapid Spey,
"And many a blessing follow'd him, the day he went away;
"He dwelt beneath the holly-trees, beside the rapid Spey,
"And many a blessing follow'd him, the day he went away."

'O what, tell me what, does your Highland Laddie wear?
'O what, tell me what, does your Highland Laddie wear?'
"A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
"And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star;
"A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
"And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star."

'Suppose, ah suppose, that some cruel, cruel wound
'Should pierce your Highland Laddie, and all your hopes confound!'
"The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly,
"The spirit of a Highland Chief would lighten in his eye;
"The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly,
"And for his King and Country dear with pleasure he would die.

"But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonny bounds,
"But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonny bounds,
"His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,
"While wide through all our Highland hills his warlike name resounds.
"His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,
"While wide through all our Highland hills his warlike name resounds."

ANDANTE GRAZIOSO.

O where tell me where is your highland laddie gone, O where tell me where is your highland laddie gone.

He's gone with streaming banners where noble deeds are done, And my sad heart will trem_ble 'till he come safely home, He's gone with streaming ban_ners where no_ble deeds are done, And my sad heart will trem__ble 'till he come safe__ly home.

O BONNY LASS CAN YOU LY IN A BARRACK.

Haydn.

ANDANTIAG ESPRESSIVO.

Cres. sf

sf Dim. p O say my sweet Nan can you ly in a

hammock, While mountain seas rage can you swing in a hammock, When the

winds roar a-loft and rude billows dash o'er us, Can my Nan-sy sleep

sf

soundly a-mid the wild chorus. O yes my dear Jack I can lie in a

hammock, While the mountain seas rage can sleep sound in a hammock, Rude

bil-lows will rock me when Love smiles to cheer me, If thy slum-ber's

sweet Jack no dan-gers can fear me. f

p sf

O! BONNY LASS, WILL YOU LYE IN A BARRACK?

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY HECTOR MACNEILL, ESQ.

'O SAY, my sweet Nan, can you lye in a hammock?
'While the mountain-seas rage, can you swing in a hammock,
'As the winds roar aloft, and rude billows dash o'er us,
'Can my Nancy sleep soundly amid the wild chorus?'
"O yes! my dear Jack! I can lye in a hammock
"While the mountain-seas rage, can sleep sound in a hammock,
"Rude billows will rock me when love smiles to cheer me;—
"If *thy* slumber's sweet, Jack, no dangers can fear me!"

'But say! if at night the sad cry comes for wearing,
'The *breakers* a-head, and the boatswain loud swearing;
'While the main-yard dips deep, and white billows break o'er us,
'Will my Nancy not shrink, then, amid the dread chorus?'
"O no! my dear lad, when these dangers are near me,
"My Jack's kindly whispers will soothe me—will cheer me;
"A kiss snatch'd in secret amid the dread horror,
"Will hush the rude chorus, and still ev'ry terror!"

'But say! my sweet lass, when the tempest's all smashing,
'The topsails all split, and the topmasts down crashing!
'When all hands spring aloft, and no lover to cheer her,
'Will my Nancy not shrink, when such dangers are near her?
"Ah no! my lov'd Jack, while the tempest's loud bawling,
"The topsails all split, and the topmasts down falling,
"In watching *your* dangers, my own will pass over,
"In prayers for your safety, no fears I'll discover."

'But oh! my lov'd Nan, when the ship is done clearing,
'The matches all lighted,—the French foe fast nearing,
'Can you stand to your gun, while pale death drops around you?
'Tis *then*, my sweet Nancy! new fears will confound you!'—
"No, no! my dear Jack, to these fears love's a stranger,
"When you fight by my side, I'll defy every danger?
"On your *fate* my fond eye will be fixt while you're near me,
"If you fall!—Nancy dies!—if you live, love will cheer me!"

TO BE SUNG BY BOTH AT THE SAME TIME.

He. 'Come! come, then, dear Nan! let us swing in a hammock!
'While mountain-seas dash round, sleep sound in our hammock!
'With love such as thine, who would dread war or weather!
'While we live we shall love—when we fall—fall together!'
She. "Come! come, then, dear Jack, let us swing in a hammock!
"While mountain-seas dash round, sleep sound in our hammock!
"With love such as thine, who would dread war or weather?
"While we live, we shall love!—when we fall—fall together!"

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

O MEIKLE thinks my Love o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my Love o' my kin;
But little thinks my Love I ken brawlie,
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;
It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee;
My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,
He canna hae love to spare for me.

Your proffer o' love's an airle penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
But gin ye be crafty, I am cunning,
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood;
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree;
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae than me.

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

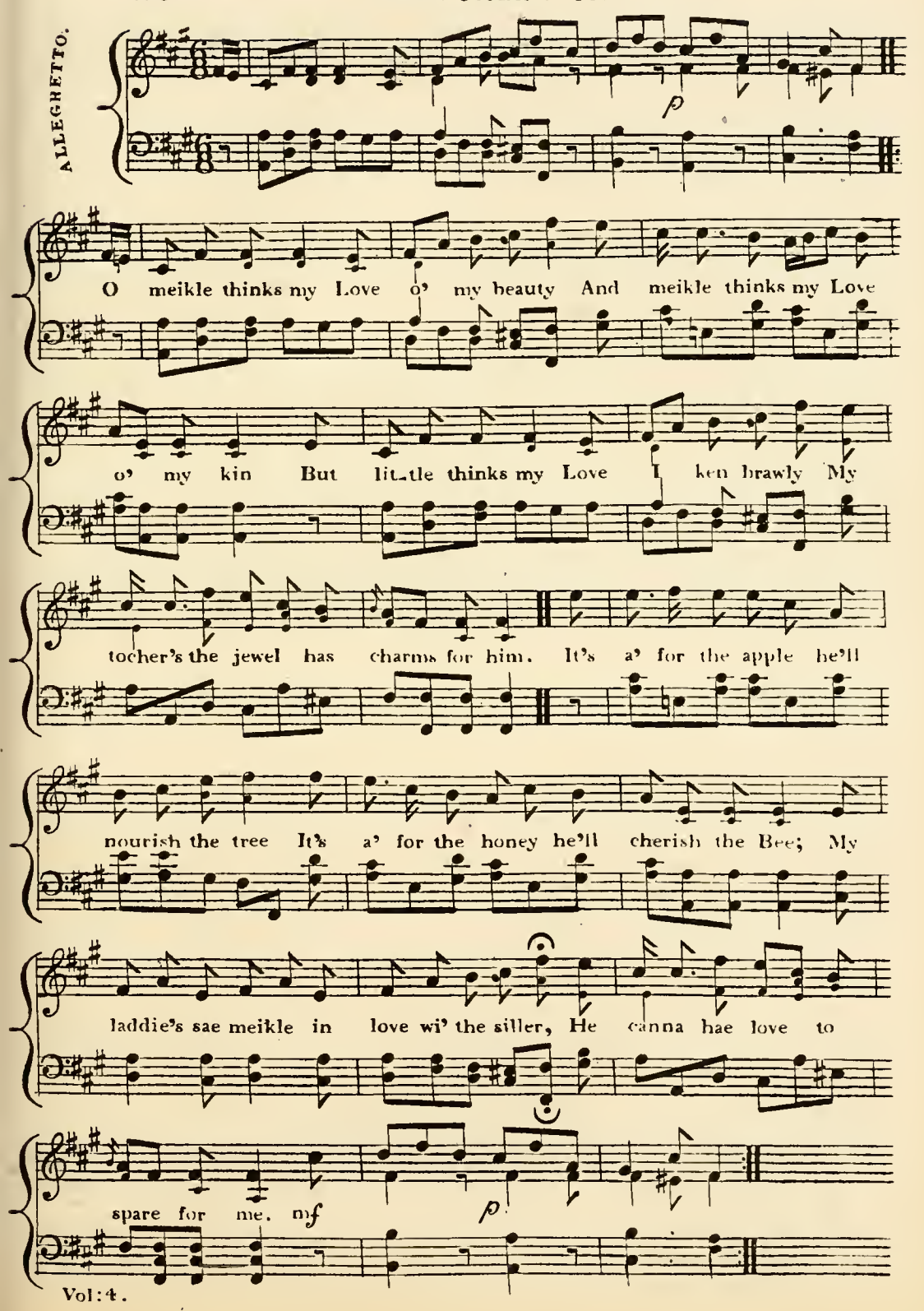
WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

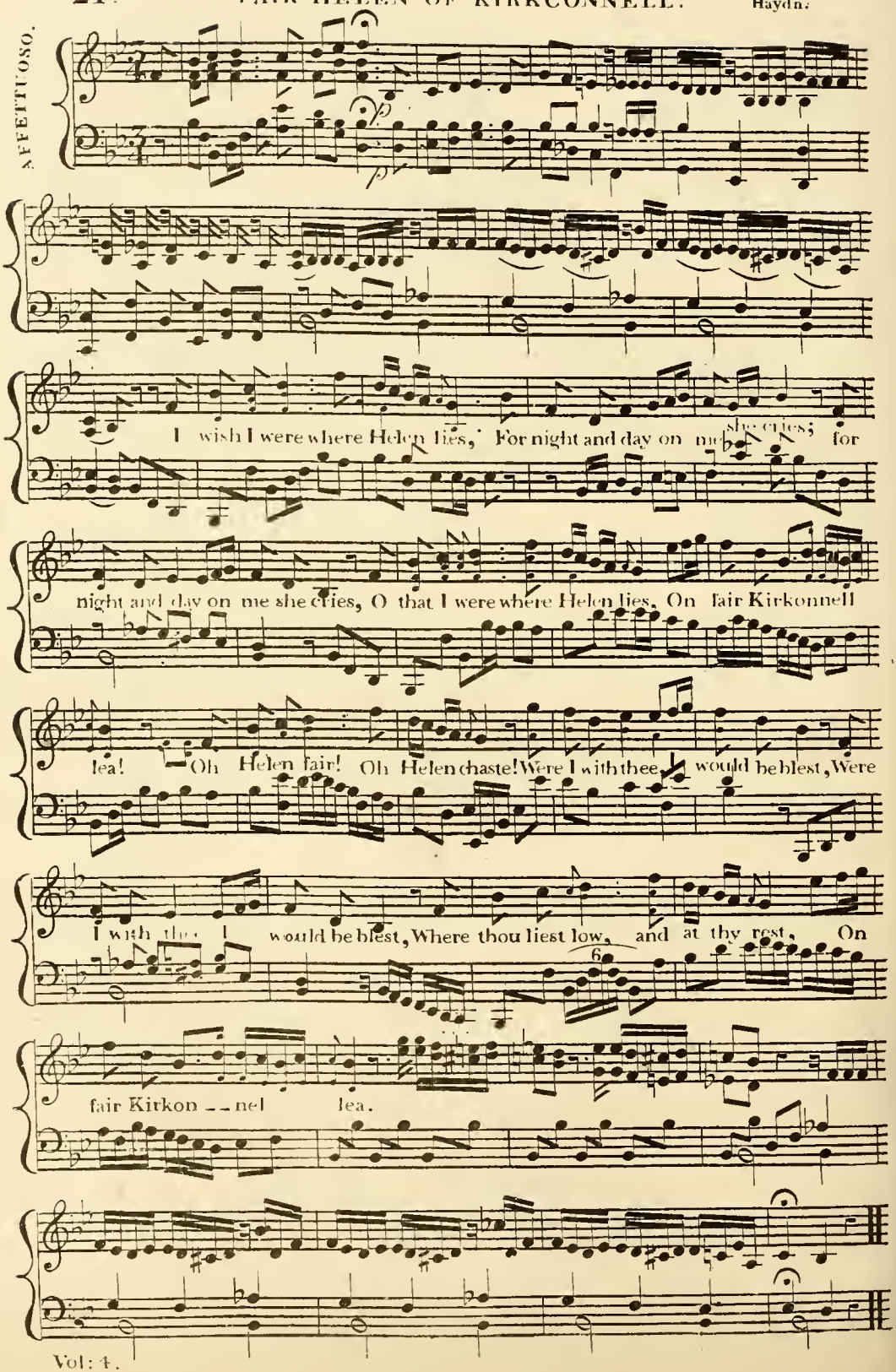
BY JOHN RICHARDSON, ESQ.

The two separate quavers attached to the *last word* of the *first*, *third*, and *seventh* lines of the preceding Song, must, in the same lines of the following Verses, be sung as if they were tied.

THE budding thorn, and violets blue,
Proclaim thy coming, gentle Spring;
The lark now greets thy fragrant morn,
Thy evening praise the thrushes sing.
Thy balmy gales revive the meads,
And life, and love, and joy renew;
And softly flow the rippling streams,
Clear as the heaven's unclouded blue.

How sweet with thee, my Love, to walk
Along the woodland's primrose way;
And hail thy fav'rite mossy thorn,
Again in Spring's fresh clothing gay.
Again to trim the jasmine bower,
The woodbine with the rose to twine,
And prop the flower in winter fallen,
And bless the day that made thee mine.


ALLEGRETTO.
p
O meikle thinks my Love o' my beauty And meikle thinks my Love
o' my kin But lit_tle thinks my Love I ken brawly My
tocher's the jewel has charms for him. It's a' for the apple he'll
nourish the tree It's a' for the honey he'll cherish the Bee; My
laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller, He canna hae love to
spare for me. mf
p


AFFETTUOSO.
p
I wish I were where Helen lies, For night and day on me she cries; for
night and day on me she cries, O that I were where Helen lies, On fair Kirkonnell
lea! Oh Helen fair! Oh Helen chaste! Were I with thee, I would be blest, Were
I wish thee I would be blest, Where thou liest low, and at thy rest, On
fair Kirkon - - nel lea.

FAIR HELEN OF KIRKCONNELL.*

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
Where night and day on me she cries;
I wish I were where Helen lies
On fair Kirkconnell lea!

Oh Helen fair! oh Helen chaste!
Were I with thee I would be blest,
Where thou liest low, and at thy rest
On fair Kirkconnell lea.

Oh Helen fair, beyond compare,
I'll make a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I die!

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding sheet put o'er my een;
I wish my grave were growing green
On fair Kirkconnell lea!

Curs'd be the heart that hatch'd the thought,
And curs'd the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms dear Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

O think na ye my heart was sair,
My Love dropt down and spake nae mair!
O think na ye my heart was sair
On fair Kirkconnell lea!

Where Helen lies, where Helen lies!
I wish I were where Helen lies,
Soon may I be where Helen lies,
Who died for love of me!

* The Story of this Ballad is thus given by Mr PENNANT in his Tour in Scotland:—"In the Burying Ground "of Kirkconnell is the grave of the fair ELLEN IRVINE, and that of her Lover: She was daughter of the house of "Kirkconnell, and was beloved by two Gentlemen at the same time; the one vowed to sacrifice the successful "rival to his resentment, and watched an opportunity while the happy pair were sitting on the banks of the Kirtle "that washes these grounds. ELLEN perceived the desperate lover on the opposite side, and fondly thinking to "save her favourite, interposed, and receiving the wound intended for her beloved, fell, and expired in his arms. "He instantly revenged her death, then fled into Spain, and served for some time against the Infidels. On his "return he visited the grave of his unfortunate Mistress, stretched himself on it, and, expiring on the spot, was "interred by her side. A sword and a cross are engraven on the tomb-stone, with '*Hic jacet* ADAM FLEMING:' "the only memorial of this unhappy gentleman, except an ancient Ballad, of no great merit, which records the "tragical event." Mr PENNANT probably alludes to that edition of the ballad which has since been given in the Statistical Account of the parish of Kirkpatrick-Fleming; it is much longer than the above, and contains some meagre and incongruous verses.

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY MRS GRANT.

O WERE I laid where Colin lies,
Could I but close these weary eyes,
And wake no more, with fruitless sighs,
The joyless day to see.

Or if I still must languish here,
Would but his passing shade appear!
And whisper soft in fancy's ear,
"Come, Love, I wait for thee!"

When these sad eyes have ceas'd to weep,
And weary woe is lost in sleep,
Though drowsy dews my senses steep,
My soul still wakes with thee.

'Tis then I rest from pain awhile,
And hear thy voice, and see thy smile,
And all my secret griefs beguile,
Those griefs so dear to me!

My life, my soul, my all is gone,
Forlorn I wander here alone,
O were but this my parting groan,
For death is life to me!

For though I knew some magic art,
To blot thy image from my heart.
With that lov'd form I ne'er would part
Till death should set me free!

Then where our mingled ashes sleep,
Shall faithful lovers meet to weep,
And tenderest vows in sorrows steep,
To love as true as we!

JOHNIE COPE.

The Editor has carefully consulted and collated the various editions of this curious Jacobite Song; and he hopes it will here be found in its most complete state.

Sir John Cope trode the North right far,
Yet ne'er a rebel he came n'ar,
Until he landed at Dunbar,
Right early in a morning.
Hey Johnie Cope are ye waking yet,
Or are ye sleeping I wou'd wit,
Make haste, get up, for the drums do beat,
O fie, Cope, rise in the morning.

Cope wrote a challenge from Dunbar,
Come meet me, Charlie, if you dare,
If it be not by the chance of war,
I'll gi'e you a merry morning.
When Charlie look'd the letter on,
He swore by his sword and his father's throne,*
" So heav'n restore me to my own,
" I'll meet you, Cope, in the morning.
Hey Johnie Cope, &c.

" Then Johnie be as good's your word,
" And let us try both fire and sword,
" And dinna flee like a frighted bird,
" That's chas'd frae its nest in the morning."
When Johnie Cope got word o' this,
He thought it would na be amiss
To hae a horse in readiness,
Whate'er might hap in the morning.
Hey Johnie Cope, &c.

And when he heard the bagpipes din,
Good faith, thought he, it's time to rin,
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bloody morning.
But when he saw the Highland lads,
Wi' tartan trews and white cockades,
Wi' swords and guns, and rungs, and gauds,
He gallop'd off in the morning.
Hey Johnie Cope, &c.

For all their bombs and bomb-granades,
They cou'd na face the Highland lads,
But to the hills scour'd aff in squads,
Pursued by the clans in the morning.
Sir Johnie straight to Berwick rade,
As if the Deil had been his guide,
Gi'en him the world, he wou'd na stay'd,
To have fought the boys in the morning.
Hey Johnie Cope, &c.

Said the Berwickers unto Sir John,
O what's become of all your men?
The Deil confound me if I ken,
For I left them a' in the morning.
Said Lord Mark Car, ye are na blate,
To bring us the news of your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait,
Get out o' my sight this morning.

In faith, quo' John, I got my flegs,
With their claymores and philabegs;
If I face them again, deil break my legs,
So I wish you a good morning.
Hey Johnie Cope are ye waking yet,
Or are ye sleeping I wou'd wit;
Make haste, get up, for the drums do beat,
O fie, Cope, rise in the morning.

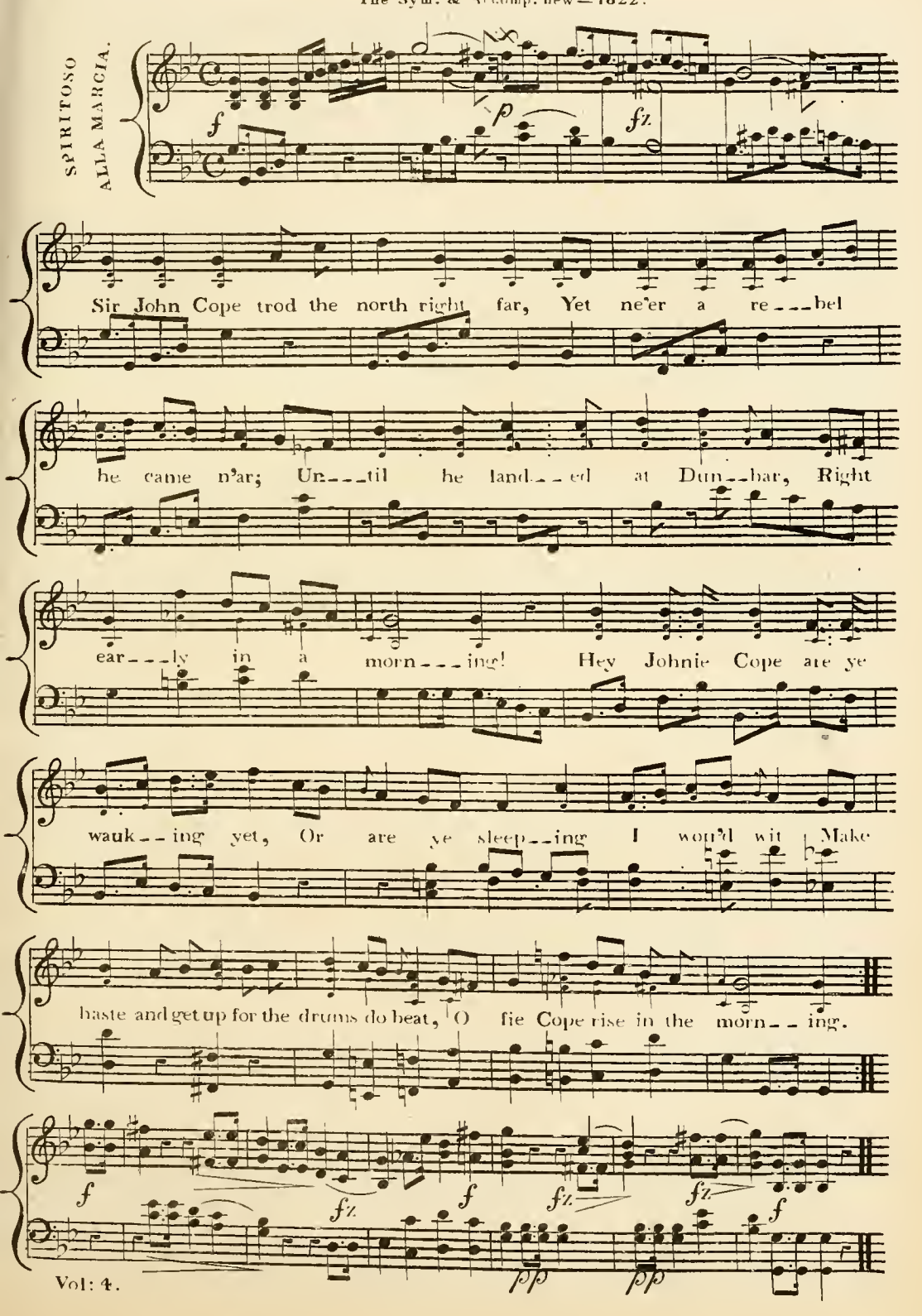
* In the original, " He drew his sword the scabbard from," a poor line and false rhyme, which the Editor has taken the liberty to alter as above.

JOHNIE COPE

The Sym^s & Accomp^t new — 1822.

SPIRITOSO ALLA MARCIA.

Sir John Cope trod the north right far, Yet ne'er a re---bel he came n'ar; Un---til he land--ed at Dun--bar, Right ear---ly in a morn---ing! Hey Johnie Cope are ye wauk--ing yet, Or are ye sleep--ing I wou'd wit Make haste and get up for the drums do beat, O fie Cope rise in the morn--ing.



THOU'RT GANE AWA'.

Koz:

DUET.

LARGHETTO.

2d

1.

Thou art gone a-way thou'rt gone a-way, Thou art gone a-way frae me MA---RY; Nor friends nor I could make thee stay, Thou hast cheat---ed them and me MA---RY Un-til this hour I never thought That aught could al--ter thee MARY Thou'rt still the mist-ress of my heart Think what you will of me MA-RY.

Thou art gone a-way thou'rt gone a-way, Thou art gone a-way frae me MA---RY; Nor friends nor I could make thee stay, Thou hast cheat---ed them and me MA---RY Un-til this hour I never thought That aught could al--ter thee MARY Thou'rt still the mist-ress of my heart Think what you will of me MA-RY.

THOU'RT GANE AWA' FRAE ME, MARY.

Thou'rt gane awa', thou'rt gane awa',
Thou'rt gane awa' frae me, Mary;
Nor friends nor I could make thee stay,
Thou'st cheated them and me, Mary.
Until this hour I never thought
That aught could alter thee, Mary,
Thou'rt still the mistress of my heart,
Think what you will of me, Mary.

Whate'er he said, or might pretend,
Wha stole that heart of thine, Mary;
True love, I'm sure, was ne'er his end,
Or nae such love as mine, Mary.
I spoke sincere, nor flattered much,
Had no unworthy thoughts, Mary;
Ambition, wealth, nor naething such,
No, I lov'd only thee, Mary!

Tho' you've been false, yet while I live
No other maid I'll woo, Mary;
Let friends forget, as I forgive
Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary.
So then, farewell! of this be sure,
Since you've been false to me, Mary,
For all the world I'd not endure
Half what I've done for thee, Mary.

SONG TO THE SAME AIR,

WRITTEN

BY WILLIAM FALCONER.

The smiling plains, profusely gay,
Are dress'd in all the pride of May;
The birds around, in every vale,
Breathe rapture on the vocal gale.
But, ah! Miranda, without thee,
Nor spring nor summer smiles on me!
All lonely in the secret shade,
I mourn thy absence, charming maid.

O soft as love! as honour fair!
More gently sweet than vernal air!
Come to my arms, for you alone
Can all my anguish past atone!
O come, and to my bleeding heart
Th' ambrosial balm of love impart!
Thy presence lasting joy shall bring,
And give the year eternal spring.

THE EAST NEUK O' FIFE.

THE SONG WRITTEN

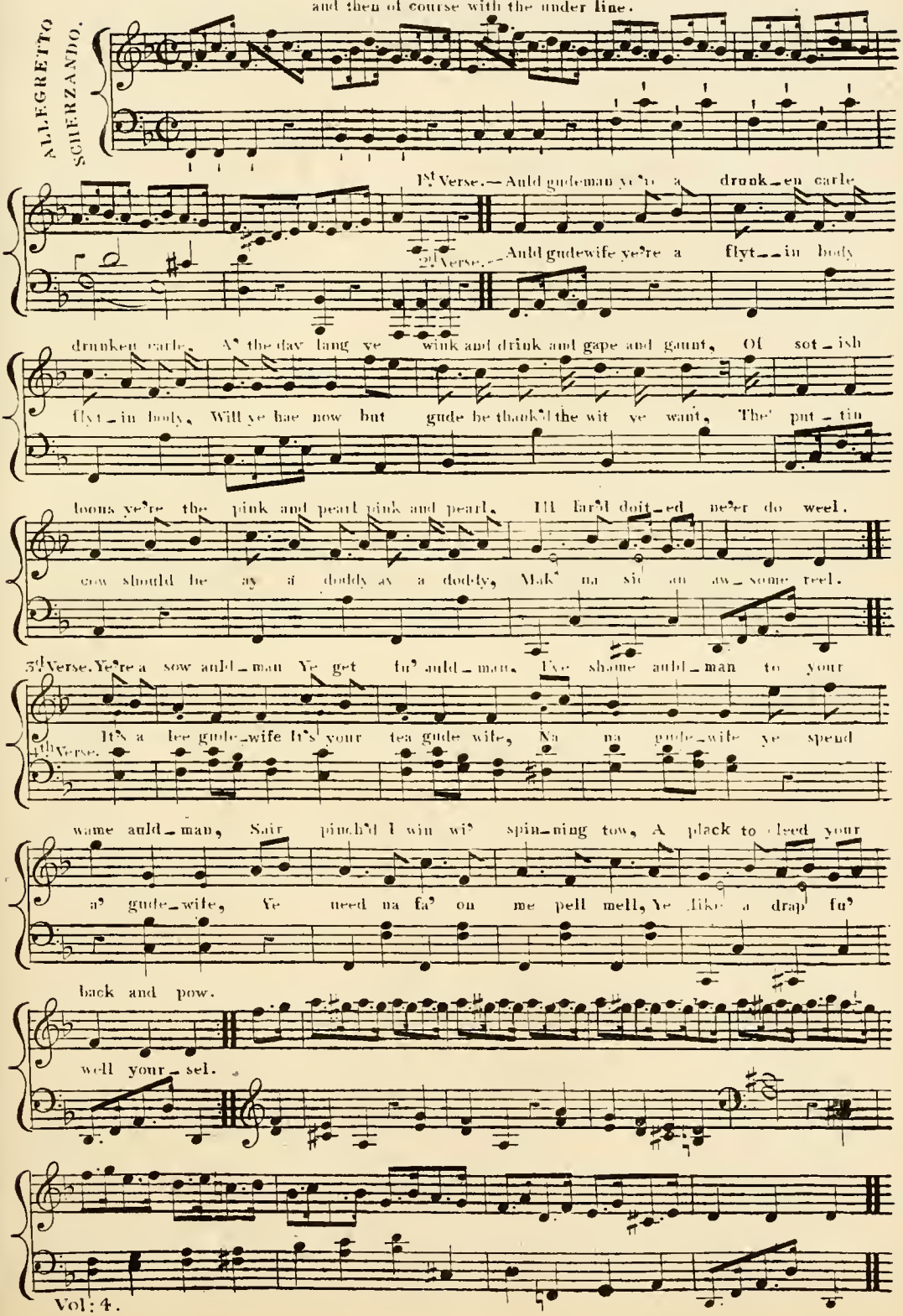
BY SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.

AND PRESENTED BY HIM TO THE EDITOR.

She. AULD gudeman, ye're a drunken carle, drunken carle,
A' the lang day ye wink and drink, and gape and gaunt;
Of sottish loons ye're the pink and pearl, pink and pearl,
Ill far'd, doited, ne'er-do-weel!
He. Hech, gudewife, ye're a flytin body, flytin body;
Will ye hae, but, gude be prais'd, the *wit* ye want;
The putting cow should be ay a doddy, ay a doddy,
Mak na sic an awsome reel.
She. Ye're a sow, auld man,
Ye get fu', auld man,
Fye shame! auld man,
To your wame, auld man,
Pinch'd I win, wi' spinnin tow,
A plack to clead your back and pow!
He. It's a lie, gudewife,
It's your tea, gudewife:
Na, na, gudewife,
Ye spend a' gudewife,
Dinna fa' on me, pell-mell,
Ye like a drap, fu' weel, yoursel!

She. Ye's rue, auld gowk, your jest and frolic, jest and frolic,
Dare ye say, goose, I ever lik'd to tak a drappy?
An 'twere na just for to cure the cholic, cure the cholic,
Deil a drap wad weet my mou.
He. Troth, gudewife, ye wadna swither, wadna swither,
Soon soon to tak a cholic, when it brings a drap o' cappy;
But twa score o' years we hae fought thegether, fought thegether,
Time it is to gree, I trow.
She. I'm wrang, auld John,
Owr lang, auld John,
For nought, gude John,
We ha'e fought, gude John:
Let's help to bear ilk ither's weight,
We're far owr feckless now to feght.
He. Ye're right, gudewife,
The night, gudewife,
Our cup, good Kate,
We'll sup, good Kate;
Thegither frae this hour we'll draw,
And toom the stoup atween us twa!

Each half of this Air must be TWICE sung; the first time with the upper line of words and then of course with the under line.



MUIRLAND WILLIE.

The Symphs & Accompt. now first pubd 1822. Koz.

VIVACE.

fR

p

Harken and I will tell you how Young muirland Willie came here to woo, Tho'

he could neither say nor do, The truth I tell to you.

But ay he cries what e'er be_tide, Maggy I'll hae to be my bride;

CHORUS.

2d With a fal da ra fal lal da ra la fal lal da ra lal da ra la.

1st With a fal da ra fal lal da ra la fal lal da ra lal da ra la.

fR

p

MUIRLAND WILLY.

THE SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENT HERE FIRST PUBLISHED—1822.

HARKEN and I will tell you how
Young muirland Willie came to woo,
Tho' he cou'd neither say nor do
The truth I tell to you,
But ay he cries, whate'er betide,
Maggy I'se hae to be my bride,
With a fal, dal, &c.

On his gray mare as he did ride,
Wi' durk and pistol by his side,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee,
Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,
Till he came to her daddy's door,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
I'm come your doughter's love to win,
I carena for making meikle din;
What answer gi'e ye me?
Now, wooer, quoth he, will ye light down,
I'll gi'e ye my doughter's love to win,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Now wooer, sin' ye are lighted down,
Where do ye won, or in what town?
I think my doughter winna gloom
On sic a lad as ye.
The wooer he step'd into the house,
And wow but he was wondrous crouse,
With a fal, dal, &c.

I have three owsen in a pleugh,
Twa gude ga'en yades and gear enough,
The place they ca' it Cauldenough;
I scorn to tell a lie:
Besides, I hae frae the great laird,
A peat pat, and a lang kail yard,
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
She was the brawest in a' the town;
I wat on him she didna gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie.
The lover he stended up in haste,
And gript her hard about the waist;
With a fal, dal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here,
I'm young, and hae enough o' gear;
And for mysell ye needna fear,
Troth tak me whan you like.
He took aff his bonnet, and spat out his chew,
He dighted his gab, and pree'd her mou',
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maiden blush'd, and bing'd fu' law,
She hadna will to say him na,
But to her daddy she left it a',
As they twa cou'd agree.
The lover he ga'e her the tither kiss,
Syne ran to her daddy, and tell'd him this,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Your doughter wad na say me na,
But to yoursell she's left it a',
As we cou'd gree between us twa;
Say, what'll ye gi'e me wi' her?
Now, wooer, quoth he, I hae na meikle,
But sic's I hae, ye's get a pickle,
With a fal, dal, &c.

A kilnfu' o' corn I'll gi'e to thee,
Three soums of sheep, twa good milk kye,
Ye's hae the wedding-dinner free;
Troth I dow do nae mair.
Content, quo' he, a bargain be't,
I'm far frae hame, mak' haste, let's do't,
With a fal, dal, &c.

The bridal-day it came to pass,
Wi' mony a blythsome lad and lass;
But sicken a day there never was,
Sic mirth was never seen.
This winsome couple straked hands,
Mess John ty'd up the marriage-bands,
With a fal, dal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blue,
Frae tap to tae they were bra new,
And blinkit bonnilie.
Their toys and mutches were sae clean,
They glanced in our lads's een,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and sic din,
Sic daffin, laughing, and sic fun,
The minstrels they did never blin',
Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
And ay they bobit, and ay they beck't,
And ay they cross'd, and merrily met,
With a fal, dal, &c.

* The critical observer will find, that the Editor has taken the liberty of altering two lines of the last stanza, viz. the second and the sixth. He thought it a pity that there should be any thing in such a truly excellent song to render it objectionable in good company. But lest he should fall under the heavy displeasure of the antiquary, he shall subjoin the original lines. Would it were in his power to add the Name of the Author of the above most masterly composition. BURNS, with his characteristic enthusiasm, said, it had given him many a heart-ache to think, that the men of genius who had composed our fine Scottish lyrics should be unknown.

Original lines.

2. Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him.
6. And ay their wames together met.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

THE MUSIC AND VERSES HERE FIRST UNITED—1822.

Oh! wert thou in the cauldest blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:
Or, did Misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom ay
To share it a', to share it a'.

Oh! were I on the wildest waste,
Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
Or, were I monarch of the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Would be my queen, would be my queen.

26. MY LOVE IS BUT A LASSIE YET.

The Syms & Accompt first united to Burns' song in 1822. Koz:

VIVACE.

O wert thou in the cauldest blast, On yon-der lea, on yon-der lea, My plaid--ie to the an--gry airt, I'd shel--ter thee, I'd shel-ter thee: Or, did Mis-for-tune's bit--ter storms A-round thee blaw, a--round thee blaw, Thy bield shou'd be my bo--som ay To share it a', to share it a'.

Air, Kellyburn Braes. Haydn.

VIVACE

Hech what a change have we now in this town! The lads a' sae braw, the lasses sae glancin', Folk may be dizzy gaen ay in the round, For deil a haet's done now but feastin' and dancin'. Gowd's no that scanty in ilk siller pock, When ilka bit laddie maun ha'e his bit staigie; But I kent the day when there was nae a Jock, But trotted about upon honest shanks—nagie.

pp

OLD AND NEW TIMES.

WRITTEN BY

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.

AND PRESENTED BY HIM TO THE EDITOR.

AIR—KELLYBURN BRAES.

Hech! what a change ha'e we now in this town!
The lads a' sae braw, the lasses sae glancin',
Folk maun be dizzie gaun ay in the roun',
For de'il a haet's done now but feastin' and dancin'.

Gowd's no that scanty in ilk siller pock,
When ilka bit laddie maun ha'e his bit staigie;
But I kent the day when there was nae a Jock
But trotted about upon honest shanks-nagie.

Little was stown then, and less gaed to waste,
Barely a mullin for mice or for rattens;
The thrifty housewife to the flesh-market paced,
Her equipage a'—just a gude pair o' pattens.

Folk were as good then, and friends were as leal,
Tho' coaches were scant, wi' their cattle a-cantrin';
Right air we were tell't by the house-maid or chiel,
Sir, an' ye please, here's your lass and a lantern.

The town may be eloutcd and pieced, till it meets
A' neebours benorth and besouth, without haltin',
Brigs may be biggit owr lums and owr streets,
The Nor'loch itsel' heap'd heigh as the Calton.

But whar is true friendship, and whar will you see
A' that is gude, honest, modest, and thrifty?
Tak' grey hairs and wrinkles, and hirple wi' me,
And think on the seventeen hundred and fifty.

JOHN O' BADENYON.

WRITTEN BY

THE REV. JOHN SKINNER.

When first I came to be a man,
Of twenty years or so,
I thought myself a handsome youth,
And fain the world would know;
In best attire I stept abroad,
With spirits brisk and gay,
And here and there, and every where,
Was like a morn in May.
No care I had, nor fear of want,
But rambled up and down;
And for a beau I might have pass'd
In country or in town:
I still was pleas'd where'er I went,
And when I was alone,
I tuned my pipe, and pleased myself
With John of Badenyon.

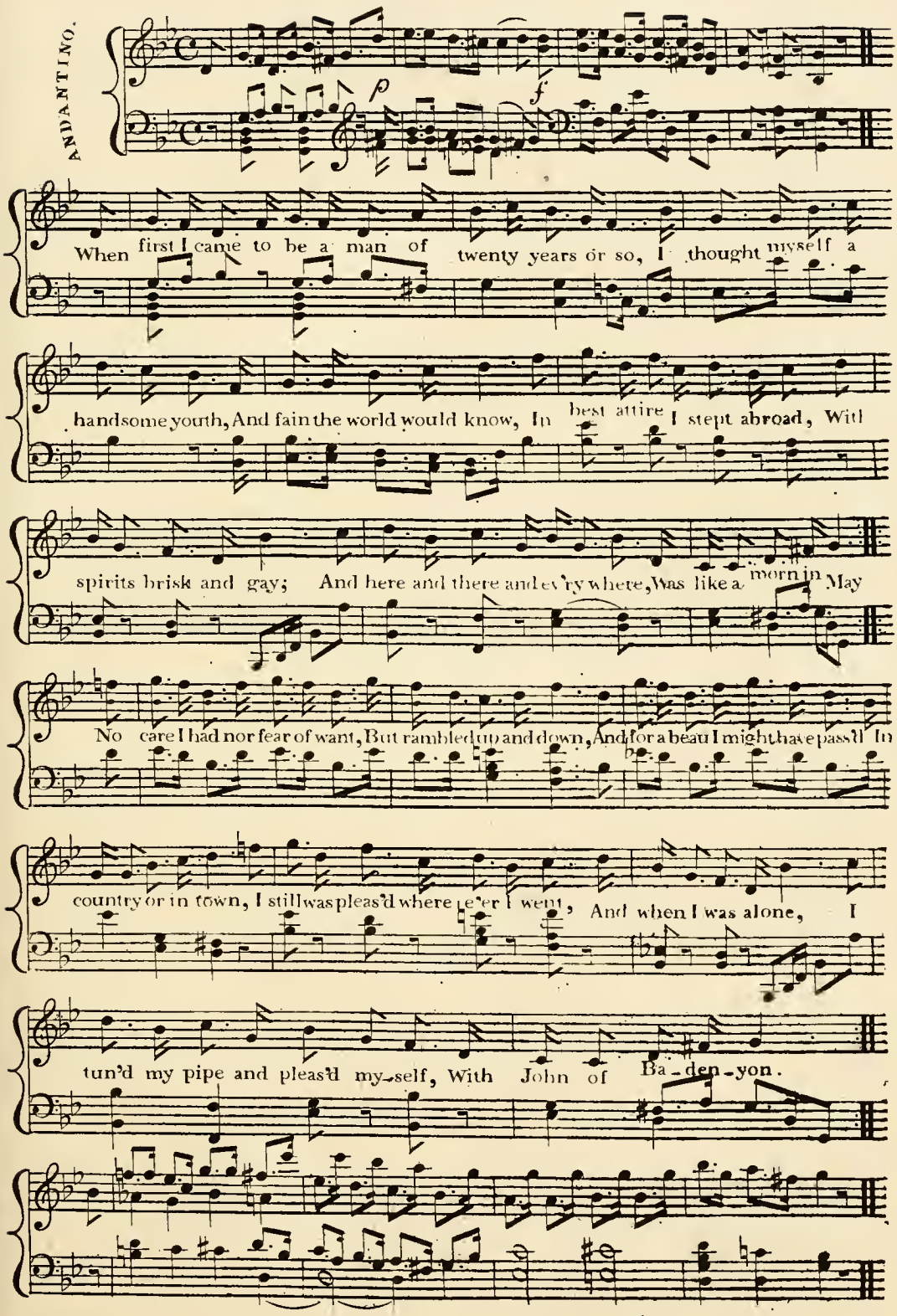
Now, in the days of youthful prime,
A *Mistress* I must find;
For love, they say, gives one an air,
And ev'n improves the mind:
On Phillis fair, above the rest,
Kind fortune fixed my eyes;
Her piercing beauty struck my heart,
And she became my choice.
To Cupid, then, with hearty prayer,
I offer'd many a vow,
And danced and sung, and sigh'd and swore,
As other lovers do:
But when at last I breath'd my flame,
I found her cold as stone;
I left the girl, and tuned my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguil'd
With foolish hopes and vain,
To *Friendship's* port I steer'd my course,
And laugh'd at lovers' pain:
A friend I got by lucky chance,
'Twas something like divine;
An honest friend's a precious gift,
And such a gift was mine.
And now, whatever might betide,
A happy man was I;
In any strait I knew to whom
I freely might apply:
A strait soon came, my friend I tried,
He heard, and spurn'd my moan;
I hied me home, and tuned my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

I thought I should be wiser next,
And would a *Patriot* turn;
Began to dote on Johny Wilkes,
And cry up Parson Horne.
Their noble spirit I admir'd,
And prais'd their manly zeal,
Who had, with flaming tongue and pen,
Maintain'd the public weal.
But ere a month or two was past,
I found myself betrayed;
'Twas *self* and *party* after all,
For all the stir they made.
At last I saw these factious knaves
Insult the very throne;
I curs'd them all, and tuned my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

What next to do, I mused a while,
Still hoping to succeed;
I pitch'd on *Books* for company,
And gravely tried to read;
I bought and borrow'd every where,
And studied night and day,
Nor miss'd what dean or doctor wrote
That happen'd in my way.
Philosophy I now esteem'd
The ornament of youth,
And carefully, through many a page,
I hunted after truth:
A thousand various schemes I tried,
And yet was pleas'd with none;
I threw them by, and tuned my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

And now, ye youngsters, every where,
Who want to make a show,
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope
For happiness below.
What you may fancy pleasure here
Is but an empty name;
For girls, and friends, and books, and so,
You'll find them all the same.
Then be advis'd, and warning take,
From such a man as me;
I'm neither pope nor cardinal,
Nor one of high degree;
You'll find displeasure every where,
Then do as I have done,
E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself
With John of Badenyon.


ANDANTINO.
p
f
When first I came to be a man of twenty years or so, I thought myself a
handsome youth, And fain the world would know, In best attire I stept abroad, With
spirits brisk and gay; And here and there and ev'ry where, Was like a morn in May
No care I had nor fear of want, But rambled up and down, And for a beau I might have pass'd In
country or in town, I still was pleas'd where e'er I went, And when I was alone, I
tun'd my pipe and pleas'd my-self, With John of Ba-den-yon.

ROTHIEMURCUS RANT.

Haydn.

ALLEGRETTO.

Lassie wi' the lint white locks, Bonnie lassie art_less lassie;

Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks, Wilt thou be my dear_ie O.

Now Na_ture cleeds the flow'ry lea, And a' is young and sweet like thee, O

wilt thou share its joys wi' me, And say thou'lt be my dear_ie O.

* When the Voice cannot reach this A, the F may be substituted.

ROTHIEMURCHUS' RANT.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

LASSIE wi' the lintwhite locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie!
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie O?
Now Nature cleads the flow'ry lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee;
O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou'lt be my dearie O?

Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie!
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie O?
And when the welcome summer show'r
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flow'r,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bow'r,
At sultry noon, my dearie O.

Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie!
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie O?
When Cynthia lights wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way,
Thro' yellow, waving fields we'll stray,
And talk of love, my dearie O.

Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie!
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie O?
And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
Enclasped to my faithful breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie O.

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

FAIREST maid on Devon banks!
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do?
Full well thou know'st I love thee dear;
Could'st thou to malice lend an ear!
O did not Love exclaim, "Forbear!
"Nor use a faithful lover so?"

Fairest maid on Devon banks!
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do!
Then come, thou fairest of the fair;
Those wonted smiles, O let me share!
And by thy beauteous self I swear,
No love but mine my heart shall know.

Note,—"Fairest Maid on Devon Banks," it is believed, was the very last production of our much lamented Bard: He transmitted it to the Editor about a week only before his death.

IF A BODY MEET A BODY.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

O Tibbie! I ha'e seen the day
Ye would na been sae shy;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But troth I care na by.
Yestreen I met you on the moor,
Ye spake na, but gaed by like stoure;
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
But fient a hair care I.

O Tibbie! I hae seen the day
Ye would na been sae shy;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But troth I carena by.
I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye ha'e the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.

O Tibbie! I ha'e seen the day
Ye would na been sae shy;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But troth I care na by.
But sorrow tak' him that's sae mean,
Although his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean
That looks sae proud and high.

O Tibbie! I hae seen the day
Ye would na been sae shy;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But troth I care na by.
Although a lad were e'er sae smart,
If he but want the miser's dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry.

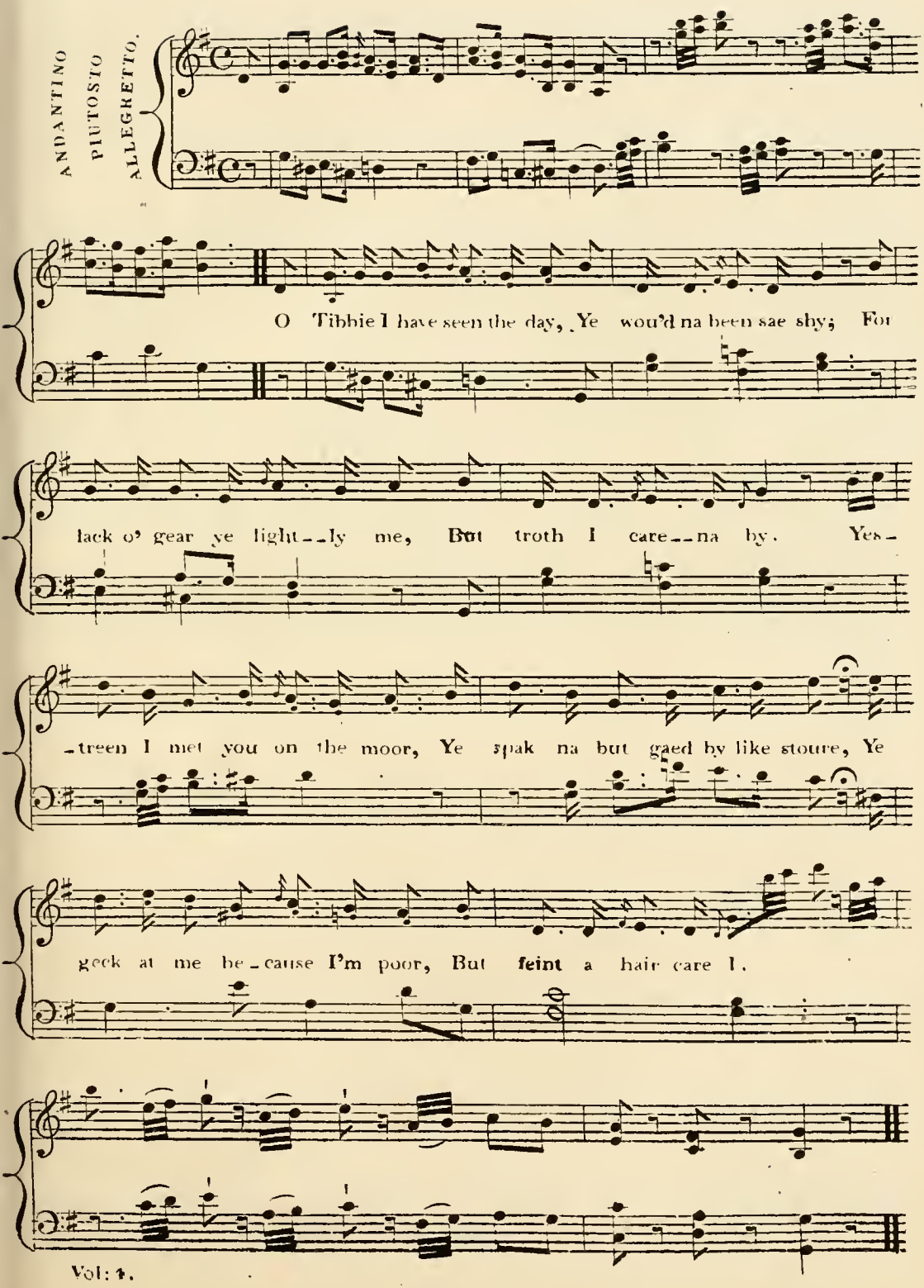
O Tibbie! I ha'e seen the day
Ye would nae been sae shy;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But troth I care na by.
But if he ha'e the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear,
Be better than the kye.

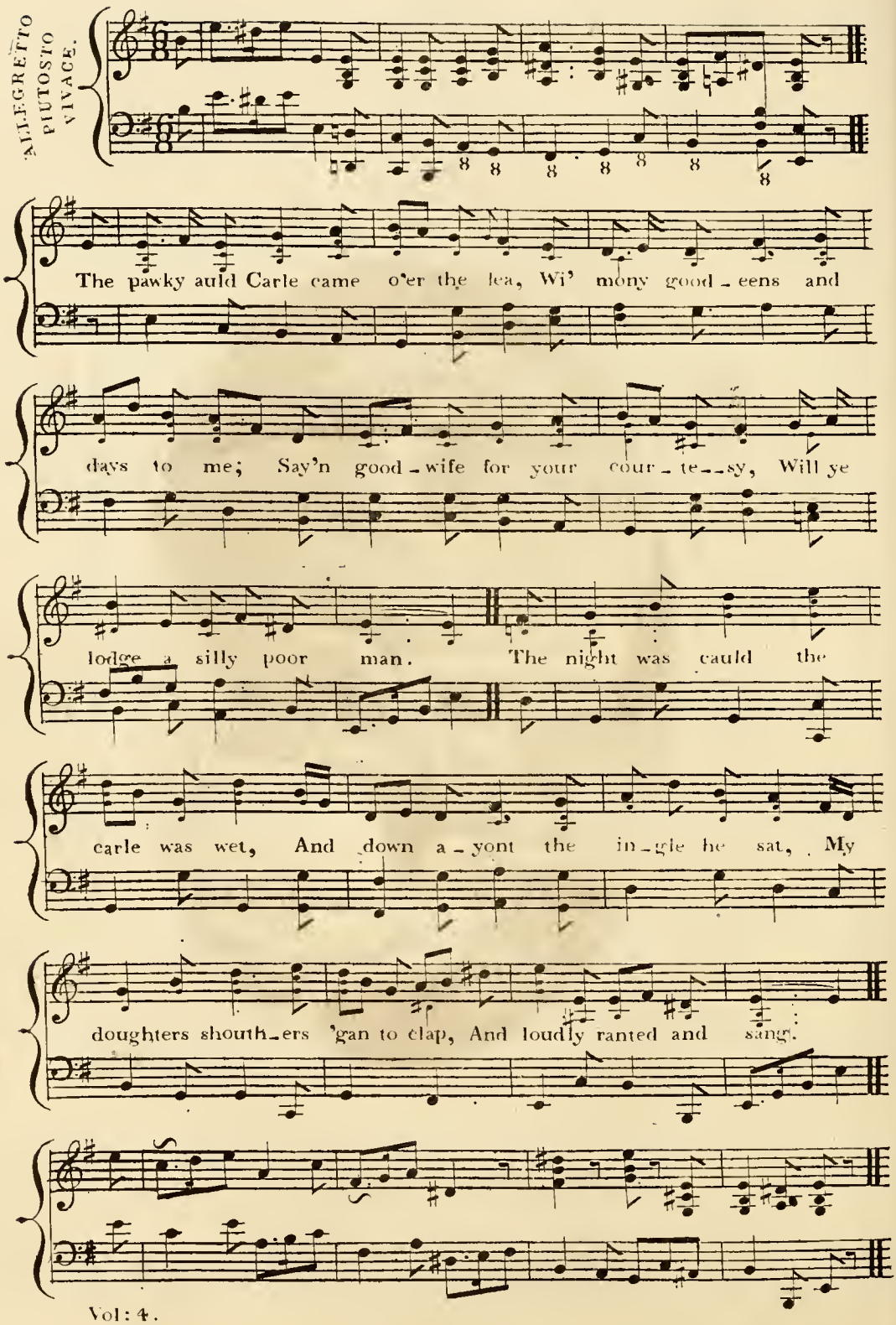
O Tibbie! I ha'e seen the day
Ye would nae been sae shy;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But troth I care na by.
But Tibbie, lass, tak' my advice,
Your daddy's gear makes you sae nice;
The deil a ane would spier your price,
Were ye as poor as I.

O Tibbie! I ha'e seen the day
Ye would na been sae shy;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But troth I care na by.
There lives a lass in yonder park,
I would nae gi'e her under sark
For thee wi' a' thy thousand merk,—
Ye need na look sae high.

IF A BODY MEET A BODY.

Haydn.




ALLEGRETTO PIUTOSTO VIVACE.
The pawky auld Carle came o'er the lea, Wi' mony good-eens and
days to me; Say'n good-wife for your cour-te--sy, Will ye
lodge a silly poor man. The night was cauld the
carle was wet, And down a-yont the in-gle he sat, My
doughters shouth-ers 'gan to clap, And loudly ranted and sang.

THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

He grew canty & She grew fain. | *What thir Slee twa together were saying*
But litle did her auld minny ken | *Whan wooing they were sae throng*

Published as the Act directs by G. Thomson Edinburgh 2d May 1825.

THE GABERLUNZIE MAN,—OR TINKER.

SAID TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN

BY KING JAMES V.

AIR,—THE BRISK YOUNG LAD.

The Editor, in order to free this excellent humorous old Ballad of whatever might now be deemed exceptionable in it, has taken the liberty to alter the eighth stanza, and two other lines of the original; although the Antiqnary cannot have a greater respect for the original than he has, or a wish to be more sparing of alteration. The Music required that in some lines the word Gaberlunzie should be shorten'd into Gab'lunzie.

The pawky auld carle came o'er the lea,
Wi' mony good-eens and days to me;
Saying, gudewife, for your courtesie,
Will ye lodge a silly poor man?
The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
And down ayont the ingle he sat;
My doughter's shouthers he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free
As first when I saw this countrie,
How blythe and merry wad I be!
And I wad ne'er think lang.
He grew canty, she grew fain,
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir slee twa together were saying,
When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O! quo' he, were ye as black
As e'er the crown o' my daddie's hat,
On a' my kin I'd turn my back,
And awa wi' thee I'd gang.
And O! quo' she, were I as white,
As e'er the snaw lay on the dyke,
I'd cleid me braw, and lady like,
And awa wi' thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
They raise a wee before the cock,
And wylily they shot the lock,
And fast to the bent they're gane.
Up in the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure put on her claise;
Syne to the servant's bed she gaes,
To spier for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
The strae was cauld, he was away;
She clapt her hands, cry'd, dulefu' day!
For some o' our gear will be gane.
Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,
But nought was stown that cou'd be mist;
She dane'd her lane, cry'd, praise be blest!
I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since naething's awa, as we can learn,
The kirn's to kirn, and milk to yearn,
Gae but the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben.
The servant gaed where the doughter lay,
The sheets were cauld, she was away,
Gudewife, she cried, O well-a-day,
She's aff wi' the silly poor man!

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haste, these traitors find again!
For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
The wearifu' beggarly man!
Some rode upo' horse, some ran a-fit,
The wife was wud, and out o' her wit,
She coudna gang, nor yet could she sit,
But ay she curs'd and she bann'd.

Mean time, far o'er the lily lea,
The twa with hearts sae blythe and free,
Sat safe beneath a hawthorn tree,
Where a wimpling burnie ran.
To lo'e her for ay he gave her his aith,
Quoth she, to leave thee I will be laith,
For I with thee can fear nae skaith,
My winsome Gab'lunzie man.

O kend my minnie I were wi' you,
Ill-fardly wad she crook her mou;
Sic a poor man she'd never trow,
After the Gab'lunzie man.
My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And hae nae learnt the beggars tongue,
To carry wi' me frae town to town
The Gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keil I'll win your bread,
And spinnels and whorles for them wha need;
Whilk is a gentle trade to speed
The Gaberlunzie on.
I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout o'er my e'e;
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
While we shall be merry and sing.

TIBBIE FOWLER.

THE SYMPHONIES AND HARMONY NEW, AND FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1822.

TIBBIE FOWLER o' the glen,
There's o'er mony wooing at her;
Seven but, and seven ben,
And mony mair are wooing at her.
Wooing at her, puing at her,
Courting at her, eanna get her;
Filthy elf, it's for her pelf
That a' the lads are wooing at her.
Wooing at her, *&c.*

Ten eam east, and ten eam west,
Ten cam rowing o'er the water;
Twa cam down the lang dyke-side,
There's twa and thirty wooing at her.
Wooing at her, puing at her,
Courting at her, canna get her;
Filthy elf, it's for her pelf
That a' the lads are wooing at her.
Wooing at her, *&c.*

She's got pendles in her lugs,
Cockle-shells wad set her better;
High-heel'd shoon and siller tags,
And a' the lads are wooing at her.
Wooing at her, puing at her,
Courting at her, eanna get her;
Filthy elf, it's for her pelf
That a' the lads are wooing at her.
Wooing at her, *&c.*

Be a lassie e'er sae black,
If she hae the name o' siller,
Set her up on Tintoc tap,
The wind will blaw a man till her.
Be a lassie e'er sae fair,
If she want the penny siller,
A flie may fell her in the air
Before there come a man till her.
Wooing at her, *&c.*

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they ea'd it Lineumdoddie;
Willie was a wabster gude,
Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie.
He had a wife was dour and din,
O Tinkler Madgie was her mither;
Sie a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
The cat has twa, the very colour;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller:
A whiskin beard about her mou',
Her nose and chin they threaten ither;
Sie a wife, *&c.*

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd,
Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter;
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter:
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther;
Sie a wife, *&c.*

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,
And wi' her loof her face a washin;
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion:
Her walie nieves, like midden-creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan-water;
Sie a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

TIBBY FOWLER.

The Symph.y Accomp.t & Vocal harmony new, and first pub.d in 1822. Key.

f *p*

Tibby Fowler of the glen, There's owre mo_ny wooing at her, Seven but and seven ben. And mony mair are woo_ing at her.

Woo_ing at her pu_ing at her, Courting at her, can_na get her; Fil_thy elf it's for her pelf that a' the lads are woo_ing at her.

CHORUS.

2d. Wooing at her puing at her, Courting at her canna get her, Filthy elf its for her pelf that

1st. Wooing at her puing at her, Courting at her canna get her, Filthy elf its for her pelf that

a' the lads are wooing at her.

f *p*

a' the lads are wooing at her.

CLERK RICHARD & MAID MARGARET.

The Music by Smith and now first publish'd, 1822.

LAMENTEVOLE.

There were two who loved each other, For

many years, 'till hate did start, And yet they never quite could smother, The

former love that warmed their heart, And both did love, and both did hate, Till both ful-

-fill'd the will of fate.

CLERK RICHARD AND MAID MARGARET.

Written in imitation of the old English ballad style. It first appeared in the *Enquirer*, a periodical work published at Glasgow; and is here given in modern orthography, by permission of the Author,

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL, ESQ.

The Air, with the Symphonies and Accompaniment by R. A. Smith, now first published, 1822.

A man must nedes love maugre his hed,
He may not flen it though he should be ded.—Chaucer.

There were two who loved each other
For many years, 'till hate did start;
And yet they never quite could smother
The former love that warm'd their heart:
And both did love, and both did hate;
Till both fulfill'd the will of fate.

Years after, and the maid did marry
One that her heart had ne'er approv'd;
Nor longer could Clerk Richard tarry,
Where he had lost all that he lov'd:
To foreign lands he reckless went,
To nourish love, hate, discontent.

A word, an idle word of folly,
Had spill'd their love when it was young;
And hatred, grief, and melancholy,
In either heart as idly sprung:
And yet they loved, and hate did wane,
And much they wished to meet again.

Of Richard still is Margaret dreaming,
His image lingered in her breast;
And oft at midnight to her seeming
Her former lover stood confest;
And shedding on her bosom tears,
The bitter wrecks of happier years.

Where'er he went by land or ocean,
Still Richard sees Dame Margaret there;
And every throb and kind emotion
His bosom knew were felt for her;
And never new love hath he cherished,
The power to love with first love perished.

Homeward is Clerk Richard sailing,
An altered man from him of old;
His hate had changed to bitter wailing,
And love resumed its wonted hold
Upon his heart, which yearned to see
The haunts and loves of infancy.

He knew her faithless,—nathless ever
He loved her though no more his own;
Nor could he proudly now dissever
The chain that round his heart was thrown;
He loved her, without hope, yet true,
And sought her, but to say adieu.

For even in parting there is pleasure,
A sad sweet joy that wrings the soul;
And there is grief surpassing measure,
That will not bide nor brook controul;
And yet a formal fond leave taking,
Does ease the heart albeit by breaking.

Oh! there is something in the feeling,
And trembling faulter of the hand;
And something in the tear down stealing,
And voice so broken, yet so bland;
And something in the word farewell,
Which worketh like a powerfull spell.

These lovers met and never parted;
They met as lovers wont to do,
Who meet when both are broken-hearted,
To breathe a last and long adieu.
Pale Margaret wept, Clerk Richard sighed,
And in each other's arms they died.

THE LEA-RIG.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

When o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo;
And owsen frae the furrowed field
Return sae dowf and weary O:
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

At midnight hour, in mirkest glen,
I'd rove and ne'er be irie O,
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie O.

Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae weary O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Adown the burn to steer, my jo:
Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin grey,
It makes my heart sae cheery O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind deary O.

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY A LADY.

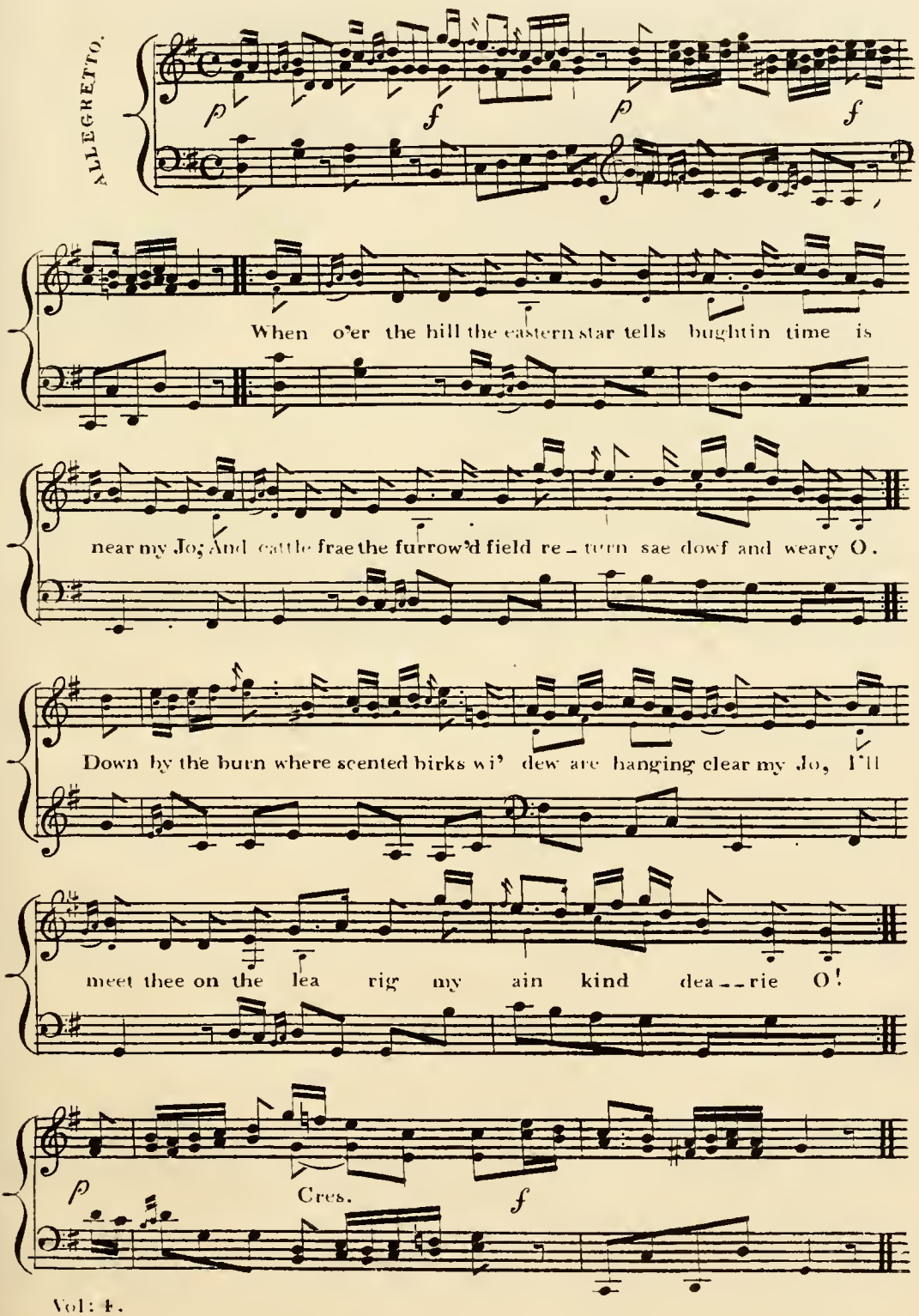
Ye braes of Touch,* how sweet ye smile,
When ev'ning lingers in the sky;
Your lovely shades my cares beguile
Ev'n seen thro' sorrow's wat'ry eye.
Not fairer flowers Arcadia blest,
Not sweeter Tempe's verdant vale,
When in thy green retreats I rest,
Where music floats on ev'ry gale.

Ye braes of Touch, how fresh ye bloom
When spring calls forth her earliest flow'rs,
I feel my heart its peace resume
When shelter'd in your vocal bow'rs.

Your dashing falls, your tranquil groves,
Your wand'ring streams that murmur sweet,
Where ease reclines, and freedom roves
Around the Muse's fav'rite seat.

Your every wildly varied charm,
When bright with summer's ardent beams,
Can wounded mem'ry's power disarm,
And raise the soul to happier themes.
Ye braes of Touch, how gay ye smile,
When rising larks salute the day,
Your rural charms my cares beguile,
And wake the long forgotten lay.

* Touch, near Stirling, the seat of Archibald Seton, Esq.—The word is pronounc'd with the guttural sound of the Scottish dialect; but as that sound would be difficult to the English singer, it may be pronounced as if it were spell'd Touk.


ALLEGRETTO.
p
f
p
f
When o'er the hill the eastern star tells bughtin time is
near my Jo; And cattle frae the furrow'd field re – turn sae dowf and weary O.
Down by the burn where scented birks wi' dew are hanging clear my Jo, I'll
meet thee on the lea rig my ain kind dea – – rie O!
p
Cres.
f

JOHNY FAW, OR THE GYPSIE LADDIE.

Haydn.

ANDANTE ESPRESSIVO

p

Cres. *f* *p*

The gypsies came to our good Lord's gate, And vow but they sang sweet---ly; They sang sae sweet and sae complete, That down came the fair La-dy. And she came trip-ping down the stair, And a' her maids be-fore her; As soon as they saw her well far'd face, They cast the glamer o'er her.

p Cres. *f*

JOHNY FAW,—OR THE GYPSIE LADDIE.

Some verses, commonly printed as part of this ballad, are here omitted, as being unfit for this work. BURNS, in his Memoranda on Scottish Song, says, that Johny Faw is the only old Song which he could ever trace as belonging to the extensive county of Ayr.

THE Gypsies came to our good lord's gate,
And wow but they sang sweetly;
They sang sae sweet, and sae compleat,
That down came our fair lady.

And she came tripping down the stair,
Wi' a' her maids before her;
As soon as they saw her weel-far'd face,
They coost the glamer o'er her.

'O come with me,' says Johny Faw,
'O come with me, my deary;
'For I vow and swear, by the hilt of my sword,
'Your lord shall nae mair come near ye.'

"Here, tak frae me this gay mantile,
"And bring to me a plaidie;
"Tho' kith and kin and a' had sworn,
"I'll follow the gypsie laddie.

"Yestreen I lay in a well-made bed,
"And my good lord beside me;
"This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,
"Whatever shall betide me."

And when our lord came hame at e'en,
And speir'd for his fair lady,
The tane she cry'd, and the other reply'd,
"She's awa wi' the gypsie laddie."

"Gae saddle to me the black black steed,
"Gae saddle and make him ready,
"Before I either eat or sleep,
"I'll gae seek my fair lady."

And we were fifteen well-made men,
Of courage stout and steady,
And we were a' put down for ane,
A fair young wanton lady.

A person of the name of JOHNE FAW is said to have been king of the gypsies in the time of JAMES V., who, about the year 1542, issued a curious proclamation, ordaining all sheriffs, &c. to assist Johne Faw, there stiled, "Lord and "Erle of Litill Egipt," in seizing and securing certain fugitive gypsies, in order that they might be punished by Johne, their lord and master, conform to his laws: for which purpose the magistrates were to lend him their prisons, stocks, fetters, &c. And the king charges his lieges not to molest the said Johne Faw, and his company, in their lawful business within the realm, or in passing through, remaining in, or going forth of the same, under penalty; and all skippers, masters of ships, and mariners were ordered to receive him and his company, upon their expenses, for furthering them to parts beyond sea.—See M'Laurin's Remarkable Cases, p. 774.

It is not improbable that this Johne Faw is the Hero of the above ballad; and the rank and title of the Heroine seems to be ascertained, from the following verse of a different copy:

There was seven gypsies in a gang,
And they were brisk and bonny, O,
And they're to be hanged all in a row,
For the Erle of Castle's* lady, O.

* *Cassilis.*

WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

FOR THE SAME AIR.

A WEE bird came to our ha' door,
He warbled sweet and clearly,
And ay the o'ercome o' his sang
Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"
Oh! when I heard the bonny bonny bird,
The tears came drapping rarely,
I took my bannet aff my head,
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quo' I, 'My bird, my bonny bonny bird,
'Is that a tale ye borrow?
'Or is't some words ye've learnt by rote,
'Or a lilt o' dool and sorrow?'
"Oh! no, no, no," the wee bird sang,
"I've flown sin morning early;
"But sic a day o' wind and rain!
"Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

"On hills that are by right his ain,
"He roams, a lonely stranger;
"On ilka hand he's press'd by want,
"On ilka side by danger.

"Yestreen I met him in a glen,
"My heart near bursted fairly,
"For sadly chang'd indeed was he,
"Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

"Dark night came on, the tempest howl'd
"Out-owre the hills and valleys;
"And whare was't that your prince lay down,
"Whase hame should been a palace?
"He row'd him in a highland plaid,
"Which cover'd him but sparely,
"And slept beneath a bush o' broom,
"Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

But now the bird saw some red-coats,
And he shook his wings wi' anger:
"O this is no a land for me,
"I'll tarry here nae langer."
A while he hover'd on the wing,
Ere he departed fairly:
But weel I mind the fareweel strain;
'Twas "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

JENNY'S BAWBEE.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.

AND PRESENTED BY HIM TO THE EDITOR.

I MET four chaps yon birks amang,
Wi' hinging lugs and faces lang;
I speer'd at neebour Bauldy Strang
Wha's thae I see?
Quo' he, ilk cream-fae'd pawky chiel,
Thought he was cunning as the de'il,
And here they came, awa to steal
Jenny's bawbee.

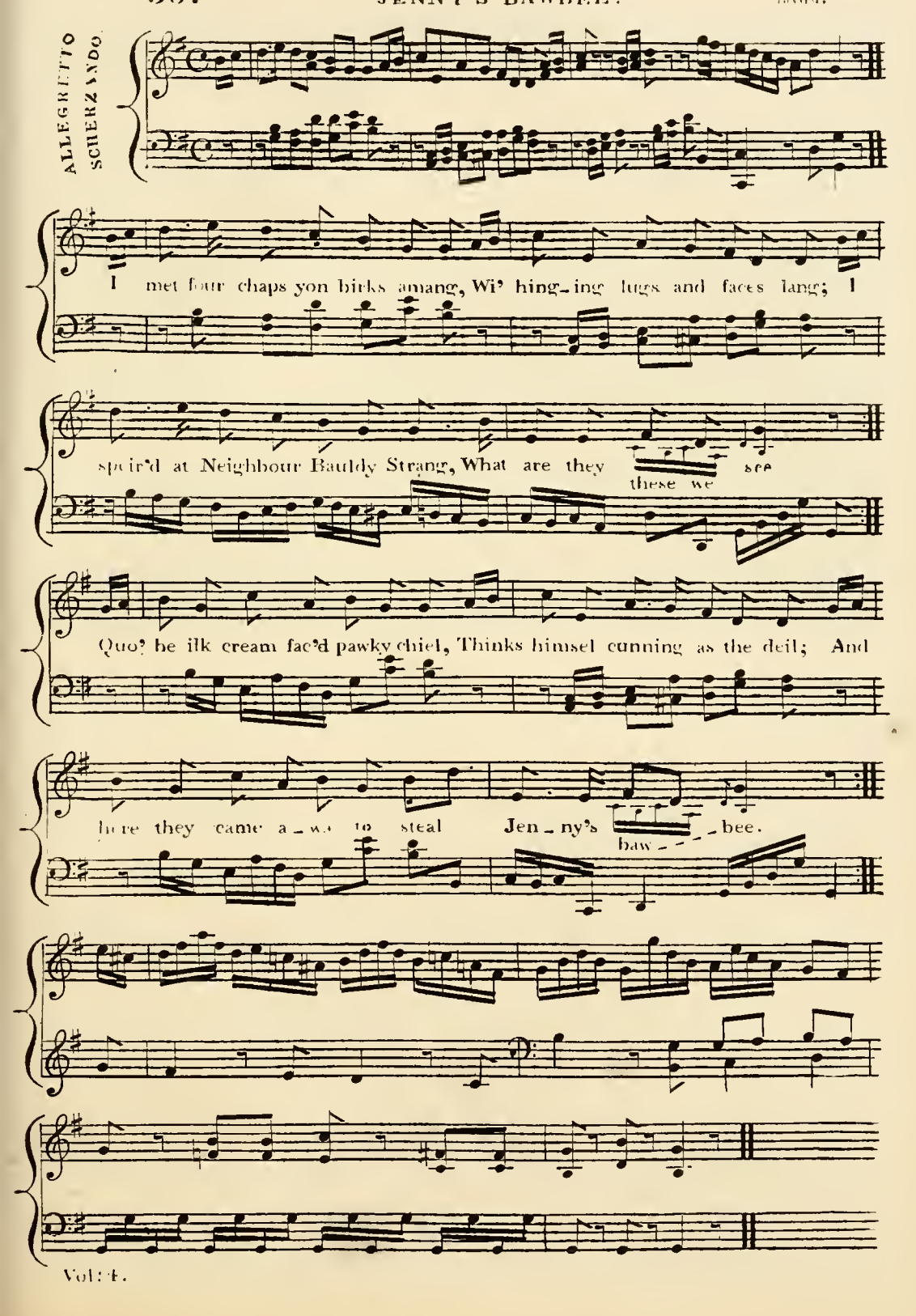
The first, a Captain to his trade,
Wi' skull ill-lined, but back weel elad,
Mareh'd round the barn, and by the shed,
And pap'd on his knee:
Quo' he, "My goddess, nymph, and queen,
"Your beauty's dazzled baith my een!"
But de'il a beauty he had seen
But—Jenny's bawbee.

A Lawyer neist, wi' blethrin gab,
Wha speeches wove like ony wab,
In ilk ane's corn ay took a dab,
And a' for a fee.
Accounts he ow'd through a' the town,
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair eou'd drown,
But now he thought to clout his gown
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A Norland Laird neist trotted up,
Wi' bawsend nag and siller whup,
Cried, "There's my beast, lad, had the grup,
"Or tie 't till a tree:
"What's gowd to me, I've wealth o' lan',
"Bestow on ane o' worth your han'."
He thought to pay what he was *awn*
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

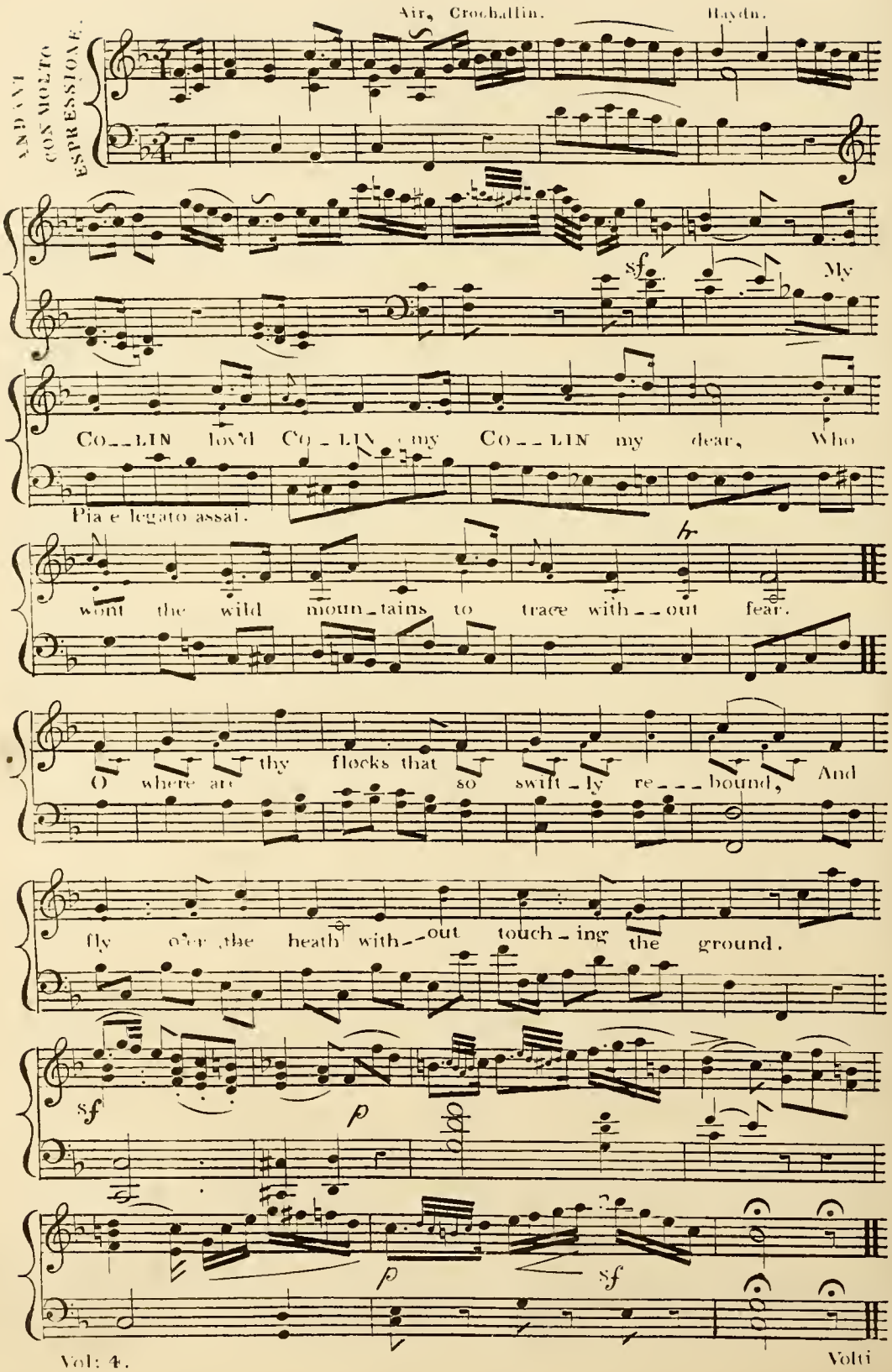
Dress'd up just like the knave o' clubs,
A THING came neist, (but life has rubs,)
Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,
And jaupit a' was he.
He danc'd up, squintin through a glass,
And grinn'd, "I' faith a bonnie lass!"
He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the Laird gae kaim his wig,
The Soger no to strut sae big,
The Lawyer no to be a prig,
The Fool cry'd, "Tehee!
"I kent that I could never fail!"
But she prinn'd the dish-clout to his tail,
And sous'd him wi' a water-pail,
And kept her bawbee!


ALLEGRETTO SCHERZANDO
I met four chaps yon birks amang, Wi' hing-ing lugs and faces lang; I
spair'd at Neighbour Bauldy Strang, What are they these we see
Quo' he ilk cream fac'd pawky chiel, Thinks himsel cunning as the deil; And
here they came a-way to steal Jen-ny's baw-bee.

FLORA TO COLIN.

Air, Crochallin. Haydn.



FLORA TO COLIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GAELIC FOR THIS WORK,

BY MRS GRANT, LAGGAN.

HIGHLAND AIR—CRO CHALLIN.

The following Song, from the Gaelic, when sent to the Editor, was accompanied by some remarks of the Translator, which shall here be prefixed: "The verses of Cro Challin have lived from the days when agriculture was in "its infancy, and continue still to soothe every fold, and lull every cradle in these wild regions. A literal transla- "tion I don't pretend to give, but I will venture to appeal to every judge of Gaelic and of poetry, whether I have "not rendered the spirit of this curious fragment of antiquity. The changes which time and culture have effect- "ed on manners are best traced in popular songs, more particularly the Gaelic fragments, in which the transi- "tions from the life of a Hunter to that of a Herdsman, and from that to the more laborious and stationary pur- "suits of Agriculture, are strongly marked. Anciently the Hunter was admired as a person of manly courage, "who, in the pursuit of a livelihood, exerted the virtues of patience and fortitude, and followed Nature into her "most sublime retirements. Herdsmen were then accounted the sons of little men; sordid, inferior beings, who "preferred ease and safety to noble daring, and boundless variety; and were considered to be as much below "the Hunter, as the cattle they tended were inferior in grace and agility to the deer the others pursued. Inter- "est, however, reversed such opinions: In process of time the maidens boasted of the numerous herds of their "lovers, and viewed the Huntsman as a poor wandering adventurer. About this time the Song here translated "seems to have been composed. The enamoured nymph, willing to think Colin as rich as others, talks in an "obscure and figurative manner of the *Cattle of Colin* (Cro Chalin,) and pursues the metaphor through many "playful allusions to the deer, roes, fawns, &c. and their manner of sporting and feeding, in a style too minute for "translation: In the end, however, it appears, that the boasted cattle of Colin were no other than those wild com- "moners of nature, and his sole profession that of hunting! I have endeavoured to preserve the tender simplicity "of the original, and to render, almost literally, the fond repetition of endearing epithets. The love-songs of those "days were the breathings of real passion: nobody thought of that most absurd of all things,—a fictitious love-song:

——— "It is silly sooth,
"And dallies with the innocence of love,
"Like the old age."

My Colin, lov'd Colin, my Colin, my dear!
Who wont the wild mountains to trace without fear;
O where are thy flocks that so swiftly rebound,
And fly o'er the heath without touching the ground?

So dappled, so varied, so beauteous their hue,
So agile, so graceful, so charming to view;
O'er all the wide forest there's nought can compeer
With the light-bounding flocks of my Colin, my dear.

My Colin, dear Colin, my Colin, my love!
O where are thy herds that so loftily move,
With branches so stately their proud heads are crown'd,
With their motion so rapid the woods all resound.

Where the birch-trees hang weeping o'er fountains so clear,
At noon-day they're sleeping round Colin, my dear.

O Colin, sweet Colin, my Colin, my joy!
Must those flocks and those herds all thy moments employ!

To yon waterfall's dashing I tune my sad strain,
And gather these violets for Colin in vain;
At sun-set he said he would meet with me here,
Then where can he linger, my Colin, my dear?

O Colin, my darling, my pleasure, my pride!
While the flocks of rich shepherds are grazing so wide,
Regardless I view them, unheeded the swains,
Whose herds scatter'd round me adorn the green plains.

Their offers I hear, and their plenty I see,
But what are their wealth and their offers to me;
While the light-bounding roes, and the wild mountain deer,
Are the cattle of Colin, my hunter, my dear!

COLIN'S ANSWER.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY MRS GRANT.

AIR,—THE ROCK AND A WEE PICKLE TOW.

O WERE I as fleet as the wings of the wind,
  In chace of the roes when springing, Love,
At the sound of your voice I would loiter behind,
  So sweet is the charm of your singing, Love.
I heard it, I fear'd it, I knew that soft charm
  Would slacken my speed, and enervate my arm;
See the deer, drawing near, now no more in alarm,
  Secure through the woodlands are springing, Love.

While Echo, delighted, repeats the sweet sound,
  And rocks with the music are ringing, Love;
The hinds with their fawns come enraptur'd around,
  Aud lose all their fears in your singing, Love.*
If Flora to Mora can gather the deer,
  All heedless of danger, her accents to hear;
While gazing and praising that melody clear,
  Can Colin his bow be stringing, Love?

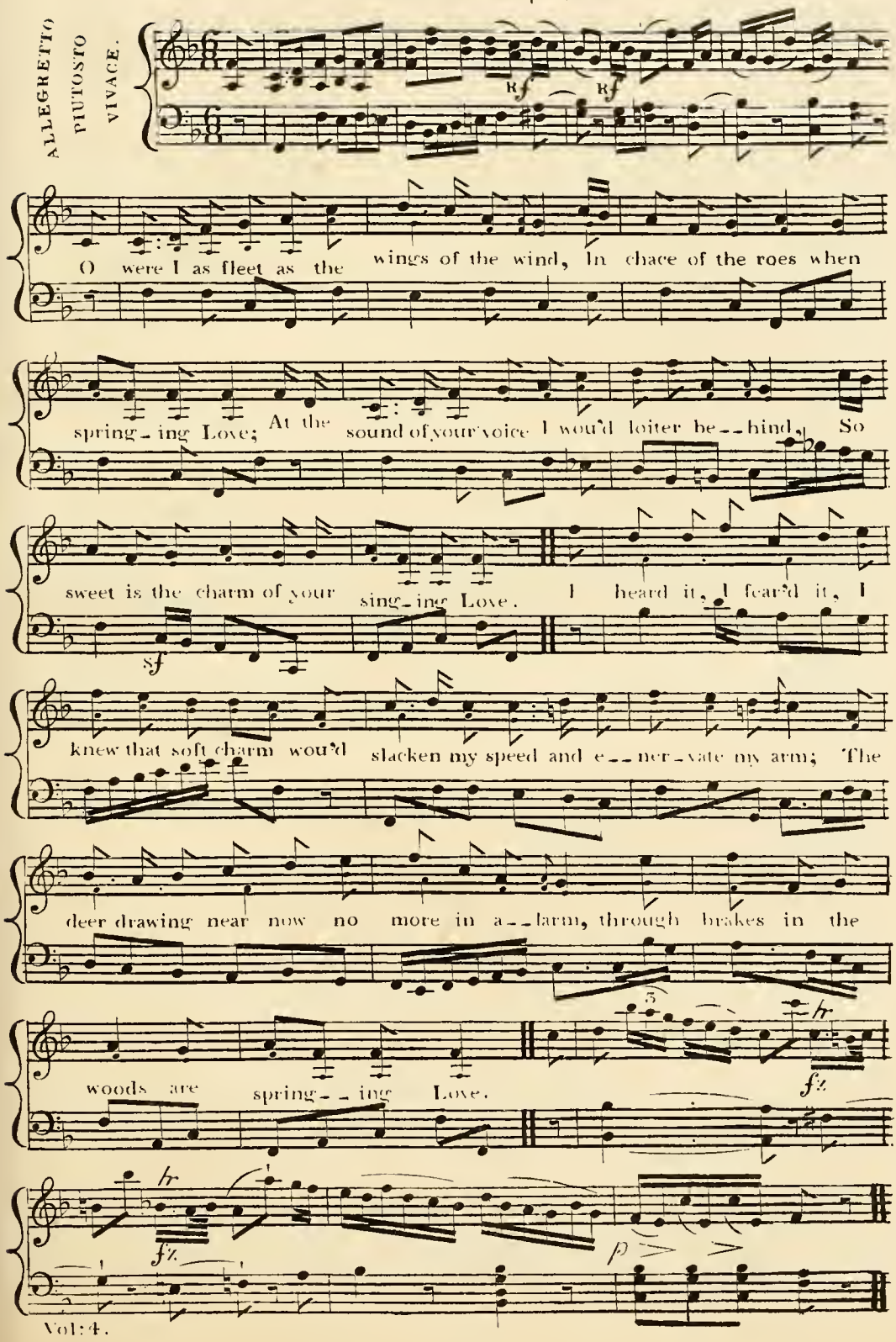
Let my arrows be scatter'd, my bow be unstrung,
  And the deer all in safety be springing, Love;
Let me gaze on your eyes, and attend to your tongue,
  While the woodlands in concert are ringing, Love.
While pining and twining the chaplet for me,
  Thy hunter still chases a vision of thee;
My youth and my truth from inconstancy free,
  I vow'd to you at the beginning, Love.

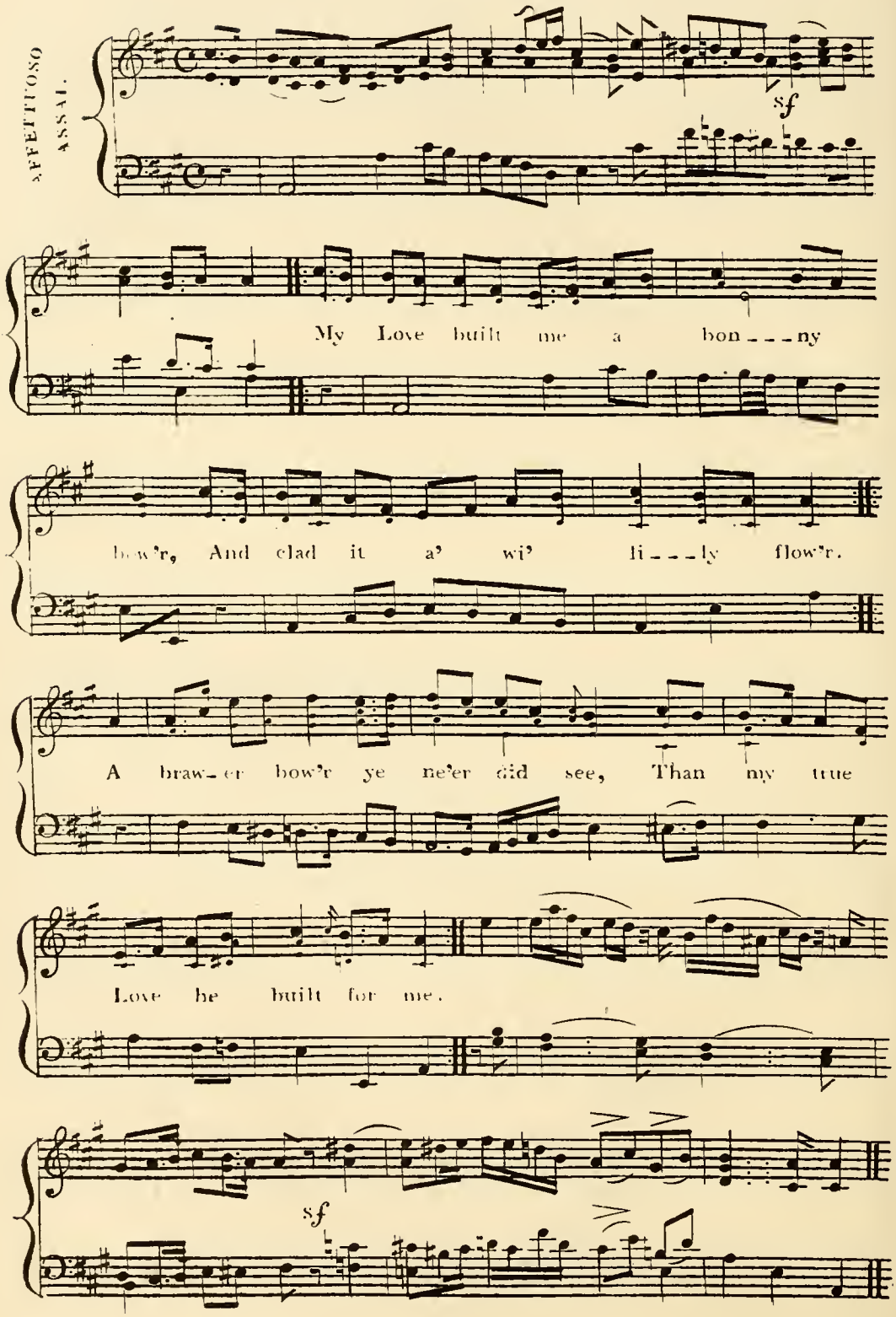
* When the maids, milking the cows in distant glens, sing Chro Challin, or any other melody, the deer frequently draw near to listen.

COLIN'S ANSWER.

Air. The Rock and a wee pickle tow

Haydn.




AFFETTOSO ASSAI.
sf
My Love built me a bon - - - ny
bow'r, And clad it a' wi' li - - - ly flow'r.
A braw - er bow'r ye ne'er did see, Than my true
Love he built for me.
sf

THE BORDER WIDOW'S LAMENT.

FROM

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S MINSTRELSY,

AND HERE PURLISHED BY PERMISSION.

This affecting Fragment, obtained by Sir WALTER from recitation, is said to relate to the execution of COCKBURN of Henderland, a Border Freebooter, hanged over the Gate of his own Tower by JAMES V. in the course of that memorable Expedition in 1529, which was fatal to JOHNIE ARMSTRONG, ADAM SCOTT of Tushiclaw, and many other Marauders.

My love built me a bonnie bower,
And clad it a' wi' lily flower;
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see,
Than my true Love he built for me.

There came a man by middle day,
He spied his sport and went away;
And brought the king at dead of night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear,
He slew my knight, and poin'd his gear;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie!

I sew'd his sheet, making my mane;
I watch'd the corpse, myself alane;
I watch'd his body, night and day;
No living creature came that way!

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat;
I digg'd a grave, and laid him in,
And happ'd him with the sod sae green!

But think nae ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the mould on his yellow hair!
O think nae ye my heart was wae,
When I turn'd about awa to gae?

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for evermair!

I SAW THEE WEEP.

WRITTEN

BY LORD BYRON,

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION.

The Air composed for the words by the Editor of this Work,
1822.

I saw thee weep,—the big bright tear
Came o'er that eye of blue;
And then methought it did appear,
A violet dropping dew.
I saw thee smile,—the sapphire's blaze
Beside thee ceas'd to shine;
It could not match the living rays
That fill'd that glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive
A deep and mellow dye,
Which scarce the shade of coming eve
Can banish from the sky,
Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
Their own pure joy impart;
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind
That lightens o'er the heart.

I SAW THEE WEEP.

The Melody composed by G. Thomson in 1822.

GRAZIOSO.

ralentando. I saw thee weep,— the big bright tear, Came o'er that eye of blue; And then methought it did ap-pear, A vio-let dropping dew. I saw thee smile,—the sap-phire's blaze, Be-side thee ceas'd to shine, It could not match the li-ving rays, That fill'd that glance of thine

p *f* *f* *p* *f* Dim: *ff*

Select IRISH & WELCH MELODIES.

LOUGH SHEELING.

Beethoven.

Irish.

ANDANTE ESPRESSIVO.

1st Fare thee well thou first and fair_est, Fare thee well thou best and

2nd Fare thee well thou first and fair_est, Fare thee well thou best and

dear_est, Thine be il_ _ _ ka joy and trea_sure, Peace en_

dear_est, Thine be il_ _ _ ka joy and trea_sure, Peace en_

-joy---ment love and plea--sure. One fare--well, and then we

-joy---ment love and plea--sure. One fare--well, and then we

lentando.

se-ver! One fare--well, a-las for e-ver! Deep in heart wrung tears I'll

se-ver! One fare--well, a-las for e-ver! Deep in heart wrung tears I'll

pledge thee, War-ring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

pledge thee, War-ring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Had we never lov'd so kindly,
Had we never lov'd so blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken hearted.
Fare thee well thou first and fairest,
Fare thee well thou best and dearest;
One fond kiss and then we sever,
One farewell, alas! for ever.

BURNS.

42. O MIGHT I BUT MY PATRICK LOVE.

Irish.

The Symph: & Accomp: new and first publish'd in 1822.

Koz:

ANDANTE CON MOLTO ESPRESSIONE.

O might I but my Patrick love, My mothers scolds se_vere_ly; And tells me I shall wretched prove, Because I love him dear_ly, In vain she rates me o'er and o'er with lessons cold and end_less; It on_ly makes me love him more, To find him poor and friendless. Oh Patrick fly from me or I am lost for e____ver, Oh For__tune kind_er be; Nor thus two Lo_vers se____ver.

f

Vol: 4.

O MIGHT I BUT MY PATRICK LOVE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

The Air communicated without a name to the Editor.

O might I but my Patrick love!
My mother scolds severely,
And tells me I shall wretched prove,
Because I love him dearly!
In vain she rates me o'er and o'er
With lessons cold and endless;
It only makes me love him more,
To find him poor and friendless.
Oh! Patrick fly from me,
Or I am lost for ever—
Oh! Fortune kinder be,
Nor thus two Lovers sever.

What bliss, to me my Patrick cries,
In splendour and in riches?
He says, we love too little prize,
That gold too much bewitches!
More blest the lark, tho' hard its doom
Whene'er the winter rages,
Than birds, he says, of finer plume,
That mope in gilded cages.
Oh! Patrick fly from me, &c.

He tells me when the bosom's warm,
We mock the storm that's blowing,
That honest hearts can take no harm
Tho' hard the world be going.
He says,—ah me! I'm sore afraid
Lest I from duty faulter;
I wish he could as soon persuade
The mother as the daughter
Oh! Patrick fly from me, &c.

THE MORNING AIR PLAYS ON MY FACE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

The Air communicated without a name to the Editor.

THE morning air plays on my face,
And, through the grey mist peering,
The soften'd silv'ry sun I trace,
Wood, wild, and mountain cheering.
Larks aloft are singing,
Hares from covert springing,
And o'er the fen the wild duck's brood
Their early way are winging.

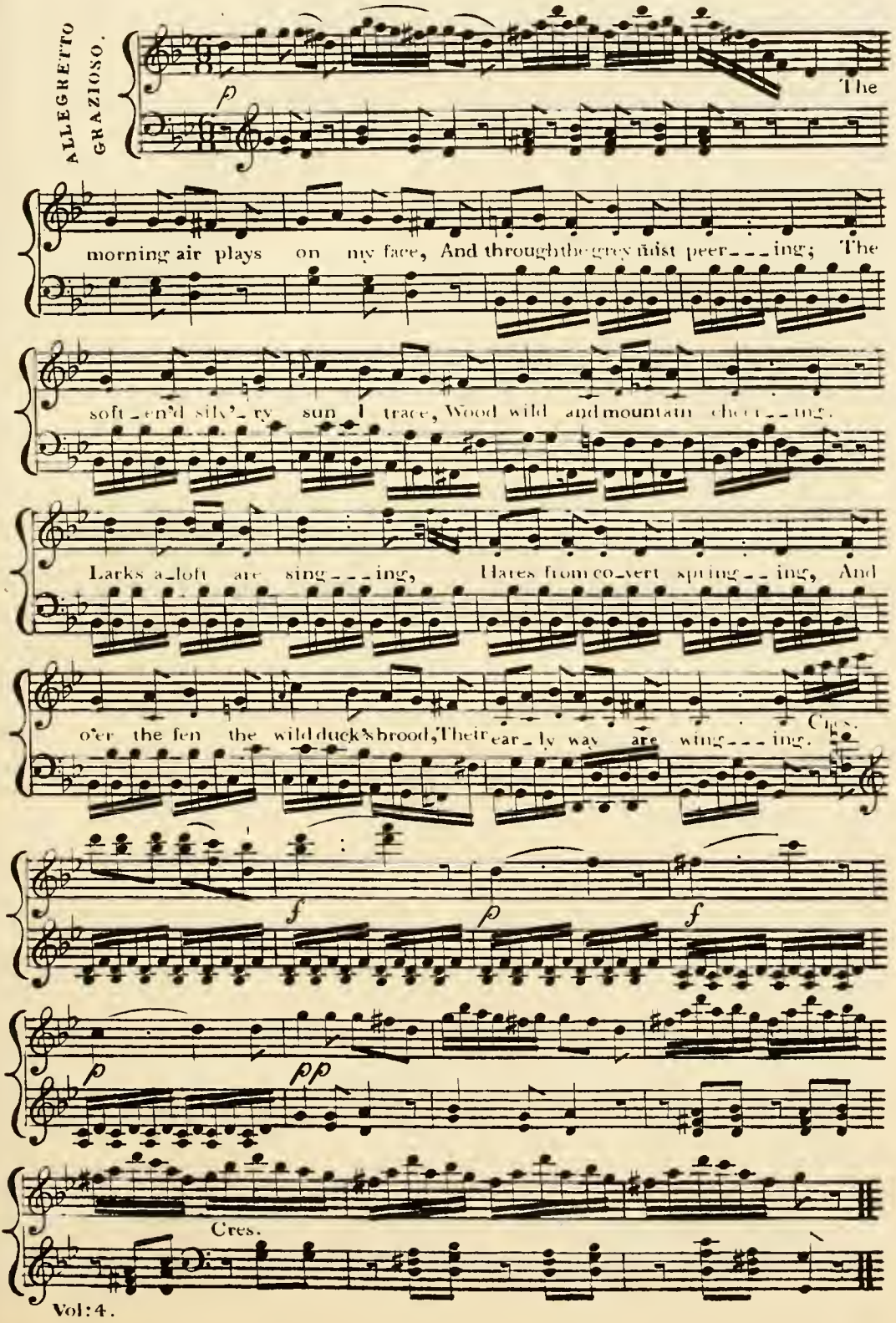
Bright ev'ry dewy hawthorn shines,
Sweet ev'ry herb is growing,
To him whose willing heart inclines
The way that he is doing.
Fancy shews to me, now,
What will shortly be, now,
I'm patting at her door poor Tray,
Who fawns and welcomes me now.

How slowly moves the rising latch!
How quick my heart is beating!
That worldly dame is on the watch
To frown upon our meeting.
Fy! why should I mind her,
See, who stands behind her,
Whose eye doth on her trav'ller look
The sweeter and the kinder.

Oh! ev'ry bounding step I take,
Each hour the clock is telling,
Bears me o'er mountain, bourne, and brake,
Still nearer to her dwelling.
Day is shining brighter,
Limbs are moving lighter,
While ev'ry thought to Nora's love
But binds my faith the tighter.

45. THE MORNING AIR PLAYS ON MY FACE. Beethoven.

Irish.



PLANXTY KELLY.

Beethoven.

The Words written by the Editor's brother.

DUO.

ALLEGRETTO SCHERZANDO.

p.

1st We fairy elves in secret dells, All day contrive our ma-gic spells; 'Till

2d We fairy elves in secret dells, All day contrive our ma-gic spells; 'Till

sa-ble night o'er-cast the sky, Then through the airy re-gions fly, By

sa-ble night o'er-cast the sky, Then through the airy re-gions fly, By

Cres: p. Cres: p

Cynthia's light so clear A--round the earth ere dawn of day, On

Cynthia's light so clear. A--round the earth ere dawn of day, On

high we win our ea-sy way. Some-times the lawns to earth in-vit--ing,

high we win our ea-sy way, Some-times the lawns to earth in-vit--ing,

Cres:

On the velvet turf a-lighting, So light, So light, So light o'er pliant

On the velvet turf a-lighting, So light, So light, So light o'er pliant

Cres:

stalks we fleet, The blade scarce bends beneath our feet, But shakes as if for fear.

stalks we fleet, The blade scarce bends beneath our feet, But shakes as if for fear.

p

Chor. Soprano 1. So light, So light, So light o'er pliant stalks we fleet, The

Soprano 2.

Tenor. So light, So light, So light o'er pliant stalks we fleet, The

Cres:

blade scarce bends be-neath our feet, But shakes as if for fear.

blade scarce bends be-neath our feet, But shakes as if for fear.

p

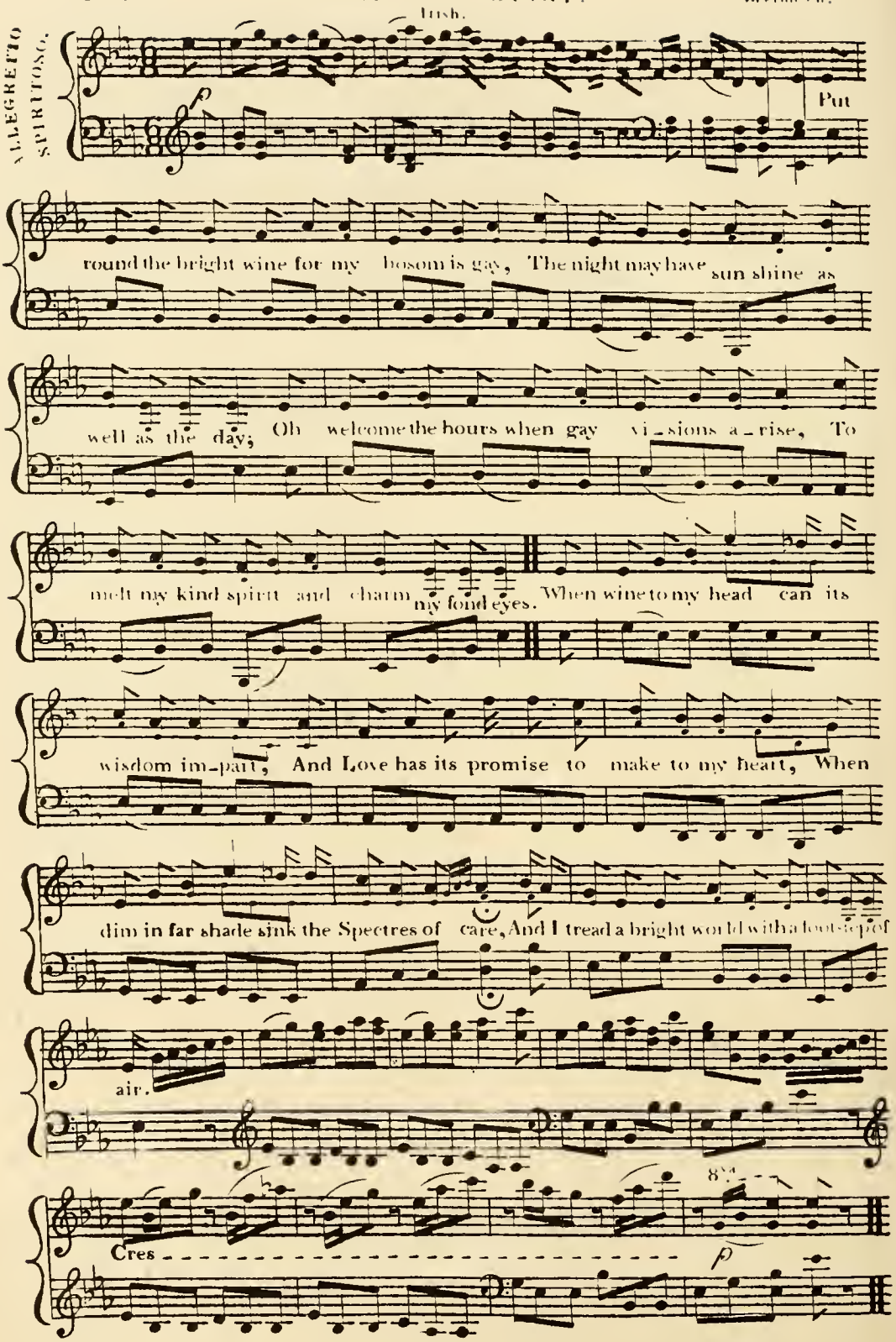
And if no bus'ness calls from home,
Around the wheeling globe to roam,
We to some Flow'ry meadow stray,
And sing and dance the night away,
Around our Fairy-Queen.
Then we our mushroom board prepare,

The gather'd sweets of flow'rs our fare,
The dewy nectar round distilling,
All our hair-bell goblets filling;
Good night, good night:
Good night we say, then sink to rest
Upon some lily's downy breast,
By mortal eyes unseen.

CHILING O' GUIRY.

Irish.

Beethoven.



CHILING O'GUIRY.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

Put round the bright wine, for my bosom is gay,
The night may have sunshine as well as the day;
Oh welcome the hours! when dear visions arise
To melt my kind spirit, and charm my fond eyes.
When wine to my head can its wisdom impart,
And love has its promise to make to my heart;
When dim in far shade sink the spectres of care,
And I tread a bright world with a footstep of air.

Yes, Mirth is my goddess,—come round me, ye few,
Who have wit for her worship, I doat upon you:
Delighted with life, like a swallow on wing,
I catch ev'ry pleasure the current may bring:
The feast and the frolic, the masque and the ball,
Dear scenes of enchantment! I come at your call;
Let me meet the gay beings of beauty and song,
And let Erin's good humour be found in the throng.

If life be a dream—'tis a pleasant one sure,
And the dream of to-night we at least may secure;
If life be a bubble, tho' better I deem,
Let us light up its colours by gaiety's beam.
Away with cold vapours—I pity the mind
That nothing but dullness and darkness can find:
Give me the kind spirit that laughs on its way,
And turns thorns into roses, and winter to May.

THE COTTAGE MAID.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

I envy not the splendour fine
  That glitters in Sir Watkyn's hall;
I ask not for the gems that shine
  On lady fair at Wynnstay ball:
I wish but for a ribbon gay,
  Which I might on a Sunday wear;
Unseen which I might kiss, and say,
  'Twas Owen's gift from Wrexham fair.

O Owen I believe thee kind,
  And love is surely on thy tongue—
But would that I could read thy mind,
  For hope betrays the maiden young.
Last night I saw thee loth to part,
  I watch'd thy looks—so bright the moon—
And know not but my simple heart
  Might own too much, or own too soon.

Unhappy fate of doubtful maid!
  Her tears may fall, her bosom swell,
But even to the desart shade
  She never must her secret tell.
And is it Love,—his softer mien?
  And is it Love,—his whisper low?
And does he much, or nothing mean?
  Ah! she that loves, how can she know!

With Owen I the dance have led,
  And then I thought that sure he seem'd
To dance with lighter, livelier tread—
  Oh! was it so,—or have I dream'd?
To day he goes with merry glee,
  And all are going to the fair—
O may I by some ribbon see
  He thought of one that was not there.

THE COTTAGE MAID.

Welch.

Beethoven.

ANDANTINO QUASI ALLEGRETTO.

Dolce.

I en_vy not the splendor fine, That glit_ters in Sir Watkyn's hall; I

ask not for the gems that shine, On La_dy fair at Wynstay ball. I

ad lib:

wish but for a ribbon gay which I might on a Sunday wear Un_

Cres.

seen which I might kiss and say; Twas Owen's gift from Wrexham fair.

Cres.

Cres.

Vol: 4.

Welch.

DUO.

MAESTOSO MA CON ESPRESSIONE.

When the hea_then trum_pet's clang, Round be_leaguer'd Chester rang, Veil_ed Nun and fri_ar grey, March'd from Bangor's fair ab_bye, High their ho_ly an_them sounds, Cestria's vale the hymn re_bounds, floating down the syl_van Dee, O mise_re_re Do_mi_ne.

When the hea_then trum_pet's clang, Round be_leaguer'd Chester rang, Veil_ed Nun and fri_ar grey, March'd from Bangor's fair ab_bye, High their ho_ly an_them sounds, Cestria's vale the hymn re_bounds, floating down the syl_van Dee, O mise_re_re Do_mi_ne.

lentando. Tempo 1mo

Cres.

THE MONKS OF BANGOR'S MARCH.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET.

ETHELFRID, or OLFRID, King of Northumberland, having besieged Chester in 613, and BROCKMAEL, a British prince advancing to relieve it, the Religious of the neighbouring monastery of Bangor marched in procession to pray for the success of their countrymen. But the British being totally defeated, the heathen victor put the monks to the sword, and destroyed their monastery. The tune to which these verses are adapted, is called the Monks' March, and is supposed to have been played at their ill-omened procession.

WHEN the heathen trumpet's clang
Round beleaguer'd Chester rang,
Veiled nun and friar grey
March'd from Bangor's fair abbaye:
High their holy anthem sounds,
Cestria's vale the hymn rebounds,
Floating down the sylvan Dee,
O miserere Domine!

On the long procession goes,
Glory round their crosses glows,
And the virgin-mother mild
In their peaceful banner smil'd;
Who could think such saintly band
Doom'd to feel unhallow'd hand?
Such was the divine decree,
O miserere Domine!

Bands that masses only sung,
Hands that censers only swung,
Met the northern bow and bill,
Heard the war-cry, wild and shrill:
Woe to Brockmael's feeble hand,
Woe to Olfrid's bloody brand,
Woe to Saxon cruelty,
O miserere Domine!

Weltering amid warriors slain,
Spurned by steeds with bloody mane,
Slaughter'd down by heathen blade,
Bangor's peaceful monks are laid:
Word of parting rest unspoke,
Mass unsung, and bread unbroke;
For their souls for charity,
Sing, *miserere Domine!*

Bangor! o'er the murder wail,
Long thy ruins told the tale,
Shatter'd tower and broken arch
Long recall'd the woeful march:*
On thy shrine no tapers burn,
Never shall thy priests return;
The pilgrim sighs and sings for thee,
O miserere Domine!

* WILLIAM of MALMESBURY says, that in his time the extent of the ruins of the monastery bore ample witness to the desolation occasioned by the massacre;—" tot semiruti parietes ecclesiarum, tot anfractus porticuum, tanta turba ruderum quantum vix alibi cernas.

MALTRAETH.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

I'VE no sheep on the mountain, nor boat on the lake,
Nor coin in my coffer, to keep me awake;
Nor corn in my garner, nor fruit on my tree,
Yet the Maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

Softly tapping at eve to her window I came,
And loud bay'd the watch-dog, loud scolded the dame;
For shame, silly Lightfoot, what is it to thee,
Tho' the Maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me?

Rich Owen will tell you, with eyes full of scorn,
Threadbare is my coat, and my hosen are torn;
Scoff on my rich Owen, for faint is thy glee,
When the Maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

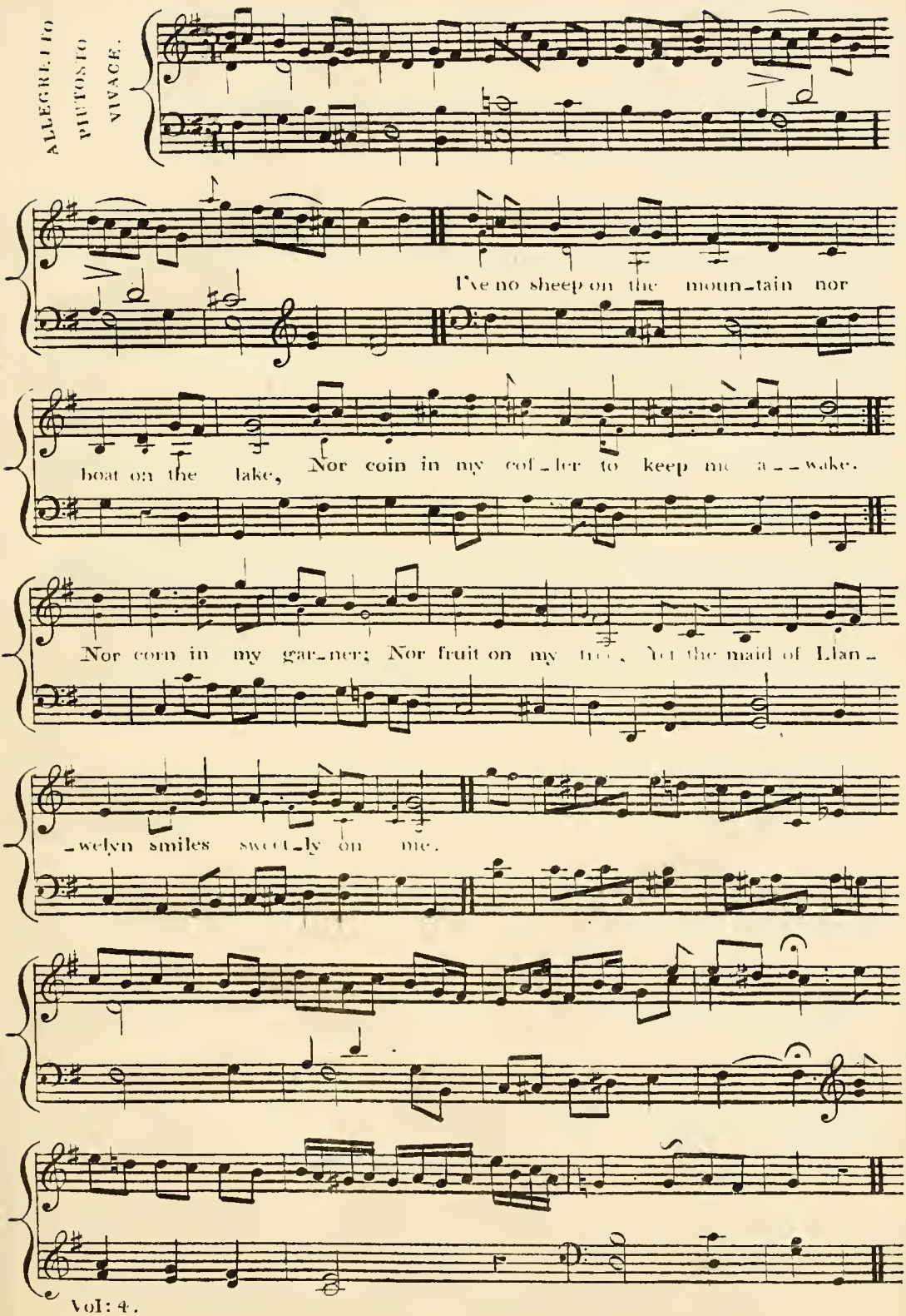
The farmer rides proudly to market and fair,
And the clerk at the ale-house still claims the great chair;
But of all our proud fellows the proudest I'll be,
While the Maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

For blythe as the urchin at holiday play,
And meek as a matron in mantle of gray;
And trim as the lady of noble degree,
Is the Maid of Llanwellyn who smiles upon me.

MALTRAETH.

Welsh.

Haydn.



The Air composed by G.T. in imitation of the Welch.

ANDANTINO ESPRESSIVO.

Dolce.

No

Hen-ry I must not I can-not be blinded, 'Tis past and

bade thee for e-ver a-dieu; In feel-ing too warm or in

thought too high minded, I cannot at pleasure be false and be true.

Yes—once I have lov'd thee—have lov'd thee sincerely;
My heart was nigh broken—I now am serene:—
These tears—these weak tears—they may tell thee too clearly,
If blest in thy love, that too blest I had been.

I will not disturb what contented reposes—
I cannot revive what in death has decay'd—
Go—rudely—(thou may'st) trample down the sweet roses,
But wonder not then if tomorrow they fade.

The Henry I lov'd like a vision departed,
While fix'd were my eyes, and while raptur'd my view!
I saw him how lovely,—I thought him kind—hearted;
Oh, lost! and for ever—for ever adieu.

Wm SMYTH ESQ!

THE MELODIES,

VOLUME FOURTH.

INDEX TO THEIR NAMES IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER.

THE MELODIES, ACCORDING TO THE PRINCIPLES STATED IN THE DISSERTATION, MAY BE CLASSED IN THE FOLLOWING MANNER: THOSE MARKED

A, as the oldest, and of remote antiquity.
B, as the productions of more recent periods.
C, as modern productions, not older than the 18th century.

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